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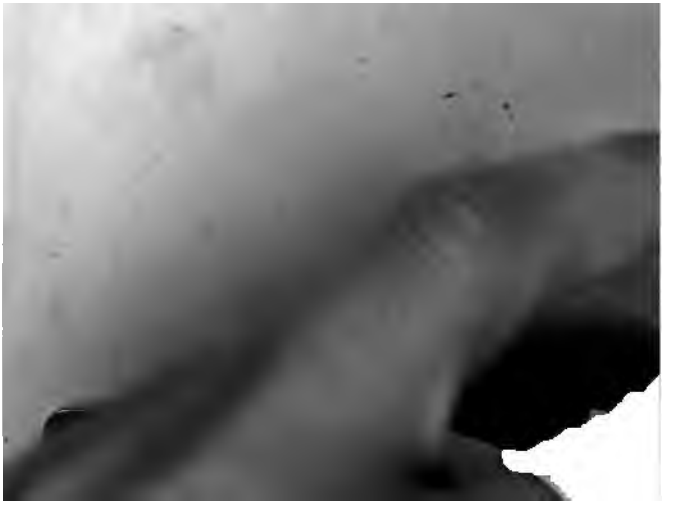

THE

SCRINIUM,

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

BY

REBECCA EDRIDGE.

As the bee stops on every flower, collecting sweets, and stores his hive with honey; so should meditation rest on each event, collecting wisdom, to store the mind with virtue.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

WHOEVER writes a book has sufficient vanity to hope that it will be read by every body. Now, as nobody can read a book, however badly it may be arranged or handled, without learning something of some kind from it, every author is bound to be careful that the instruction which he conveys shall tend to some improvement in the mind and behaviour of his readers. The writer of a book tending to make his reader a worse man than he was before, is answerable for the errors

or the crimes which he inculcates; and he is as great a pest to society as those punishable persons, who go about committing actual mischief.

Pope says,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

There is however a possibility so to varnish the frightfulness of vice, that she shall almost assume the mien of virtue; but an author should shew her in her true colours. A book should stand like a blazing beacon to warn the world of danger; and when, like a faithless phantom, it glitters to betray, the hue and cry of all honest men should detect its fallacy.

In the following Volumes, which I presume to introduce to the public, I have rigidly adhered to the precept I inculcate; and I trust that those who may honor them with a perusal, will not deem the time wasted, which I or they bestow on them.

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THE

SCRINIUM.

THE LETTER

THERE are some crimes so flagrant, and so decidedly hurtful to the peace and happiness of society, that they are forbidden by divine law, and punishable by human legislation. Theft, adultery, and murder, are of that number: but there is a crime against which there is no defence, no remedy: a crime which seems to be beyond the reach of law and punishment; yet, whose consequences are so enormous in magnitude, and so heinous in guilt, that it is held in abhorrence by every man who has any sense of honor, honesty, virtue, or religion,—I mean Treachery. When it is practised against the Great, it is recorded by historians in terms of reprobation and disgust; and its malignity handed down to posterity marked

by so black a dye, that a treacherous person is detested from generation to generation: and while excuses are sometimes attempted for the thief, the adulterer, and the murderer; still the treacherous man remains without a palliative for his conduct, or a possibility of justification for his baseness. Hence the horror with which the name of Nottingham is always mentioned. The resentment so vehemently expressed against the withholder of the ring sent by Essex to Queen Elizabeth, is equally due to those who, in humbler instances, deceive the friend who trusts in their sincerity, and is betrayed by their deceit.

Some years ago, ere licentiousness displayed itself with unblushing daring, the younger son of a nobleman, whom I will conceal under the fictitious appellation of the Hon. Mr. Lorvine, kept a mistress, whom he concealed in an obscure part of the town, without ever intruding her in gaudy splendour on the world, or insultingly forcing her into those respectable societies where decorum should regulate manners, and propriety select companions

He had by her one child, a daughter, a beautiful lovely innocent, who was the darling of her father's heart. As she increased in infantine prettiness, the homage which every one so far

pays to virtue, that all wish to see their children virtuous, induced him to take Agnes, so his child was called, from the secret abode where Ursula, his mistress, dwelt, and to remove her to his own house. He had given her the name of Lorvine, and while, in fondness for his child, he gradually introduced her to the various members of his family, on whom the beauty and childish playfulness of Agnes daily gained, he unkindly kept her from all intercourse with her mother; whom, with a levity not uncommon, he forsook shortly after little Agnes was removed to Soho Square.

Lorvine was a man much beloved by his elder brother the peer, and Agnes was always received by her uncle and aunt, as his lordship allowed her to call him and his lady, with all the attention which her father's fondness could desire. In sooth, she was a lovely little girl, and played among the children of all the connexions of the family, without any one ever thinking of the humiliated forsaken Ursula her mother.

While she was thus caressed, introduced, and received, her father married a lady of suitable rank in life, who having often seen Agnes, and knowing that she had been long an inmate of her father's house, ever treated her with the kindness and attention with which she would have behaved

to the offspring of a former marriage. Thus the introduction of a wife, made the situation of Agnes happier than it was before Lorvine married.

When she was about nine years old she was put to one of the most celebrated boarding-schools of the day, where she received that sort of instruction which fitted her to play her part among those with whom she lived; and where she improved in those accomplishments, which are supposed to constitute the education of a woman of fashion; in which class Lorvine looked forward to the establishment of his daughter.

The months of vacation she continued to pass among her father's friends. As she advanced in years, she encreased in loveliness; and Lorvine anticipated with delight the future days of Agnes.

She was now seventeen, and went with Lorvine and his wife, to pass the Midsummer holidays at the seat of Lord —— her uncle. His was the mansion of hospitality, and the resort of the Great and polished of the land. At that time, among other visitors was a young nobleman, who was just returned from the Continent, and had brought with him a valet named Mirepoix; a gay lively young Frenchman, who found means to insinuate himself into the good graces of Agnes Lorvine;

and two days after she returned to school, he contrived to assist her from one of the windows; and as there was at that time no marriage act of impediment to their union, they were instantly married.

Judge by the fondness which Lorvine had ever borne his daughter, and the hopes with which he aspired to an elevated marriage, of the keenness of his disappointment, and the acrimony of his anger, when he heard that she had eloped with Lewis Mirepoix. She was excluded from his paternal roof, and forbidden to appear in his presence. He left her destitute. The cloaths she had taken to school was all her portion; and Mirepoix, who, in consequence of his folly, was dismissed from his master's service, carried the delicately bred Agnes to the cheerless chamber of want.

In that miserable abode of penury, a few months after her marriage she found herself in a state of pregnancy. With scarcely a morsel to feed her own hunger, she looked forward with dread to the increased wretchedness which the birth of an infant would occasion: and fondly remembering the love her father had hitherto borne her, she ventured to address him in her present

circumstances; always a state of alarm to woman, and one more calculated than all others to operate on the feelings of a parent. She acknowledged to him the impropriety of what she had done; she described to him the poverty to which she was reduced; and she revealed to him the condition in which she was; and the approaching hour of her travail. She entreated him, though he might refuse to forgive her, not to carry his resentment to the innocent babe who would soon need his protection, and begged him to own his grandchild, though he would not see her. This letter she entrusted to a person, who undertook to deliver it into her father's hands, and to second her appeal to his tenderness by every representation which anxiety could depicture, and every inducement which friendship could suggest.

Alas! miserable Agnes! her letter was not delivered. Wretched mother! her approaching struggle was not softened. Lorvine received not the contrite petition of his child; she received not the forgiveness of her father. He thought that his daughter was obstinate in disobedience and would not intercede for pardon; and she thought that her father was obdurate in anger and would not condescend to forgive. Her grief, disappointment, and distress brought on premature

labour, and a still born infant was the consequence of her sufferings.

Behold her, she weeps not! She rejoices over the inanimate form of her boy. He has escaped the misery of his mother's folly: he will not tread the path which she has strewn with thorns.

The wretched Mirepoix meanwhile, having lost his character, was unable to procure another service. No one would engage the man who had eloped with Agnes Lorvine, because no one chose to hurt the feelings of her offended father. He strove to enter into some little way of trade, but pressed by distress and want, he was induced to commit a fraud on one of the parties who assisted him, and was consequently compelled to fly the country. He returned to France, to very poor relations, whither the unfortunate Agnes was preparing to follow him, when he was seized with a violent fever, of which he died in three days; leaving his unhappy widow again pregnant.

Notwithstanding her encreased wretchedness, she did not dare to apply to her father; and a few weeks before she gave birth to her posthumous son, Lorvine died. He bequeathed her by will twenty pounds per annum, *to keep her*, as he expressed it, *from starving*; and that small stipend she received by quarterly payments.

By what exertions, or by whose assistance she was enabled to live and bring up her boy I know not; but many years after these circumstances, my father and mother became acquainted with her; by what means I cannot say; probably, as they often sought the wretched out, they heard her miserable tale.

The consequences of her folly pursued her through life, and she was always in distress. I have a faint recollection of her as an old woman when I was a child, for at my father's table there was, whenever she chose to come to his house, toujours un couvert pour elle. I knew her son well; he died a few years ago, and was nearly eighty years old at the time of his death.

Beside the general hospitality of our house, my mother had once rendered his mother an essential service, and in gratitude for that, he left me a small legacy.

His career in life was always lowly; he never was known to his mother's family; and it was not till he was an old man that his humble exertions procured him a situation in which he was enabled to save a part of his earnings. I remember to have heard him once say, "O! if my mother were alive now, how happy I could make her."

DEPRAVITY.

It is frequently said that the Great are more vicious than persons in low situations: and the assertion is as often contradicted. The crimes of the Great, it is alleged, being more conspicuous, are more known; but not more frequent or more atrocious. Be that as it may, a wicked great man is not less wicked because some low man has been worse. He is, to be sure, less wicked than the man with whom he is compared, but the crimes he commits are not less criminal in their own nature. The titled wittol, or the exalted pimp, is as criminal, and as despicable amid his strawberry leaves and pearls, as the low wretch who keeps a brothel; and the assassin, who to gratify the ambition of a monarch, murders the innocent, and history records many, is as guilty and as detestable as the masked bravo whose trade is blood, and who for hire, nightly plunges his stiletto in the passenger's breast. Nay, I think that to be great

aggravates such crimes; for want, which may sometimes induce men, even against the monitions of conscience, to acts of guilt, cannot be adduced to palliate the iniquity of the lofty parasite who aids in every pursuit however bad, and applauds every action however base. The guilt of a great man extends also beyond his own personal wickedness, inasmuch as the example which the Great set to their inferiors, operates powerfully as an incentive to virtue or to vice; for how can an uneducated man be made to understand that he ought to be punished for crimes which the Great commit daily, and nevertheless deem themselves persons of honor.

Many years ago, a great man, whom I will call Rupert, was in the almost daily habit of passing through Brentford in his way to and from a country-house not many miles farther on the western road from London. It happened once, that as he was travelling, he saw at the window of an apothecary, whom I will call Goodwin, a very beautiful girl, with whom he instantly fell in love, as it is preposterously called. His high rank, and exalted station made it impossible for him to call at an apothecary's house; but the girl, the lovely girl must be attained. For that purpose he laid as base a scheme as ever disgraced the heart of

man; and he found an agent as base as himself, who undertook to put it in practice.

A few weeks after the beauty of Maria Goodwin had so powerfully attracted the desire of Rupert, a lady took lodgings in the neighbourhood of Brentford, for the benefit of country air, and she put herself under the medical care of Mr. Goodwin. She affected to be exceedingly ill; recounted to him the symptoms of various complaints, and greatly alarmed, though she at the same time greatly puzzled the good man, by the many diseases under which she said that she was suffering; yet all his attention to her case could find nothing to justify what she talked about.

Among other things, she told him that she was subject to fits, which came on suddenly; that sometimes they passed away as suddenly as they came on, and sometimes she continued to suffer under them for many hours. Still her pulse was regular, her appetite good, her countenance composed, and Mr. Goodwin did not know what to think of her case.

It is, I believe, the practice of all apothecaries to go out, unless very particularly hindered, at one stated time, and to make all their calls in routine, from patient to patient, and as nearly as may be, to return home in a certain given time.

The hour of Mr. Goodwin's departure, and his time of absence were known to Mrs. Seamore, so let me call her, and she generally sent for him in haste, when she knew that he was from home; and when he came to her in medical anxiety to witness the acme of her never-before-heard-of fit, it had always passed away, and she was recovering.

She at length feigned to be so very desirous that he should witness her sufferings, that she proposed to him to take her as an inmate into his own family. He was very unwilling to comply. To be sure Mrs. Seamore had the appearance of being a great lady. She had a fine carriage, and her coachman and footmen wore fine liveries: but nobody knew who she was, nor whence she came. He repelled her urgent solicitations a long while by representing the comparative humble manner in which he lived, the necessity he was sometimes under to be irregular in the hours of his meals, and the youth of his little housekeeper Maria. She parried all his objections, and was at length received under the roof of Mr. Goodwin. When there she accommodated herself to every arrangement of his household, and ingratiated herself into the good opinion of Maria. In short, both father and daughter found her so very agreeable, that they seemed to consider her entrance into the

family, as the golden apple which is said to be once thrown to every body.

She had been settled in the family, perhaps a month, when she asked Mr. Goodwin to allow Maria to go out with her in the carriage; saying how much it would add to the pleasure of her drives to have such a charming companion. Mr. Goodwin consented; and Maria, who had never been in a carriage in her life, was delighted with the idea of seeing the fine houses, and the beautiful parks to which she had never been able to walk. Away they drove. At dinner time they did not return; at supper time they did not appear. Every body had seen the carriage go through Brentford, but nobody knew which way it went afterward. All night the anxious father sat up, and went and sent in every direction, without finding Mrs. Seamore and his child. The next day he and his friends renewed their inquiries, and they were traced to the mansion of Rupert.

The character of Rupert was known. Let every father speak the anguish of Goodwin when he ascertained the extent, and the horror of Mrs. Seamore's wickedness. No consolations assuaged his grief, for his was misery without hope. His heart broke not, but reason failed. He went

raving mad. His ravings never forgot his child. Lost to every other recollection, he ceased not to call on her, on Rupert, and on Mrs. Seamore.

One day he saw the splendid carriage of Rupert, and his pompous retinue approach the town. In a violent paroxysm of phrensy, he burst from his keepers, and rushing into the street, he dropt on his knees, and cursed the villain as he passed along, and his posterity to the end of time.

Though this dreadful crime happened long ago, and Rupert died before I was born, I know his family. It still holds its state: the father's curse has not overtaken it.

The base Rupert was soon satiated; Maria was soon discarded. When she returned to her father's house, Nature had sunk beneath the violence of rage, and he was no more.

O! weep over her disastrous fate!

STOL'N, not LUR'D, by a villain from her native home!
She is thrown on the world, spoiled of
The pride of innocence, and fame of virtue!

and driven to seek in new infamy an asylum from the connexions who now bar their doors against her entrance. Without a friend to succour or to soothe; her father's fortune wasted, her respect

in society lost, and her peace of mind destroyed, she yielded to the proposals of a gentleman, who had seen her while at Rupert's house; and for ever resigned herself to wretchedness and despair.

During the remainder of her life, she continued faithful to him, who may be called her second seducer; and without joy though she shared his wealth, and without happiness though he was always kind, her days were embittered by reflections on the past, and by the miserable death of her father.

She had by Mr. ——, one daughter, who never married, and who after the death of both her parents, lived as companion to a lady, whom in the very early part of my life I knew: and the person who told me the above sorrowful tale, knew Maria.

Is the guilt of him who has perhaps been trained to vice, and taught to live by depredation, equal to the guilt of Rupert? Is the low wretch who snatches a bauble from my side, or picks my pocket of my purse, as criminal as the high-born Rupert; who to gratify a sensual passion, breaks in upon the happiness of a virtuous family, and steals from her paternal roof, and from the bosom, from the care of her father, the innocent child of his love: and, without tenderness for the object

of his violation, having satiated the lowest passion of nature, turns her without remorse from his door, to endure the agonies of a blasted reputation, and to shrink beneath the contempt of an unforgiving world?

The miserable victim of low guilt, who makes atonement to society by death upon the scaffold for the crimes he has committed, is, by comparison with Rupert, innocent: and though ignominy attend his fate; Rupert, who died upon a bed of down, shall tremble on that day, when he must answer for the horrors of his crimes, and abide the wrath of retribution.

THE OLD TRUNK.

EVERY body who has travelled in England, knows that there are many manor houses, which once shone in splendour, and were the seats of hospitality and joy, but are now forsaken by their owners, and are either shut up to crumble unrepaired and untenanted, or let to rustic tenants, who, amid the carvings and the gildings of former pomp, lay up their peas and beans, and deposit their winter stores.

Among others, there was, some years ago, one on the coast of Sussex, which I will miscall Clifferton Castle. It had been long untenanted, save by an old seaman and his wife, and much of it was in considerable decay. The last of its masters who had kept up the stateliness of the castle and the family, had long been gathered to his fathers, and his heirs were dispersed, never again to be rallied round the standard of their name.

While old Bernard Truman, and his good wife Beatrix dwelt snugly in one tower of the decaying edifice, a man, who had grown rich in India, sent over remittances to purchase an estate in his native land; and Clifferton Castle was bought by the agent employed. The purchaser's mother, and his daughter, who had been sent to Grandmama for European education, were ordered to make the castle their country residence. In consequence of the mandate, they set off, full fraught with the delight of the grandeur of living in a castle, for the coast of Sussex. Old Mrs. Sunderland, however, when she beheld the ruined mansion, which stood on a hill, the monument of fallen greatness, was much mortified; and the feelings of dignity with which she had glowed during the journey, sunk like a falling star, even in an instant: but Miss Juliana Sunderland, to whose heart ruin and desolation were dear, rejoiced greatly. All the books which she had read, talked of such things; and midnight rambles upon broken turrets, with a lamp that would often expire, and leave her to explore her way in darkness, flitted before her imagination. Juliana had a fille de chambre, named Rachel, who had imbibed all the fancies of her young lady, and was

ready to search and explore, and discover at any hour, either by day or by night.

After the fatigue of the journey, no doubt all slept well; and the next morning when Rachel came to do the honors of the toilet for her mistress, "I have taken a superphysical view of this place, this morning, Ma'am," she said, "and I have had a little talk with Beatrix about it; and she says that in days of yore it formerly" ——

The entrance of Beatrix, who came to hope that her young Ladyship had been pleased to have a good night's rest, stopped Rachel; and Juliana's curiosity being greatly excited when she found that the story went back to the days of yore:

"I perceive," said she, "by the decay of this castle, that it has been much neglected by its possessors; but it still bears the marks of former strength, and majesty frowns among its ruins."

"His Majesty," said Beatrix, "has no more to do with it than I have, nay not so much, for I have lived here,—let me see,—ten and ten make twenty, and fourteen, and then five and nine, let me see,—ten and ten make twenty, as I said before; aye, and fourteen——Well, I cannot justly say how long: I would speak truth if I knew how; but more or less, somewhat about fifty or sixty years."

"But I suppose," cried Rachel, "the castle has been built a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" rejoined Beatrix, "aye, I warrant me, and many a good hundred to that. I have often heard my poor dear old master, Sir Edmund Clifferton, tell all that. O! he used to talk about it over and over again, to every soul that came near him: for you must know that he was prodigious proud of being descended from his ancestors. I remember one day he was holding forth to his son, a little boy about seven years old, and a lovely little boy as ever was seen; every body said that he was too good and too wise for this here bad world, and so it proved, for he died soon after; and Sir Edmund, rest his soul, never joyed or held up his head again: But, as I was going to say, he was telling his son all about his grandfather and his great-grandfather, and how proud he ought to be of the great things they had done in former times. 'O! father,' said the child, 'that is all past and over, I shall never see them; I wish you would do something great that I might be proud of you.' And I protest and vow to you, that the old gentleman was quite posed."

The pride Sir Edmund took in his grandfather and great-grandfather, not being so much what Juliana wished to know, as who his grandfather

and great-grandfather were, and what great things they had performed; she made some inquiries concerning them. To which Beatrix replied,

"O bless your heart, that I cannot tell as should be; for he went back, I verily believe, to the Flood; I know there was Sir William, and Sir Hugh, and Sir Henry, and Sir Robert, and Sir Walter, and I know not how many all of a string, but who was the great A, of the family, I cannot take upon myself to say."

"But what were their achievements?" said Juliana.

Poor Beatrix was, as she had said of her master, quite posed; and when the question was repeated, she seemed so utterly confused, that Juliana thought the recollection of some very horrible transaction was too much for the good woman's feelings, and therefore she sat silent that she might overcome emotions which she was delighted to find that she experienced. Rachel, who did not think quite so much as her lady of such things, asked briskly,

"Well, and what did they do?"

The plain question, *What did they do?* was a great relief to Beatrix.

"Why I believe," said she, "they all lived here, and all died one after another."

"What did they do away from here?" said Juliana.

"Aye, marry," said Beatrix, "what indeed! They might, one would have thought, have been contented at home."

Juliana finding that it was impossible to bring the old woman to the point, again sat silent: and determined, within her own mind, instantly to begin to explore.

Clifferton Castle was just such a place as such a young lady would wish for. It stood upon a hill about three miles from the sea. The south-front commanded a grand prospect of the ocean, and the north-front overlooked the beautiful meadows and fields of a well cultivated country. The one end looked toward the rising glories of the god of day, the other saw him sink beneath the horizon. It was moreover a place which interested the feelings very greatly, for who could insensibly behold the desolated ruins of greatness long since passed away; or view without a sigh, the scattered fragments of former strength crumbling to decay.

It was a beautiful fine day in the month of June when Juliana and her faithful damsel began to examine the various apartments of the once grand castle. They had climbed with much difficulty up a broken staircase, and from the battlements looked upon the plain below. Juliana felt her

heart bound with rapture as she beheld the beauties spread around; and raised her eyes with ecstacy to the blue expanse glowing with noon-day heat. As she delighted stood, a sudden gloom overspread the sky, chill blew the rising blast, the lightning gleamed, the thunder roared, and the distant sea howled horrible.

"Let us go down again," said Rachel, "for I am absolutely scarified out of my wits."

Whatever difficulty they found in mounting, their fear carried them safely and quickly down; and when Rachel saw her young lady seated in an elbow chair, and heard the rain pelt against the windows, she began to take heart.

"One reads you know ma'am," said she, "that when young ladies are frightened almost to death, and know not what to do for dear life, they sit down and draw pictures." Then running to Juliana's port-folio, "here ma'am," she continued, "is a sheet of paper, and a pencil, do try what you can make of it."

She was just preparing to begin her drawing, when another loud clap of thunder rattled over the castle, and a distant scream alarmed her. Terrified, she ran to the great gates, where she found Bernard and his wife assisting an elderly gentleman to raise the apparently dead body of a young lady, who had been thrown from her horse.

"Raise her gently," said the gentleman, kneeling with his arm under her head.

"Alas Sir," said Bernard, "I fear it matters not for gentleness."

The old gentleman sunk on the ground.

"Nay, nay, your reverence bear up."

Sophia groaned.

"Hark," continued Bernard, "that groan, though dismal, shews that life still sits at the helm."

Sophia groaned again.

"See Sir, she rights apace."

Bernard had a tender heart, "Come young lady," said he to Juliana, "will you bear a hand to help bring this here dismantled vessel into harbour?"

"Most willingly," she replied, and advancing found the worthy rector of the parish in which the castle stood, supporting his daughter.

They bore her in, and laid her on Juliana's bed.

"Send Stephen," said Mr. Pax; the parson's man was called Stephen, "send Stephen to the village for Mr. Probe."

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Probe, when he saw Stephen's horse covered with froth.

"A mortal deal is the matter," answered Stephen; "there's Miss Sophia in a fit, and master

in a taking, and Miss Sunderland in a fright, and old Beatrix in a quandary; and the horse is all in a lather, and I am in a hurry; and you must come to Clifferton Castle in a crack, and bring all your doctoring thingumbobs in your pocket."

"Put the saddle on the grey mare," said Mr. Probe: "and bring me my apparatus."

"Here," said Stephen, dismounting, "get upon Snowdrop, he is ready saddled, and ready warmed, he will carry you in a twinkling."

Mr. Probe mounted and was off like a shot.

When Mr. Probe arrived at the castle, Mr. Pax went to the great gates to meet him. "So, Sir," said Mr. Probe, "you are all in a bad way here I find."

"No one s in a bad way but my poor Sophia,' said the clergyman.

"And pray what ails Miss Sophia?"

"Her horse took fright, and threw her," said Mr. Pax, as they entered the great hall, "and I fear that she is much hurt, for she cannot speak."

"A young lady must be very much hurt indeed, when that is the case," replied Mr. Probe. "Pray how did the accident happen? How was it, Sir? How is she hurt? Has she broken a bone? Has she a wound? I suppose she must be bled. Can I see her? Where is she?"

"The women are putting her to bed," answered Mr. Pax; and at that moment Beatrix entered.

"Well, good woman," said Mr. Probe, "how do matters go on up stairs?"

"Very badly, Sir."

"Is she no better?" asked Mr. Pax.

"Yes, your reverence, I hope she is," answered Beatrix: "and if your reverence pleases, I think Mr. Probe had better see her without any more delay."

"The woman is in the right for once," said Mr. Probe; "delays are dangerous:" so he followed Beatrix up stairs, and Mr. Pax followed him.

Mr. Probe looked at her. He felt her pulse. "Humph," said Mr. Probe. Mr. Pax also looked at her; and then at Mr. Probe. "Well, Mr. Probe, what is your opinion?"

"Really," replied the apothecary, "it is difficult to know what to opine." He again took her by the wrist. "I think I must bleed her." He bled her. "I will send her something," said he, "and pray let her be kept quiet."

"You may depend upon it, Sir," said Beatrix, "and when she gets well, she will tell us what ails her."

"I know as well as she can tell me," said Mr. Probe.

"Dear me! do you, Sir?" said Rachel, who had till then stood silent at the foot of the bed: "then I suppose you are a mountebank conjuror; I have heard that there are such things in the country."

Mr. Probe cast a look at her as sharp as his lancet, and would have cut her up finely, had not Mr. Pax said gently, "Young woman, you make a mistake; Mr. Probe has been regularly bred to physic and surgery, and what he knows of my daughter's ailments he discovers by his skill."

"That is the way of all conjurors," said Rachel, with a suppressed laugh: but Juliana silenced her by a commanding frown.

"I will send her something," Mr. Probe said again, and left the room.

About an hour after the departure of Mr. Probe, Sophia replied to her father's kind inquiry, "I am better, thank you, Sir;" and after she had taken her draughts, went quietly to sleep.

Juliana said that she and Rachel, would sit up with Sophia, and Mr. Pax said he would take a nap in a chair below.

In the morning Sophia was so much recovered that she rose to breakfast. Mr. Pax would have taken her home; but Juliana and Mrs. Sunderland begged that he would permit her to stay a few days at the castle; which, after the attention she

had received, he could not refuse. He therefore took leave, promising to visit them daily.

When Mr. Pax was gone, Juliana told her young companion, that she and her waiting-maid intended to examine every part of the castle, and to search very closely among the ruins, in hope that they should find some curiosities among the rubbish; adding, that if she were fond of such things, they should be happy in her assistance. Sophia replied that it would give her infinite pleasure, but she was afraid that she had not sufficiently overcome the effects of her accident to be of much use. The young ladies therefore agreed that they would defer their researches till she should have recovered her strength.

As soon as Sophia thought that she could venture to climb among the ruins which lay scattered round the castle, the three heroines set out in search of curiosities. Rachel, who had been peeping about, said, that at one corner, where the greatest part of one of the towers lay in ruins, she was very sure that something would be discovered, for she had seen the end of an old trunk, which, for certain, could not be empty. Her mistress did not agree in the certainty; nevertheless, it was determined to begin there, because it was thought right to rush into the thick of things.

They got in at a window, which Juliana thought quite romantic; and when they had with some difficulty climbed up the outside, with equal difficulty they clambered down within. They then peeped, where Rachel had been peeping, and saw the same end of the old trunk. They then began to remove the rubbish with which it was encumbered; but with all their strength they could not remove a large stone, which seemed almost to crush it.

"Perhaps," said Rachel, "Mr. Pax will lend us a hand to help us, he will do more in an hour, than we shall in a day."

"I will ask him," said Sophia, "and I think, that we may as well defer our scheme of research till we have his assistance."

Juliana was of the same opinion, and they returned the way they came.

When Mr. Pax arrived, they ran to meet him, and before he was well seated, they told him of the old trunk.

With great good will, Mr. Pax consented to accompany them; but he remonstrated against getting in at the window, and therefore they proceeded through the long neglected apartments, till they reached the ruined tower. They then resumed their toils, and by perseverance, aided

by Mr. Pax, attained the reward of their labours. The old trunk was brought into open day. The lock was forced—the contents examined.

The first thing they found was a casket containing two miniature pictures. On the back of one was written, "Mr. Henry Clifferton."

"He was Sir Edmund's brother," said Mr. Pax.

"How sagacious he looks," said Sophia, "yet how pensive."

"I never saw such a face of care," said Juliana.

"He is vastly pretty," exclaimed Rachel.

"He was a worthy man," said Mr. Pax; "and this," said he, producing the other, "was his wife. Methinks she looks like Innocence! The ivory seems to blush beneath our gaze."

Mr. Pax contemplated the portraits a long time, and when he returned them into the casket, he heaved a deep sigh. They found several pieces of plate, curiously packed up, and a bundle of letters, which they thought they might without impropriety read. For which purpose they returned with them into the great saloon, taking also the portraits and the plate, that Mrs. Sunderland might share in the discovery.

The letters were tied together as if they formed

a distinct correspondence, and they read them as they were placed.

LETTER I.

Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.

After a very pleasant journey, we arrived in safety at our house in Pall-Mall yesterday evening. The kind advice, and sage admonitions which I received from you, my dear Lady Clifferton, before I left Sussex, occupied my thoughts on the road as much as could possibly be expected from a young woman who was going to London for the first time in her life: and I hope that I shall steer clear of all the rocks and quicksands, which, you tell me, are hidden beneath the pleasures of the town. The noise of our situation disturbed me very much; and the gloom which hangs over us, is not quite so agreeable as the clear blue sky which you are enjoying at the castle.

My husband, notwithstanding the advantages that will accrue to us from the post to which he has been appointed, laments the necessity he is under to remain the greatest part of the year in London; and already sighs for green fields and purling streams: nor can I, poor Phillida! dispel

a kind of melancholy which rests on my Corydon's brow. You, and our good Sir Edmund, must often help me to cheer him, for I know that the sun will always shine brightest the day he hears from you.

Adieu!

I still remain just what I was in Sussex,

Your's affectionately,

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

LETTER II.

Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.

YOU draw, my dear Lady Clifferton, worse than any body I ever met with in my life. I have not yet discovered any of those dark shades with which you almost cover the prospect. I assure you, that in my view of the town, I sketch in so many pleasing lights, that it is perfect brightness.

Many of Henry's old friends have called to see us, and we have been to see them: we have also formed a great many new acquaintances, in so much, that we are engaged almost every day. I never was so happy, I never was so cheerful, I

never was so much delighted in my life. How you and Sir Edmund, who formerly were so much in this gay place, can prefer retirement, astonishes me; for I think no rural grove can equal the Mall, nor can any bower be half so charming as a drawing-room.

I went last night to a very grand ball at Lord Courtly's. Every thing was so elegant and so magnificent, that I never shall again find pleasure at the assemblies in the country. Lady Courtly introduced all the partners so cleverly to each other, that we were all as sociable, as intimate, and as free, as if we had been acquainted from our childhood. The ladies were so beautiful and so gay; and the gentlemen so polite, I hardly know who I liked best: but, if one could seem to deserve a preference, I think it was Sir Thomas Roach. He is handsomer than the picture of Achilles which hangs in your great parlour; and more attentive than old Justice Steady, when he is master of the ceremonies: and he is so very civil, that he called this morning to inquire how Henry and I were, after the fatigue, as he called it, of dancing. He brought us two tickets for a concert this evening, and begged that he might be indulged with a corner in our carriage, which was readily granted him; and Henry invited him to

partake of our family dinner, that we might set out together.

I am now going to dress for his arrival; and therefore I stop short, having only time to assure you, that you still hold your place in the heart of

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

LETTER III.

Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.

How could you, my dear Lady C; send me such a grave sermon of a letter as that I received from you yesterday! I must not admire Sir Thomas Roach! Then I am sure I must put a bandage over my eyes, and stop my ears. I heard him sing last night for the first time. I think he sings better than he dances. You are quite ill-natured, to say, that you are sorry that I went with him to the concert. Henry went also; and I am sure, that if it had been wrong, he would not have accepted of the tickets.

A few evenings ago we were at Lady Delvar's. You cannot imagine how fortunate I was. Can you believe it? I won a hundred and sixty-five guineas! Poor Sir Thomas Roach lost ninety of them: but they say he can afford it very well.

Henry did not play, and seemed very unwell all the time we staid; therefore I left off much sooner than I wished, as the cards ran so much in my favour; and we returned home very early. He was, however, quite well the next morning: yet, I think, that he still sighs for hills and dales, and turtle doves: and so next week, being holiday week, we have accepted a very kind invitation from your old friend Sir Theodore Musgrove, and are going to Blackheath next Thursday.

I hope at our return to find a letter from you or Sir Edmund, and in the mean time I remain

Comme auparavant,

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.

My dear Brother,

I ACKNOWLEDGE the justness of your complaints. I have, it is true, been a very negligent correspondent: but, notwithstanding the lucrative advantages of my situation, and the uninterrupted round of amusement in which I am engaged, I am un-

happy. Wherefore should I plague you with murmurs, which appear to be raised without foundation; or on the other hand, why paint to you scenes, which always disgusted your good sense: and in which I mingle without joy. Not so my wife. She enters with a thoughtless gaiety into all the dissipation of *ton*, and finds pleasure every where but at home. I do not mean to reproach her: I believe that my company adds to the pleasure she receives from others; but, she no longer seeks it from myself. I am almost tempted to resign my office, that I may return with her to those happy plains, where our slumbers were undisturbed, and the morning found us happy: But, could I restore her heart to its simplicity? No! The seeds of luxury are sown, and will every where grow rank. The few unpleasant days we passed with Sir Theodore Musgrove convince me that her passions have burst their bounds, and never will return to their pristine channels.

From your friendship and her love, I looked for all my happiness: the one has failed me; but I trust, my dear Edmund, that you never will disappoint the affection

Of your brother,

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

The letter which would have been the fifth, was missing; therefore the next they read must be called

LETTER VI.

Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.

It is a matter of concern, and I must say, surprise, to me, that your Ladyship continues to write to me with such grave scraps of advice. When I told you that Sir Thomas Roach had lent me the money I had lost at cards, and which I was unwilling to ask my husband to give me; I did it, in full confidence that I was writing to a friend: But the ungenerous manner in which you informed Mr. Clifferton of what I had done, calls for the highest resentment. I assure you, that notwithstanding what you are pleased to say of his conduct, there is no person in the world to whom I would so willingly apply in any embarrassment, or whose advice I would so soon take, were I in perplexity, as Sir Thomas Roach.

Happily a return of good luck enabled me to repay him before your intelligence arrived; and when Henry offered to discharge the debt, I had settled it myself.

Your Ladyship's letters always convey instruction. From the last I have learned to be very careful for the future in whom I place confidence.

I am your Ladyship's

Obedient Servant,

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.

I CANNOT, my dear Brother, follow the advice contained in your last letter; I cannot reproach Maria. I am thoroughly persuaded that she is the dupe of her own artlessness, and that the dissipation into which she enters with such seeming goodwill, still leaves her free from guilt.

As a proof how unconscious she is that she acts indecorously, let me tell you that I met her with Sir Thomas Roach, one day last week. She was hanging on his arm. When she saw me, she did not appear at all confused, nor did she withdraw her arm from him, which she would have done, had she known that she was walking with him improperly. "Hah! Henry," she said, "I am

glad we have met you: we are going to see the beautiful tyger, which Captain Osbourn has brought from Asia. Come, you shall go with us." I would have excused myself, but she caught my arm, and dragged me along: and in that manner she walked, leaning on us both, till we came to a path too narrow for three to walk abreast. She quitted the arm of Sir Thomas, and hung upon mine. I felt the preference, and prest her hand to my heart. Thus, you see, ignorance of custom, and not levity, is the source of her behaviour. Yet, I think, I can discover, that under the appearance of gaiety, she is not so happy as she was wont to be. I once surprized her in tears. She frequently sighs, nay weeps in her sleep; which she lays to the account of terrible dreams: and always dispels my fears, by thus accounting for what gives them birth.

In the fulness of her heart, she thinks herself so much obliged to Sir Thomas Roach for the money he advanced her, and speaks so highly of the delicate manner in which he did it, that I cannot reprove her, nor reproach him: yet, though I do not think that she is unfaithful to my bed, I feel that she is unmindful of my happiness: and could every thing I possess in the world, restore her to me, tender, peaceful, and simple, as we

first loved, I would gladly give it all, and clasp her as a rich exchange, even in a desert: But I doat ———. The miserable die is cast ———. While I see her on the verge of a precipice, I dare not warn her of her danger.

You, my Edmund, who are united to the worthiest of her sex, can hardly conceive the tenderness of the grief, which, though so strongly felt, cannot be expressed, even by the sufferer.

Would you could come to me! You are the only remaining joy of

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.

FROM the dreary gloom of a prison, I write to you, my dear Brother, to give you an account of the dreadful events which have led me to its horrors. O Edmund! you know my heart, you will kindly sympathize with my remorse, and do justice to the character of your brother.

My wife ——O heaven! —— my wife, whom I so fondly loved!——My wife, in whom I placed such confidence!——Edmund, I tremble while I

write.——I had occasion to go to Kingston, where I had intended to remain all night.—On the road I met the gentleman to whom I was going, and we returned to town together.

When I reached my house, the servant told me that his mistress was ill, and gone to bed. As I advanced to the stairs, Florence, her maid, stopt me, saying she had just left her lady, who was dropt to sleep, and I should disturb her. I hastily snatched my coat from her grasp, and anxious to see Maria, went quickly to her chamber. — How shall I speak my shame! — When I undrew the curtain — How shall I describe my anguish?—I saw Sir Thomas Roach upon my pillow——My wife shrunk and hid her face—I had a loaded pistol in my hand, which I had brought from the carriage.—In the first phrenzy of my rage, I shot him through the head. The report roused Maria. She leaped from the bed —shrieked—sprang upon me, and fainted in my arms—I carried her to a couch, and while she was still senseless, left the house. I was soon pursued, soon taken, soon confined.

I dare not inquire for my wife—I am ashamed to own what I endure on her account.—Never shall these eyes behold her. — Never shall this heart acknowledge her; — but — let her not be

treated harshly—Gaming has been her ruin. I have been insultingly informed by Sir Thomas Roach's family, that a large sum of money which she had lost to him at cards, was thus paid.—

O Maria! you have destroyed your husband, and are yourself undone.—

Never shall I know peace;—yet—let me hope that I still hold a brother's place in your affection, Edmund;—and—may I not trust, that my penitence will do away my guilt, and that I shall not die unblest.

It would be some comfort to me once more to embrace you; and I must indulge the hope that you will not refuse to cheer the prison of your unhappy brother,

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.

WHEN I parted from you and Lady Clifferton, my dear Edmund, I lost every thing, which, in this world, can give comfort to my afflicted heart. I almost lament the justice which acquitted me. Where can I wander?—Here, in Italy, where

nature glows in all her brighest charms, my sorrow desolates the scene.

I have received a letter from my wife—Edmund, Edmund!—The penitence of a broken heart speaks to the soul. She does not ask to see me—she could not stand before me—she only asks forgiveness.—I have written to her—I have forgiven her.—Yet—think not that I do not feel my injury—It sinks deep: it pours poison through my veins, circulating death—Yet—let not—let not despair reach her in the obscurity to which her guilt has hurled her: but pour that balm into her mind which an injured husband must not.

I have taken care to banish want—Peace she must seek herself—I have it not to give. In the grave alone will it be restored to your afflicted brother,

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

LETTER X.

Robert Darton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.

Honoured Sir,

IT is with very great grief that I presume to take the liberty to write to your honour; but I think it right and proper to inform you that my master,

Mr. Clifferton, died yesterday. Poor gentleman! He wasted away by degrees, as I may say, and died, I verily believe, of grief. The last person he mentioned was your honour, and he said he hoped that you would remember him properly.

I am your honour's

Very obedient,

And most humble Servant,

ROBERT DARTON.

When Mr. Pax had concluded the last letter, he looked tenderly at Sophia, pressing her hand between both his; and they all sat silent. He spoke first. "I dare say," he began, "that your own reflections on these letters will anticipate what I can say on the subject: yet, I think, that I should not fulfil my duty to you, Sophia, nor to you, Miss Sunderland, as one of my flock, were I to omit, on the present occasion, to point out to you the danger to which every one is exposed, who has not sufficient good sense and fortitude to resist the allurements not only of vice, but I may add of folly.

Would it were so, that every man, and every woman, possessed every virtue; for the practice

of every virtue is the duty of all: but, chastity is that, which, in all civilized countries, has ever been deemed the highest virtue of a woman; insomuch, that where it is wanting, the possession of every other will never procure her the respect and esteem of the world. It is a virtue from which, if she swerve, she injures every one who should be most dear to her affections, and herself beyond all reparation.

To this most deplorable of all situations, a despised adulteress, nothing is more likely to lead than gaming. It is, in a man, a very degrading vice; but he has the controul of his property, and can, to the last farthing he possesses, discharge the debts he contracts: whereas a woman has no power whatever over the property of her husband; therefore when she has lost more than the portion she can command, she too often compounds the debt by the surrender of her person. While undiscovered, she is in perpetual dread of detection; and when detected, she is hurled from happiness, from joy, from peace, from respect; to misery, to disgrace, to infamy, to shame.

What further wretchedness may attend the crime of adultery, the awful end of Sir Thomas Roach most forcibly proves. Cut off in the very fulness of his sins, and sent to answer for them

while they glowed fresh within his breast. The injured husband a prey to anguish and remorse; the guilty wife, an outcast."

He stopt. Sophia reclined her head upon his shoulder; Juliana rose hastily from her seat; and Mrs. Sunderland heaved a deep sigh: and a melancholy, which could not be overcome, spread a gloom over the remainder of the day.

INGRATITUDE.

AMONG the playmates of my childhood, was a boy about three or four years younger than myself. Poor fellow! He was unhappily born educated and lost. He was the natural son of a man who had debauched the niece of the person at whose house he lodged; and to conceal her shame her child had been taken from her at the moment of his birth. His father, of whom he was an exact miniature picture, placed him under the care of a labouring man and his wife, with whom it would have been fortunate for him to have been left to till the earth: he would thereby have been spared the consequences which a more refined education, and higher connexions, together with a constant bad example from his father, produced. When he was about five years old he was taken from the humble roof, where he grew a fine sturdy boy, and

had carelessly left the key in his bureau: curiosity prompted him to turn it, and he found twenty-four guineas in one of the drawers. The misery of his situation tempted him to a crime which, it is hoped, few men would have been induced to commit: he robbed his nurse and her husband of the thrifty savings of their hard labour, and walked out of the house during the absence of the owners; taking with him, in addition to the money, the watch he found at the head of the bed.

This action which so completely proves the innate depravity and base ingratitude of his heart, is one among many which his distresses impelled him to commit, and which endangered his life.

To prevent the shame of an ignominious death, his father exerted all his interest; and I believe it was by some contrivance that a flaw was found in the indictment which was filed against him, and a trial prevented. He was afterward sent to India as a private soldier in a regiment then going to the east.

The first intelligence which arrived was that he had been made a sergeant; and the second, that his excesses, added to the torrid climate, had produced a fever of which he had died.

Thus perished when he was not more than twenty-three years of age, a youth who may be called a first-rate genius.

He was a very good Latin and Greek Scholar. He understood the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German Languages; and had read a great deal which had been very judiciously selected by his father: and the office in which he was permanently established, and must have risen by rotation, was, from the very first, the situation of a gentleman.

Memory has many pleasures, but it is surely one of its pains to retrace the life of a companion from crime to crime, from ignominy to ignominy; from affluence and respect, to infamy, degradation, and shame.

His father has been long dead, or I would have spared his old age this recital. May it instruct the young, and teach them that talents misapplied encrease the crimes of the guilty. May they by the example of the lost associate of my early years be warned from folly and from vice, and learn that

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

THE POST OBIT.

One of the most difficult things in the world, is to make a man or a woman perform an action after he or she be dead: and to use a dead hand or a dead tongue, is a very daring attempt. Such things are nevertheless occasionally done. Sometimes with a roguish intention, by a substitution of false wills, and other false deeds: and sometimes in innocent ignorance, in order to preserve peace and good-will among friends and neighbours.

For the last mentioned good purpose, I have heard a little anecdote concerning Miss Wilkes, well known throughout England, as the daughter of the celebrated John Wilkes of political notoriety.

After the death of her father, she continued to dwell in his house in Grosvenor Square, and being

magnificently. The guests were all invited: ed prepared the sumptuous gala: the festive l was spread: when, on the morning of the whose evening close was to have resounded the shouts of joy, the world was closed upon arkened sight, and amid the splendid prepa- is which adorned her chambers, she sank a s clod.

e consternation occasioned by the awful e filled the house with dismay: and after the gs, which such events never fail to produce ery mind, were in some degree overcome, he wailings for a kind mistress were some- checked, the domestics were much perplexed ow how they were to inform the invited guests e dreadful calamity which had happened in mily. After consulting among themselves, s determined that the properest person to take such a task was the lady's own woman:

con; that their mistress should speak once more for herself; and they united their inventions, and indited the following card; which, as no time was to be lost, they multiplied for delivery by calling on every one who could guide a pen to copy and recopy.

Miss Wilkes presents her compliments to . . . . . and is very sorry that she cannot have the honour to receive *him*, *her*, or *them*, this evening, having had the misfortune to die at twelve o'clock.

Grosvenor Square.

THE PORTRAIT.

I THINK that I may with truth say, that flattery is one of those pleasing things, which, though not always in the extreme, yet ever in the degree, gratifies every body. Every man and every woman has what is called a weak side: and on that weakness it is that flattery is administered by the skilful flatterer, and is always received by the flattered with complacency.

Women are said to be more susceptible of flattery than men; but that, as a general position, I deny, although the story I am about to relate concerns a lady. Men are as often and as easily cajoled as women; and as frequently the dupes of those who have a point to carry against them. Be the persons played upon men or women they equally sympathize with the adulator, and rarely see through the flimsy veil of his praises: but

when a bungler allows himself to be detected, it is like the citron trees said to grow near the dead-sea, whose beautiful and tempting fruit yields nought but ashes to the taster.

The praise of beauty is the most frequently resorted to, as being the perfection soonest discovered: and the glass, aided by self-love, generally corroborates all that can be said on the subject. Old age can hardly be brought to think it is no longer lovely. The battered beau and the faded belle continue to adorn their decay, and the ogle of the one, and the simper of the other, prove that adulation is still hugged to the heart.

There is a story told of an old lady, who, in the days of her youth, had not only been the admiration of all beholders, but also the theme of the poet's lay. In the pride of beauty she had had a picture painted of her loveliness, and it hung for universal gaze over the mantle in the dining parlour.

Years rolled over the original and the copy; but, alas! while the canvass still displayed all that could charm the eye, the withering form of the model daily became less and less like what represented her in the days which were gone for ever. Nevertheless, she still fancied that she resembled

she looked at; and nothing pleased her so as to be told that the picture was like her.

ong the visitors at the old lady's house was e old lady, who found it very agreeable and convenient to be an always welcome guest at ell furnished board of a friend, and always d her hospitable reception by copious flattery. ig other things she never failed to observe she sat at dinner, the great likeness of the ss to the picture.

so happened, that in process of time, the e and the dust so changed the hue of the ing, that like the archetype it no longer ied. Although the rose and the lily had for flown from the living cheek of the matron, were recoverable on the lifeless cloth; and cleaned, and newly varnished, it was sent to ster's hand. In the mean time, not to leave antle bare, the picture of a favourite cat was ituted for the absent portrait. The old lady still continued her visits, declined, like her ss, fast into the vale of years: like her's, her urned grey; like her's, her eyes grew dim: ie continued to raise them, during the meal, e chimney-piece; and looking, without dis-ient at poor puss, exclaimed in the ac-

customed tone of rapture, "that is so like yo
grace!"

O sad, deluded fair! disappointed belle! T
flattery of more than half a century vanished! '
am no longer young—I am no longer lovely—I
—can I be like a cat?"

READER; if the cap fit, wear it; and vi
thyself in the glass while it is on.

A SUMMER'S EXCURSION.

NOBODY, now-a-days, takes a walk or a ride, without giving an account to the world of whither he goes, and what he sees and observes: and as

"Fashion in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign sway,"

I know no reason why I should not trust to Fashion to make my apology for telling the world that I have travelled about, and seen sights, and made memorandums.

Some few years ago, after a very severe illness, I was advised by the medical gentleman who had attended me, to change the air, and to move frequently from place to place, according as my strength would permit me to bear the fatigue of travelling. The proposed remedy was so very agreeable, that I set off without delay; and with my maid began a journey to Southampton. We pursued our way, changing horses at the accus-

tomed stages, with no object in view but to reach the place of our destination: and thus we proceeded to Winchester. When we were thus far; alas, for speed! no horses could be procured. I had, with sporting ignorance, left home during the Southampton races, and every horse was gone to the course. As the carriage could not go on without being drawn, I had no choice of determination, and was compelled to remain at the White Hart inn, til the next morning.

The pleasure and independence of an english inn, which men find so delightful, had no charms for me. True I was as independent, and as much a queen of the parlour, as any man could be a king of it: but I was dreadfully annoyed by the perpetual ringing of bells, and the noisy cry of, *boots! hostler! waiter!* and though every person who opened the door, and popped in his head, begged pardon for his intrusion, I was foolish enough always to be startled.

A *tête-à-tête* with my waiting woman not being sufficient to cheer the prison which an inn-parlour was to me; for I could not wile away the time in the yard with the jockies, nor in the kitchen with the topers; I went to visit the cathedral.

There is a solemnity in the gloom of such stately buildings which seizes on the mind the moment

they are entered. Thought quits the world, and becomes spontaneously aware that all communion is with the dead. The monuments on which the sun at noon, intercepted by huge pillars, darts not his rays, seem to beckon to contemplation; and, those which catch his splendour, shine with admonition.

When the assenting heart acknowledges the truth of the sweet praise bestowed upon the ashes of the worthy, how quickly the tear trickles down the cheek, and how forcibly the bosom feels the dignity of virtue. But, when the sculptor's art and poet's lay are prostituted in the detail of falsehood, how indignation rises. How far from approbation is the tumult of the breast. The characters so glossed arise to memory, and each crime which charity should forget, stands in full array, challenged by the contraries pourtrayed.

Winchester Cathedral is a magnificent edifice, which having been built at various times, is in various styles of architecture. It has been the buried place of many persons of note: among others of Wickham the founder of Winchester school; and by that foundation his tomb and effigy are kept up in pristine beauty, except that the gold, silver and jewels were seized by Henry VIII. when he suppressed the monasteries, and religious houses

throughout England. Opposite to him lies Bishop Fox, the founder of Corpus Christi College at Oxford. The pontifical robes in which his effigy is arrayed are kept in gaudy splendour by that learned society. In the same cathedral also lies, honored with a sumptuous tomb and effigy, the wretched Cardinal Beaufort, the ambitious crafty priest who murdered Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, commonly called the good Duke Humphrey, who was uncle to Henry VI. and Protector of the Realm during the minority of his nephew. Among the modern monuments is one to the memory of Dr. Lowth, formerly master of Winchester school. The sculptor has represented him in the performance of his duties ex officio. There he is, teaching two lads. I am afraid they were naughty little boys, for they are looking off. As his dress is the Toga magistri, it would have been quite in character if the robe had been accompanied by the appropriate sceptre of birchen sway. Placed against the corresponding pillar, and exactly opposite to Dr. Lowth's monument is a bust of the celebrated Bishop Hoadley; for the reception of which, part of the pillar is cut away. This fact is sarcastically noticed by Dr. Milner, the historian of Winchester, who, alluding to Bishop Hoadley's doctrines, observes that "both living

and dying he *undermined* that church of which he was a prelate." There is also a beautiful modern monument to Mrs. North, wife of Dr. North, late Bishop of the See: erected, as the inscription informs the reader, in memory of her many virtues, and in testimony of his never-to-be-overcome grief.

One thing struck me very forcibly; that was, a collection of bones made at the time of digging for alterations in the cathedral. They are supposed to be those of many Saxon kings, and are put into boxes, termed mortuary chests, which are in the form of coffins, and are deposited in open view on the walls from which the arches spring that support the roof of the choir. Such a collection shews an intention of respect to former greatness: but, as the guide recounts the circumstance, imagination sees the rude spade scatter them irreverently; and the chests, placed aloft with their dry tenantry, tend more to awaken contempt of dignity, than veneration for the dignified.

In an old chancel, which, at the time I visited the cathedral, had been long out of use, was an altar, covered with tattered crimson velvet, at which Mary I., called the Bloody, was married to Philip II. of Spain, called the Cruel. Fit con-

sorts for each other! How happy was it for England that she was childless, as at her death her sister Elizabeth ascended the throne, and raised the country to a higher degree of consequence than it had ever gained in the scale of nations.

Since the period of which I speak the choir has been undergoing a complete repair, during which reparation the old chancel has been used for the performance of divine service.

The next day I pursued my journey to Southampton, through a beautiful part of the New Forest. The post-boy quitted the high road, and drove on the turf beneath the trees, which shaded us from the scorching sun of noon.

Southampton is a very handsome, well-built, ancient town, where I remained a month. The surrounding country is beautiful, and the river at high water delightful and grand.

There is a tradition that formerly a vessel without a compass was tempest-tost upon the stormy sea in a dark winter's night, and at the mercy of the waves; when the crew hearing Holyrood bell telling, most probably the curfew, they steered into Southampton harbour, guided only by their ear. In commemoration of which in winter, and in summer also, when the curfew never could have been necessary, Holyrood at eight o'clock still tolls the knell of the mariner's safety.

During my stay at Southampton, where I was so fortunate as to meet with many friends, I went to Netley Abbey; situated among embowering trees near the margin of the river. It was so concealed by the surrounding wood, then in full leaf, that when it suddenly met the eye, and the boat passed the magnificent arched window, the bars of which seem to be held together by the clasping ivy, I may truly say that my heart sunk within me. I suppose it is the instantaneous recurrence of memory to the days which are gone, that causes the mind to adopt a feeling of melancholy. Our party was in full chat, and in a moment we were all silent. There was something awful in the gloomy stillness of the scene, for even a boy of nine years old checked his childish prattle.

Netley Abbey was built by Henry III. for a small society of Cistercian monks. Even in decay it bears ample testimony to the magnificence of monastic pomp. The lofty walls, the spacious apartments of Netley, were for the accommodation of the Abbot and twelve monks, who, in the austerity of prayer and silence, relieved by tending their garden, and daily digging in preparation for their own graves, wasted their useless lives.

I also made another excursion with my friends,

and sailed in the packet-boat to the Isle of Wight. We had scarcely passed Calshot Castle, when we saw a grampus. I was the first who perceived him, and I shouted aloud. His form was exactly like that I have seen in prints of a whale. He rose, I was told, to get rid of the water he had inhaled, which he spouted forth with great force; the curve of the emission being in the form of an oval. The master of the packet went below to fetch a musket, but ere he was ready to fire, the huge fish rose entirely to the surface, shaking his tail with a violent splashing, and then plunged and was out of sight in a moment. When I said that I thought he was twenty feet long, the man replied nearer thirty feet than twenty. He added that it was a rare appearance so near the shore, that he had never seen one before, and that if he got under our vessel, he would upset us. Though I must own that I was sadly alarmed when I heard what could so easily befal us, yet I was glad to have seen the rarity, sincerely hoping that I never should behold such another.

As we returned with the packet in the evening, we only had time to extend our rambles to Carisbrook Castle, where King Charles I. was confined. Though the greater part of the building is fallen, and what remains is in ruins, the outward wall of

the chamber in which he was imprisoned, still stands, and the guide never fails to point out the window with its additional bars, from which the captive monarch sought to make his escape.

So many years have elapsed, and so many generations have passed away since his execution, that the animosities of party feeling have subsided: and within the building where he was immured, pity for fallen greatness, and a melancholy sense of the instability of human grandeur, would steal into the heart. My companions plucked some of the weeds from the wall, and I followed their example, and plucked one called *Pellitory of the Wall.* As I sat on the bench of the vessel, in my way home, with the flower in my hand, my fancy indited the following lines:

Poor simple Flow'r! it was no hand profane
Which tore thee from the wall whereon thou grew'st.
Ah no! the children of Britannia weep
As pensively they stray among the walls
Which once confin'd their king! and heave a sigh
Within the chamber, young Elizabeth,
Where thy meek spirit mourn'd a father's fall!
Ill-fated monarch! 'Twas on thy scaffold
The lofty Fane of Liberty was rear'd!
Thy head became the key-stone of the arch
Whereon she stands triumphant! yet, amid
The never-fading laurels which adorn

The brows of Heroes too severely brave,
Freedom herself within the wreath entwines
A sprig of cypress gather'd from thy grave!

From the keep, which is very high, there is an extensive view over the town of Newport, and a great part of the island, which is intersected by the windings of the Medina *.

From Southampton I went to Weymouth, and took up my abode in Clarence Row. The bay at Weymouth forms a beautiful semicircle, and being on all sides protected by the surrounding hills, the sea is as smooth as the unruffled waters of a lake. The Esplanade is a delightful promenade, and the buildings which adorn it, are magnificent.

As I was again so fortunate as to meet with friends, I again made little excursions. My first was to Portland Island. I hired horses for the

* Some few years ago a coffin was found in the Churchyard, at Newport, purporting to be that of King Charles's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth. The insulted, ill-used child, whom the levellers of the day had proposed to apprentice to a button-maker. The place of her interment was unknown til thus accidentally discovered.—Alas! born in a palace, daughter of a king, and buried in an obscure grave, no stone told where she lay!

day, intending to ride there and back, in order to have all my strength for perambulating the island: but when we reached the ferry at Moloombe Regis, there were so many carriages waiting to take their turn to be passed over the Wey, that the driver advised us to alight, go over, and walk slowly on, saying that when his turn came, he should quickly overtake us. It being nearly low water, we did so, and walked to Portland under a bank of pebbles, which rose many feet above our heads, without being overtaken. We had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there was a carriage coming, and therefore we were in no alarm for our return at night.

On ascending the hill when we reached the island, how great was our astonishment when we beheld the waves rolling to the very verge of the bank under which we had been walking; forming, as it were, another ocean above that whose retiring ebb had left us a dry path.

The face of the country is dreary. There is scarcely such a thing as a tree or a hedge, the lands being divided by stone walls. The quarries of free-stone are immense, and it may be presumed inexhaustible, for the island appears to be stone throughout its whole extent, a circuit of about nine miles. There is not a great deal to

admire there. Bow-and-Arrow Castle was pointed out to us. There is another castle built by Henry VIII. opposite to one at Weymouth, intended to protect the approach to the coast. We passed somewhat unexpectedly a narrow opening, and came abruptly on the ruins of an old church, and church-yard, the yawning graves of which seem to have been rent by an earthquake.

It is said that in former times there was the centre of the island. So much has the sea encroached, that every stone which falls, now rolls into the salt wave. I was unable to ascend the high hill called Fortune's Well, and by my inability to climb, lost, as I was told, a magnificent and extensive view over the island, and the dangerous sea, named Portland Race, in which violent current so many vessels perish.

We loitered about so long, that it was dusk when we returned to the inn. Our driver, who had arrived during our absence, was impatient for our departure, telling us there were quicksands, which he should not know how to avoid in the dark. Either to alarm us, or being himself alarmed, he once got off his horse, and said, that we were near a place of danger, and he must feel about to find where the horses might step. He muttered and grumbled all the way, til we had

repassed the ferry, and then drove us safely home, though it was, as he upbraided us, shamefully and pitch dark.

A few days after our excursion to Portland, we went to Wareham, in order to view Corfe Castle, which has been the scene of two events disgraceful to our history and to human nature. The murder of Edward the Martyr, and the confinement of Edward the Second, preparatory to his subsequent murder in Berkeley Castle.

The superb and tremendous ruins of this ancient castle are on a very steep hill. The scattered fragments lay around in huge masses, which have, in falling, dug for themselves foundations in the earth, and half way down the precipice, threaten destruction to all below. The mutilated edifice, seen at a distance, strikes the beholders with awe; and the tragical stories connected with it, make veneration the feeling with which every one approaches it. It was here the wretched Elfrida dwelt after the death of King Edgar. Here it was the Martyr called to pay his duty to his step-mother: and here, while he was drinking from the goblet he had requested, he was stabbed in the back by her order. As I passed beneath a tottering archway, I fancied it was there he halted when the blow was struck: and so powerful were

were the workings of imagination, that I turned to trace the bleeding monarch as he was dragged by his courser down the steep. Cruel! cruel Elfrida! so blinded by ambition thus to slay your youthful sovereign! your husband's son! O! though she thus opened a path to the throne for her own son Ethelred, who was declared king on the death of his brother; yet she procured nothing for him but unhappiness by his exaltation: and for herself she prepared anguish which never ceased. The state of the King's mother, and the royal dignity of Ethelred were inefficacious to quiet the stings of her own reproach. Unable to endure the greatness which she had gained by crimes, she fled from earthly splendour, and sought to expiate her guilt by the austere penances of the monastery to which she retired; and which, with the same expiatory hope, she had previously erected and endowed. Let us hope she made her peace with heaven; but here infamy shall brand her name for ever!

Having long remained within the desolated walls of this once gay fortress, where grass now grows in the chambers, we pensively descended the hill on which it stood. Arrived at the bottom, we all, as by agreement, turned to take a last view, and the solemn silence in which we retreated, proved how deeply we were impressed by the

horrid enormity of the crimes which we had contemplated on the spot where they had been committed.

I bade adieu to Weymouth after having passed three very agreeable weeks there, and proceeded to Lyme Regis, a place which stands on such a steep acclivity that the foot-way is relieved every here and there by steps. It has the appearance of a very old town, and most of the houses are thatched. There is little at Lyme to amuse the traveller, although the surrounding country is very romantic: but the expanse of the wide extending ocean is superb. What most astonished me, was what the inhabitants call the cob. It is a wall extending into the sea, constructed of rough stones, broad enough to admit of a walk on the top. I cannot say much in praise of the footing; it is however delightful to stand at the extremity, and contemplate the roaring waters, whose rude billows it defies. It is a proof of the inventive ingenuity of man; there being no natural harbour here, the natives threw up this irregular pile, and have thus formed a secure bason for the reception of vessels.

Having remained a week in Lyme, I set forward for the lovely county of Devon, and fixed myself at Sidmouth, a beautiful little town situated

in a vale between two very high rocks. It is a very delightful part of Devonshire; warm, fruitful, verdant, and full of trees, even to the edge of the sea. The view from the signal house, which stands on the summit of one of the rocks, extends from Portland island to Torbay.

There are no sands at Sidmouth on which it is agreeable to walk, the shore consisting of loose stones; but there is a very pleasant artificial promenade on the beach between the hills, which is kept up by subscriptions from the more opulent inhabitants, and from the visiters. I put down my name, and money, and had the full advantage of my contribution, for I was a frequent loiterer on the walk, where the company resort to enjoy the refreshing breezes from the sea.

These beauties of scenery, and charms of sea and land, were however nothing to the delight of finding the family of an old friend settled there: an old gentleman I had known in my very childhood; with whose children I had often played: who were now married and had children of their own. We met. We rejoiced to meet. My venerable friend resided with his eldest daughter, who was a young widow with two lovely children: a little boy, and a little girl. His youngest daughter was married and settled in the neigh-

bourhood, and came to Sidmouth with her eldest girl.

"This is the lady of whom you have heard me say so and so," she said to the little darling as I kissed her.

"Do you remember such a thing?" said the one; and "do you remember such a thing?" said the other.

O! it was ecstacy. We were all children again together, and the recital of childish frolics amused us anew, while a new progeny frolicked around us. I was so happy—I thought no place in the whole world was so lovely as Sidmouth. Alas! evanescent was the joy of our meeting. While I was luxuriating in social friendship, I received a letter calling me imperiously home. I bade an abrupt farewell to my friends, and made the best of my way back, by the direct road, never stopping but for refreshment and change of horses. This cordial meeting with friends from whom I had been long separated, was the first absolute pleasure I had enjoyed since the death of my mother. I have not experienced many more. I buz in the world like the fly on the chariot wheel, and I am to the world amid its rotations, as insignificant as the fly was, when he said, WHAT A DUST WE MAKE.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

WHEN a man writes a Billet-doux he has two points to gain. The first to convince his beloved of his passion: the second to awaken a reciprocal one in her. Many are the tender epistles which have been handed down to us from our forefathers, all proving the influence of female loveliness, and the universal power of Love. It warms the shivering inhabitants near the Pole amid their eternal frosts: and glows with ardour in the panting natives near the Line. All climates engender it, and all ages glory in it. No doubt all my readers stand convicted. Though more feel it in the extreme than in the degree; yet, I concede that all are not equally rapturous. An old and a young lover cannot be equally ardent: an aged and a youthful mistress cannot kindle equal flames: but, in every case a man pours forth, either to the ear

or to the eye, the effusions of his sufferings, hoping by those means to gain access to her heart. A billet-doux has the advantage over a tender speech inasmuch as the speech may slip from the memory, but written tenderness remains, and may be read and re-read over and over again. Every man is on that occasion poetical. *Darts*, and *arrows*, and *quivers*, and *stings*, and *wounds* prove how inadequate common phrases are to express his feelings; and allegory always helps out reality.

In proof of what I say many authors of great celebrity have not disdained to transcribe such pathetic pleadings; and therefore I trust that I shall be pardoned for inserting among the selections from my Scrinium a copy of an original love-letter found by a relation of mine many years ago among his father's papers. The lady to whom it is addressed was somehow allied to the family, which accounts for the confidence which led her to deposit with him the declaration therein made: and the reader will perceive that such a billet-doux was not likely to be destroyed.

Broomsgrove, ye 20th of ye 1st month.

Respected Friend and Mrs. Lowe,

NOT having opportunity with thee, as I have

sometime desired, I hope thee woult not take it ill at my freedom and boldness to thee, it is the Love of God which engageth my heart, to recommend a few lines unto thee, The first is this, thee art sensible that I have lost an Honest and loving wife, a tender, and Loving mother. She would often say that it was not a shew of religion or outward ceremonys that brought people to Christ, but an inward work in the heart and taking up their daily Cross, to those things that too many take pleasure in; The Cross of Christ which Leads to the Crown of life, which I have reason to hope she is arrived to. Abraham married and wept for Sarah his wife, yet we find he desired a buriall place to bury his dead out of his sight yet we find he soon took another wife when he was of a great age, after he had given all that he had to his son Isaac. as Abraham's servant reported it to Rebecca's friend, Rebecca was willing to go along with him because it was ordered by the Lord—Now thee art the Rebecca that I should be glad to see thee at my house. The Lord has a regard to the Righteous In all ages. It is my desire that both thee and my offspring may be all of the number that we may all have a resting place with the Lord when Time to us shall be no more. I have much more in my mind but as Christ said to his disciples

thee canst not hear them now. If I have sayd any evil, judge me according to thy law, if not let me find favour in thy sight, I court nothing that is thine or thy childrens.

*This From

Thy Friend and neighbour,

JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

* The misplacing of CAPITAL LETTERS, the mis-spelling of a few words, and also the inaccuracy of the stops, are in conformity with the original Billet-doux.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

PERHAPS when I speak of the Ancients, and draw any comparison between them and the Moderns, I shall be scorned as an impertinent meddler with matters beyond a woman's ken. It is therefore with somewhat like dread that I venture to speak on such high themes: chiefly as what leads me to the observations I make, is warfare.

When the Ancients made war, the aggrandisement, the glory, and the weal of their country, were the objects for which they fought. Their devotion of themselves and their dearest kindred ties was so total, that we are lost in the contemplation of heroism so entirely patriotic. Yet, while they forgot as citizens all personal feeling, they also forgot as men all feeling of humanity. They were not satisfied with conquest, they also sought to destroy. The most amiable of their

warriors were as warriors ferocious, and as victors barbarous.

With few exceptions, modern war is by comparison gentle. Harsh and ruinous as war must be in every degree, the conqueror now softens its evils, and spares the vanquished.

I am led to these remarks by a circumstance related to me by my very respectable and worthy old friend, the late Mr. Hull of the theatre royal Covent Garden; and told to him by an officer serving at Gibraltar at the time it occurred.

It was when General Elliot, afterward Lord Heathfield, commanded there, and during the bombardment of the garrison by the Spaniards, that a wounded british officer fell from the works upon the glacis. Some of his brother officers immediately presented themselves upon the ramparts, took off their hats to the besiegers, who were close enough to see what was passing, and pointed to the man below. The spanish commander advanced on the deck of his vessel, and returned the obeisance by taking off his hat, in token of recognition. The bombardment instantly ceased. Some of the besieged made a sortie, placed their dead companion on a bier, and bore him in. It was not til the Spaniards could reasonably presume that he was de-
[illegible]ed in a place of respect, and that the besieged

could return as soldiers to their duty, that another shot was fired.

May I be allowed to say that there is not on record a more noble instance of generous valour? May I lament that hearts, which on the one hand, could expect such forbearance in a foe, and on the other hand could thus forbear, should nevertheless be stimulated to risk the lives of thousands, while they evinced tenderness for the life of a single man.

Not to defend himself: not to defend his country, is a reproach which must stamp every one a coward: but the individual, or the state offensively invading another man or another power with the sword, murders. The potentate who sends an offensive army into the dominions of another, is answerable for all the lives he sacrifices: and is, in my estimation, as culpable as the man who challenges another, and slays him in single combat.

I am not, however, surprized that a young man, in the rapture and vigour of youth, should feel a warlike impulse; and be dazzled by the blaze of battle and the fame of glory: but, I often wonder when I hear a father predetermine that his son shall pursue the trade of blood, and teach an infant that when he becomes a man he must be

a homicide: while at the same time he tells him that it is cruel to kill a fly. Strange contradiction!

"Tom, my man, you will kill the French, hey, my little fellow?"

"Aye, that I will!"

"Well said, my brave manikin." Five minutes afterward he says, "You naughty child! do you think a fly has no feeling?"

"Has a fly more feeling than a french-man, Father?"

What will father reply to that?

He will perhaps tell him that "Nero began his cruelties by killing flies."

To what will the imbibed intention of killing men tend?

To all the modern honors which modern times bestow. To stars and ribbands; to titles, and monuments.

Let humanity reflect that while one is called a hero, and decorated with all the appendages of victory, thousands die forgotten, whose valour and whose lives purchased the fame which crowns one with laurel. The wars of antiquity and the battles of modern times record the names of a few commanders, and the almost incredible number of

nameless victims to individual greatness: and among all the inhabitants of the earth, nearly half those who attain maturity are driven to the universal penalty—DEATH—by their fellow mortals.

THE FUGITIVES.

AMONG the calamities which afflict mankind, pestilence and war are assuredly the greatest. The first desolates the earth, and man becomes its prey, and knoweth not whence it proceeds. It is from a cause inscrutable, from a source beyond his ken. He inhales it with the air he breathes; he swallows it in the waters of the spring; he feeds upon it in the herbs of the field. The cattle are also stricken and perish: But war is the mischief of man. His visible hand deals forth its direful effects; his turbulent passions originate its disastrous causes. The ruin of empires, the depopulation of cities, the dispersion of families, and all the horrors in the rout of war, are trained to destruction by man.

The most baneful of its woes are those of civil war. Then the rage of anarchy infuriates the father against the son; and the son, become a

parricide, slays his sire; brother destroys brother; and friends are mutually betrayed. All ranks are clashed in undistinguished havoc, and reek with the blood of their countrymen.

During those troubles which in the aggregate are denominated the French Revolution, a young Frenchman took refuge in England, under circumstances the most painful and distressing that could agonize the virtuous heart of honor and integrity.

His father was a gentleman of Paris, well descended and nobly allied; and attached by principle as well as interest to the royal cause; therefore marked out for vengeance. He had a young friend, whom I shall call *la Raudière*, who by visiting frequently at his father's house had become enamoured of his sister, and she returned his love: but, by joining the opposite party he gave such offence, that *Mensieur de St. Cyr*, as I will name the worthy man, forbad his visits, and Rosalie was never to behold him more.

In the mean time *St. Cyr* became so obnoxious to the ruling powers, that he was compelled to quit the capital. In the dead of night he secretly left Paris, accompanied by his son and Rosalie. It was their intention to go to England, and they pursued their way toward the coast, sometimes

travelling rapidly, and sometimes concealing themselves in woods and ruins. They were on foot, not daring to hire horses, lest they should raise suspicions. Travelling thus, it chanced one night in the recesses of a forest, that the young man struck his foot against the projecting root of a tree, and fell. Rosalie was leaning on his arm, when he arose he would have offered it to her again, but she stood not by him. Alarmed, he exclaimed, "Father, where is Rosalie?"

"Is she not with you?" said his father.

"Rosalie!" each cried. Alas! vain cry. No voice was heard in answer.

The moon shone so faintly through the thick foliage, that she deceived their search; and more than once they fancied that they saw the maiden gliding among the trees, and they pursued the glimmering deception. Thus they wandered unconsciously from the spot, and could not retrace their path among the tangling shrubs. Distracted by fear and anxiety, while they thought that they were hovering about the place where he had fallen, they drew near the confines of the wood.

Wretched beyond expression, the old man lost all fear for his personal safety, and refused to quit the country which still held his child. It was in

vain that his son remonstrated, he was resolute in his determination, and they remained.

For ever seeking Rosalie, listening to every voice, and not daring to inquire, they led a life of perpetual apprehension, and unceasing dread. Rarely did *Pierre de St. Cyr* leave his father: yet, one day he strayed alone, in the melancholy hope of hearing some tidings of his beloved Rosalie; when coming abruptly to a wretched hovel, he found his sister seated at the door, and, O distracting sight! *la Raudière* seated beside her.

He was always armed, and rushing furiously forward, he drew a pistol from its concealment, and exclaiming, "Villain, meet your fate;" fired —— O fatal impetuosity! O calamitous revenge! The pistol was ill-aimed; it missed *la Raudière*, and the gentle Rosalie fell lifeless at her brother's feet. The ball had reached her heart.

"*O Pierre! O St. Cyr!*" said *la Raudière*; "Rash unfortunate friend! Behold what you have done. I would to heaven that your wish had been accomplished, that so my death might have saved my love. O beloved Rosalie! would I might join you whither you are flown: Pure, spotless maid! Little did you know my heart, *St. Cyr:* Ah! you

know not how all your own best hopes are blasted. When I heard that you had fled from Paris, I pursued to save. To me it was intrusted to overtake you.

"While I followed, I found my Rosalie alone within a wood. I bore her here in safety. Here I concealed my treasure: watched over her with a brother's care, nor would have violated the sacred trust consigned to me, to have gained a crown. Let thy blest shade attest the truth of what I say," he cried, as he dropt in tears over her pale corse. . . . .

The distracted *Pierre* raised the pallid form of his sister, and assisted by *la Raudiére*, bore her within the hut. He stood over her in speechless agony. At length he exclaimed, "My father! O my father! How will you hear this tale!"—— *la Raudiére* undertook to be the messenger of woe. "Hence!" said *St. Cyr* as he approached, "Or, base and ungrateful as you are, bear back in triumph to your lawless masters, the aged friend whom you have betrayed." *La Raudiére* took his hand, "My much respected friend," he cried, "You do not know the man you thus accuse. The cause we each have joined we will not argue now. I follow, not in perfidy but love. I came to save: alas! friendship is vain! In an adjoining

wood I found the lovely Rosalie wandering without her guides. She had fallen, and in falling, fainted. Awakened from her swoon, she called upon her father, she called upon her brother: they were gone. Blessing the happy chance which led my steps to her protection, I took her as a sacred pledge from heaven, and regarded her as something holy. I watched her path; I led her on; I hid her from observation; I stood centinel to guard her. As thus we journeyed, we rested at a forsaken hovel, where your son unexpectedly discovering us"..... At that moment *Piérre* rushed in. He showed his hands stained with the blood which he had shed. "Father," he cried, "'Tis Rosalie's." *St. Cyr* gazed on his son; then on *la Raudiére*. "He is innocent," said *Piérre*, "Behold in me the murderer of my sister."

The old man dropt on his knees. He raised his eyes to heaven—Did he pray? did he curse his son?—He raised his hands—he could not weep—He died.

La Raudiére and his friend dug a deep grave, and deposited within it the cold remains of the venerable *St. Cyr*, and close beside him the lifeless corse of the young, the beauteous Rosalie.

No bell tolled the knell of their departure; no

riest blessed the earth which covered them. The ears of faithful love bedewed the sod; and the prayers of penitence wafted them to heaven.

La Raudiére conducted his friend to the coast, and saw him embark for England; where, about two years after his arrival, he died, absolutely of a broken heart.

THE FLIGHT OF MONTALBINO AND HIS FAMILY.

In the delightful vicinity of Naples, dwelt Antonio di Strazzo, Marquis of Montalbino: a nobleman whose life was one uninterrupted course of virtue, honour, and integrity. At an early age he had married Aminta di Vincezzi, heiress to the Duke so named: and in a palace, which he inherited from his ancestors, he passed his days with his beloved wife, and the children of their union.

His palace was situated on a hill near the sea, the murmur of whose waves was heard from the summit. The surrounding prospect displayed the island of Capri, and the mountains of Salerno; the city of Naples, and the lofty and mighty Vesuvius filling the vault of heaven with its flames, and mixing its smoke with the clouds.

The Marquis superintended the education of his eldest child Geraldo, and the Marchioness with the tenderest assiduity educated the lovely young Rosina. Oft did his breast glow with pride, when he contemplated the expanding reason of his son; and often would Aminta even weep with ecstacy as she gazed on her daughter, beauteous as a blossom glittering with dew.

Geraldo was three years older than his sister, and he already thought himself the guardian of her youth. They were almost always together: in their little rambles, if he found a pretty flower or a delicious fruit, it was always for her that he gathered it; and the nosegays which she formed were always for her dear Geraldo. The dazzling clear unclouded sky displayed in vain its charms for him, til it had been admired by his sister: and the wild song of the grove pleased not Rosina unless her brother listened with her to the woodland harmony. Even the blazing mountain scared not the one, unless the other trembled at its roarings.

She struck the harp with exquisite taste, and often accompanied it with her voice: and often in the lovely spring-time of the year, she would dance with graceful sprightliness upon the flowery lawn, to the pleasing music of her brother's flute.

Delightful as these accomplishments were, the Marquis prized them not too highly; he considered them as elegant recreations, which amused their youth, and occupied their leisure; but he had more exalted views for the education of a son, born to the honours of Montalbino, and a daughter who inherited the virtues and the beauty of his Aminta.

By a properly selected course of reading, and by well directed conversation, he sought to raise their minds above the frivolous pleasures whose blandishments are so often baneful to the young; and to inspire them with a degree of heroism, which the unhappy period in which they lived might render indispensable.

The study of history appeared to him most suited to that end; and within a bower of orange trees, whose flowers perfumed the air, he led them to receive his instructions. There he would read aloud, the Marchioness also often shared the pleasing task, and sometimes the children, quite proud of the indulgence, read to their parents.

The Marquis during those lectures would point out such actions as he deemed most worthy of their observation; and direct their attention to all that was great and noble in the various characters.

"My children," he would say, "we live in calamitous times; we have seen kingdoms change their rulers; and sovereigns expire on the scaffold: we have beheld the altars abused and profaned; and the despoiled nobles wandering from clime to clime. Whither war may hereafter extend her horrors and her devastations, we cannot now foresee. Should they reach Naples we must submit. Let us then not only emulate those heroes who met adversity with fortitude; but let us submit, as knowing that all the events and changes of this transitory world are ordered by omnipotent wisdom, which oftentimes permits tyranny to over-run the earth, as the terrible instrument of its vengeance; and not unoften punishes in mercy. Let us remember that all misfortunes terminate in the grave, where also the happiness of this life shall end. Let us then in such wise endure the miseries and the joys, the depressions and the elevations of the world, that at the end of our lives we may hope to partake in the happiness of a better state, where the tear shall be wiped from the eye of virtue, and everlasting joy shall reign. However high, or however lowly our degree, we shall strut but for a few short years, and then vanish as though we had never been. The monarch who expires in the

palace of his ancestors, and the slave who perishes in a dungeon, are equal before Him who furnishes the bee with honey, and builds a nest for the turtle."

Thus, surrounded by his family, the seasons as they rolled, ever found him happy. Joy was inmate of his dwelling, and every day was a day of pleasure. Not but there were certain times more gay and joyous than ordinary. The birth-day, or, I should better say, the name day, of the marchioness was one of those distinguished periods; when all the neighbourhood partook of the festive hospitality of Montalbino. It occurred in the month of May, when Nature's self seemed desirous to share the jubilee; the magnificence of which could not be surpassed.

Geraldo and his sister agreed to meet in the bower at the dawn of day, to prepare garlands and chaplets of flowers to grace the festival. At the first peep of morn the mounting lark awakened Rosina with his shrill call. Impatient to begin her gentle task, she hastened to the bower; Geraldo was not slow to join her. Never had the surrounding country appeared so lovely. The birth-day of their mother added a charm to all that they beheld, and they began their little toils with inexpressible delight. They had scarcely com-

leated the decorations of the bower, when they aw the Marquis with the Marchioness approach-ng. They ran joyously to meet them, saluted hem endearingly, and led them to view the pre-parations they had been making for breakfasting eneath the orange trees. They had placed ewers of milk, and flasks of wine upon the table; baskets of fruits and cakes, and bunches of flow-ers: and from tree to tree they had suspended the wreathes which they had industriously twined.

The Marchioness was seated at the upper end of the bower, while the children, standing behind her, and crowning her with roses, sang a duet which they had learned for the occasion. It was the most delightful attention she received, though all the friends of Montalbino and of Vincezzi as-sembled at the palace in the evening to pay their compliments, and participate in the rejoicings of the feast.

In the middle of the extensive gardens a large tent was erected, and furnished with every deli-cacy. The exquisite wines of the rich south gave a delicious zest to the viands; and refreshing ices cooled the heated palate. The beauteous queen of night shone resplendent in the east; lamps of various colours glittered among the trees, and shot a tremulous light, while the elegant youth of

Naples danced beneath the spreading branches: Musicians were placed here and there in the woods, who sometimes played such jocund airs as would have suited Pan; and at other times breathed sounds so tender, that they would have soothed beauty's lovely goddess when she wept Adonis. At intervals the nightingale chaunted his plaintive tale, and trilled his melodious song.

The whole night was passed in this abode of bliss: the ruddy morn appeared, and the guests were still within the gardens. Scarcely could they be induced to separate, when the dazzling sun shone in full lustre.

How charming is the world dressed in the hue of spring! How sweet the song of birds prompted by love!

Rejoice therein, O innocent youth! Rejoice in the smiling season whose beauty represents your own! Rejoice, ere yet misfortune crush you.

How many whose cradles have been decked with flowers, have become the sport of every wind, and perished beneath the storm!

Rosina entered with her whole heart in all those joys which were to her enchanting. She sang, she danced like a new Terpsichore, and pleased with the roses scattered in her path, was

nscious of the thorns with which they were
anded.

oor child! Thy last hour of happiness ap-
ches. With the birth-day guests, joy disap-
ed, and gladness departed with thy com-
.

few days after the last festival, the Marquis
gain assembled his family beneath the orange
; they were enjoying by recapitulation the
are it had afforded, and Rosina in the gaiety
r heart, was diverting them with her inno-
sprightliness, when they perceived a servant
ne of the walks, followed by a gentleman
e silver hairs flowed round his venerable
tenance. He had a noble mein, although he
ed supported by a staff. The Marquis went
ard to meet him, and having saluted him with
ct, and sent back the servant, the Marchioness
surprized to see them enter the woods, and
pear beneath their umbrageous thickness.
r expecting their return for nearly an hour,
ata, taking her children by the hand, returned
e palace. She placed herself near the win-
which looked toward the woods, but she saw
ier husband. After a long delay he entered,
mpanied by the ancient Lord of Dilatranzo;

he introduced him to the Marchioness as the old friend of his father, who was come to apprize him of what was passing at court. Dilatranzo took his seat at the table, and the family placed themselves round the board. The repast was a silent one, and hastily concluded. The Marquis and Dilatranzo then quitted the palace, and went again to wander in the woods. They did not return til supper time. Silence prevailed as at dinner; and the Marchioness to dissipate the melancholy of the meeting, requested Rosina to sing to her harp. She took her instrument with grace, and began a lively air; but perceiving that her light notes gave no pleasure to her father, she suddenly changed her tone, and in a lofty style chaunted the song of battle, her eyes constantly fixed on him, who appeared unmoved by her accents. Quitting then the haughty strain she had assumed, and gradually preluding, she led to soothing harmony. She sang a plaintive monody, which pierced the heart of Montalbino: who, with eyes suffused in tears, clasped her in his arms, and pressed her to his bosom. The Marchioness perceiving that the intelligence of Dilatranzo had greatly agitated her husband, made a sign to Rosina to cease. The harp was laid aside, and the Marquis, ordering an apartment to be prepared for his friend, pro-

posed at an early hour to conduct him to his chamber.

The next morning Dilatranzo went away. He had been long absent from Naples, and had been called home by the alarming state of affairs in that kingdom. The unbounded ambition of the enemy, who had already overrun great part of Italy, made the southern Monarch tremble on his throne. "We are ready," said Dilatranzo, "for revolt. Nobles who are not in power wish a change, that they may gratify their own ambitious views: Intriguing knaves, and men of ruined fortunes desire it, that they may snatch something from the general wreck: and the voluptuous pusillanimity of the country at large, will betray the patriot who would firmly stand the champion of his King, and guardian of his fellow-citizens. Amid the horrors which subvert a government, the conqueror will condemn all who have opposed him; unmindful of the truth of loyalty, and the honest feeling which led the troops to battle. Like an overwhelming torrent he will rush down, and with destructive force lay low the royal honors, and the sacred fane. No one shall be safe. To appear in arms will be deemed culpable, and to hail the foe will be to stoop the neck beneath the victor's foot."

Montalbino had long foreseen, and dreaded the

sad hour which now seemed near at hand; but he had concealed the extent of his fears, that he might not be the first to sound the tocsin of alarm throughout his domains. The representations of his friend had their full weight, and convinced him that if he remained in Italy, he must take a decided part, and openly avow his principles. Painful alternative! He must either oppose the court, or in arms support the crown.

From that hour all was changed within the walls where happiness and peace had reigned. The Marquis no longer joined his family in the bower; Geraldo and his sister no longer received the instructions of their parents. Often would the Marchioness pace in solitary sadness the large apartments of the palace; or range the woods alone. If by chance she strayed into the orange bower she would sigh deeply: and if she met her children, whom she seemed to shun, she would strain them to her heart, and weep as she embraced them.

The disconsolate Marquis hid himself from all the world. Shut up within his chamber, he would pace its length for hours; or, if he went out, he always chose the least frequented path.

In the woods of Montalbino mouldered the ruins of an ancient building. In the days of hap-

piness they had been admired with a degree of pleasure arising from the comparison the heart made with its own state of prosperity: but now, in the hour of adversity, the sight of them awakened sadness.

One day as the Marquis was contemplating the fragments which from time to time fell around, he was as it were lost in thought. Of a sudden, starting from a stone on which he had been sitting, he rushed in through an opening in the wall. The faint light which glimmered through the clefts enabled him to proceed, which he did with difficulty, for within it was filled with heaps of fallen bricks and stones, as without it was surrounded.

Having climbed a long time from mass to mass, he reached some broken steps. He descended and found himself at the entrance of a vault. He dared not venture further on account of the darkness of the way: but he resolved to return with a torch, and to penetrate to its utmost extent.

The glorious battle of the Nile, wherein Admiral Nelson gained the most complete victory ever recorded, broke the measures, and weakened the strength of the universal foe; and raised the spirits, and revived the hopes of the desponding Neapolitans.

The triumphant return of the conqueror, and

collect without suspicion, a few books, and such effects as could easily be removed. Anselmo undertook to procure a vessel, and in the last month of the year the wretched Montalbino revealed to his children the plan he had arranged.

"Geraldo," he said, "and you, my dear Rosina, attend. The time is come to put your firmness to the test. Our country, our palace, the possessions of our forefathers must be abandoned. Scarcely does there remain the choice of an asylum." Sobs suffocated his utterance, and he turned away his head that he might conceal his tears; while the Marchioness wept aloud. At the sight of their grief the children were lost in conjectures which they were unable to express, and not daring to utter a word, they stood gazing on their parents.

After a short silence the Marquis said, "To-morrow—to-morrow we must quit this place so dear to our affections: to-morrow we must seek another country."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Geraldo.

"To-morrow!" repeated Rosina. "O must we quit our groves and gardens? Shall we never sit beneath the orange trees?"

"Without preparation!" said Geraldo.

"My son," said the marquis, "all is prepared.

Come! follow me," he continued, and walked toward the ruins, leading the Marchioness by the hand. The children followed in silence.

" Enter!" said the Marquis.

The timid Rosina uttered a piercing shriek. " Not here," she said, " Let us not enter these dark ruins! O, I dare not!"

" How Rosina! think you that your father would lead you into danger?".

" My dear father," she replied, " forgive me. I will follow you. Any where with you and with my mother, I and Geraldo shall be happy. Shall we not, Geraldo?"

" Any where," replied the youth.

" Here, my children," said the Marquis, giving each of them a torch, " we have concealed all that will be needful for our voyage. I am going to shew you our stores, and to make known to you our intentions."

After a minute examination they returned for the last time to the palace, and on the evening of the following day they mournfully resought the ruins, where they found Anselmo in attendance. He had already placed all things in a shallop, wherein every one was now seated in silence. The sail was instantly unfurled, and shortly the little bark floated in the midst of the sea. About

the middle of the night the clouds began to gather, the moon was obscured by a thick mist, and the stars were lost in darkness. The wind blew violently from the east. The sails were lowered. Anselmo could no longer steer. Driven by the storm the vessel went rapidly on the tempestuous waves. The wretched family could no longer distinguish each other; but each strove to console the other, and they all joined in prayer.

The storm encreased; the thunder roared in repeated claps, and the flashing of the lightning discovered rocks, among which a tremendous shock threw the weak vessel, and the unfortunate fugitives were precipitated, during the obscurity of a boisterous night, upon the stony crags of a rugged shore.

After a few moments of terrible silence, "Antonio, my dear Antonio," said the Marchioness, "are you wrecked with the unfortunate Aminta?"

"My best beloved," replied Montalbino, "how it rejoices me to hear your voice: but where are our children?"

"Geraldo! Rosina!" they both exclaimed.

Geraldo answered quickly when he was called upon, but Rosina heard not the cry of her parents.

Through the whole night they repeated, almost without ceasing, the name of Rosina, which the

winds gave again to the storm: and the dawn of day confirmed to the miserable pair the loss of their darling child.

"O calamitous day," exclaimed the Marchioness, "why did we not remain in Italy? what could have been torn from us so dear as our child!"

"Be comforted, Aminta," said the Marquis, "she cannot be far distant. She will not wander away alone."

"Ah! speak not of comfort," replied the Marchioness, "the pitiless sea has overwhelmed our child, and we never shall behold her more."

They had been thrown on the island of Ischia opposite to Naples. Amid the ruggedness of the rocks are a few fertile spots, and some handsome country seats: but the beauty of the scenery was spread in vain before the hapless family, whose longing eyes sought nothing but Rosina.

The grief and anguish of her mother cannot be expressed. She gave herself up to despair, and was unconscious of the tenderness of the Marquis, the solicitude of her son, and the fears of Anselmo. She was so lost to recollection, and so ill through the whole day, that she could not be left even for a single moment: and she was too weak to go

farther on the island to seek and to inquire for her daughter.

The sun sank below the horizon, the day was lost in shade, and the unhappy Montalbino and his family, had not stirred from the spot where they had been wrecked. There, extended on the earth, and resting on the arm of her husband, the marchioness passed the second night of her exile in tears. When day again dawned, she said, "O Antonio! listen to the voice of my distress. If my girl be sunk in the deep wave, never again shall I know joy: each day will be a day of anguish.——But—yet—it may be that in the darkness of the night she has been carried by the fury of the tempest to some other rock, where she calls on us in vain. Let us then set out, let us search every where. Let us traverse this island on which we have been thrown, from end to end, and never let us be weary untill we shall have found her."

"O," cried Geraldo, "I will search each nook and corner of the island; I will enter every cavity; and examine every bush." And he began his march.

"Stop," said the Marquis. "Let us arrange our proceedings. We must separate. I with your mother will go one way, you shall go the other way with Anselmo."

"Ah no!" said the Marchioness, "do not divide me from Geraldo! Let me not lose my son, as I have lost my daughter!"

"Aminta! love!" said Montalbino, "listen to me. Separating you for a short time from Geraldo, is to double the means of recovering Rosina. Will you be separated from me? O no! with me your sorrows will be lessened, and our son will be in safety with Anselmo."

The Marchioness sunk her head upon the bosom of her lord, and taking his hand, which she pressed to her heart, replied, "be it as you see fit."

The Marquis kissed the forehead of his submissive wife, and proposed that they should not wander far from the shore, but that they should coast the island; enter every cave and grot which might be found on the way; call every where on the name of Rosina, inquire concerning her in every cottage, and speak of her to every one they met.

"Sir," said Anselmo, "forgive me if I presume to speak to you of delay. In leaving our shallop it may be that some one may rob us of the cargo. Suffer me, before I depart to unload her, and to conceal the freight within the cavities of the shore."

"No, no!" said Geraldo, "let us not lose time

which is so precious. Perhaps at this very moment my sister may elude our search."

"Geraldo," said the Marquis, "the good old man is right. Stay with him, and assist him to disembark, and to hide our effects: then pursue your way. Aminta and I will go without delay the way which we have chosen." Then seizing the hand of the Marchioness, he dragged her hastily away, to spare her the pain of saying *farewell* to her son.

On the north side of the island stands the town of Ischia, and the castle built on a rude rock. Geraldo and Anselmo went in that direction.

According to the advice of the Marquis, they entered, as they journeyed, into every little hut, where they recounted the circumstances of their wreck, and inquired concerning Rosina: and as they proceeded, they climbed to every point where she also might have climbed to make herself conspicuous; and explored every cave wherein she might have sought shelter. Though in some places the heights were extremely rugged, and almost perpendicular, Geraldo climbed without fear, perpetually calling on the name of his sister. Night overtook them, and they had not found the object of their solicitude, the sun disappeared, and dark clouds again overshadowed the moon, when the

travellers, still far from the town, fatigued, and complaining of their disappointment, threw themselves among the furze, to pass without a shelter the dismal hours of their tedious expectation.

Sleepest thou, young man, upon thy grassy couch? Sleepest thou, while the wind growls, and the sea roars? Aye—Thy heart still pure, thy soul without a crime, and thy simple manners, bring peace amid the tempest, and innocence lulls thee in the midst of storms!

The Marquis and Aminta walking in the contrary direction arrived toward evening at a cottage. "Open, and admit us," said the Marquis, "give some refreshment to my sinking wife, and allow us to pass the night beneath your roof."

"Come in, come in," said the soft voice of a young woman.

"Enter and be welcome," said a man who was seated by her side. Ewe milk and brown bread were all the peasant had to offer.

Aminta, who had been bred in luxury, and accustomed to delicacies, now steeped a hard crust, and moistened her coarse supper with maternal tears. "We are sheltered from the chill of night," she said, "but where is our darling child? where is Rosina?"

The Marquis fearing that she would betray their

flight, said gently, "be comforted: fear nothing: he who guides the swallow shall watch over our child." Then turning to the peasants, he said to them, "We have been wrecked in the storm, and the foaming waves have thrown us upon Ischia. Had we lost our cargo; had we lost our vessel, O it would have been as nothing! The loss which rends our hearts, the loss which afflicts our souls, it is our daughter, whom we seek in vain!" Overcome by his emotions, his voice faltered, and he turned away his head as if ashamed of his weakness. Leo, and his gentle Bianca, strove to cheer their guests, but the afflicted parents could not be comforted, and they retired to their couch without being able to sleep. Their bed was scattered straw, their covering the shepherd's cloak.

"The unhappy Marchioness passed the night in such extreme agony that it produced a great degree of fever, which encreased every hour, and before morning she became delirious. Her delirium continued four days. At the expiration of that time she became sensible, but it was only to be more conscious of the misery of her situation, and the bitterness of her loss. The first indication she gave of recovery, was by asking when they should resume their search? "To-morrow," she

said, "we may once more set off." But a long continued weakness was the consequence of her severe illness, and it was a long time ere she could quit the hospitable cottage of Leo.

The Marquis in the mean while took several walks in every direction, in order to soften the sorrowful confinement of the Marchioness with the faint hope of finding Rosina, or at least of meeting Geraldo.

After having often returned alone, he came home one night accompanied by his son, and Anselmo. At the sight of Geraldo, the Marchioness was overcome by joy, and threw herself into his extended arms. "Where is your sister? where, where is my child?" She felt her loss in his silence, and disappointment succeeded joy.

Geraldo told his parents that wherever they had been, nothing was talked of but the woes of Naples, and the entry of the enemy. In the fortifications where we have dared to introduce ourselves, in the houses of the nobility where we hoped Rosina might have found an asylum; even in convents where we were spoken to at the grate, the dreadful intelligence had arrived. The very night on which we left our palace, the King and his court fled; and the tempest in which we were wrecked, threatened the destruction of the royal family.

The fears of the Marquis encreased with these accounts, and he agreed with his wife and son to change their names, in order to conceal themselves from the knowledge of those with whom they might chance to meet. "I will call myself," said he, "Gaettane di Valdi; my Aminta shall be called Angelina; you Geraldo shall take the name of Carlo; and Anselmo shall assume a new character: He shall pass for my uncle, and we will call him Gaspero Stracchetto." Under these feigned names he proposed to remain some time longer in Ischia, partly with the hope of gaining some intelligence concerning their country, but chiefly to continue their search for Rosina.

The inquiries of the Marquis were very confined, because the Marchioness could not accompany him on account of her extreme weakness, and he always returned at night to the cottage: but Geraldo and Anselmo renewed their excursions. Instead of coasting as before, they crossed the middle of the island, still without hearing any tidings of Rosina. They then returned to the spot where they had been wrecked. There they found their little bark still fastened to the shore. "Anselmo," said Geraldo, "do not oppose my purpose, I will go to Montalbino. I will once more behold the place of my birth. I will visit

ed out the danger of such an undertaking, hat he exaggerated every obstacle: Geraldo unalterably fixed on his project, and said, rou will not accompany me, if you will not the vessel, I will go alone. I will spread the nyself; I will myself direct the rudder. I that is my course," said he, turning toward oast of Italy, " and I shall find my way. The now as smooth as glass, and there is no dan-

So saying, he jumped into the shallop. you will attend me, enter: if not, remain e you are; go not to alarm my parents with ecital of my voyage, for that will not diminish isk, though it may encrease their fears." An- perceiving that his young master was deter- d to venture, was compelled, against his will, llow him. He loosened the little vessel, un- d the sail, and committed himself with him to

As they had expected, they reached the little port of the ruin about six o'clock. There was no moon, she was in the wane, and would not appear til morning.

Having entered by the low arch from which they had embarked on the night in which they fled, they lit the torches which Anselmo had taken from their hoards, and began to scramble among the fragments which surrounded them: and not without fear of meeting some one who might seize them, they found themselves near the other entrance, when they heard voices. Instantly, as if by agreement, they extinguished their torches, and stopped to listen. They understood from the conversation of the passers by, that they were officers of the enemy's army, and they shuddered while they listened. Nevertheless, Geraldo was resolved to prosecute his intentions, and quitted the ruins, leaning on the arm of Anselmo. "Let us walk without uttering a word," said the old man. "Whatever we may see, whatever we may hear, let us be mute." In silence they walked through the woods and gardens. All seemed forsaken. They heard nought, but the murmur of the waves, or sometimes the voices of the two officers, who, as they proceeeded slowly, talked of the massacres and the devastations of Naples. Then stopping;

or fearing to be discovered, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, they plunged deeper into the closeness of the most gloomy recesses.

The feelings of Geraldo while thus traversing the domain of Montalbino, cannot be described. Tender and bitter reflections were awakened at every step; and when he came within view of the palace glittering with lamps, where spoilers occupied his father's halls, he could not restrain his tears.

"O inheritance of my forefathers! O beloved abode of my infancy! how have you changed your masters."

The bursts of laughter which he heard from time to time pierced his heart: and Anselmo, who was almost choaked with anguish, said to him, "Come, let us return to our vessel!"

"No," replied Geraldo, "I will remain all night within these gardens; at the dawn of day I will seek the bower, and sit once more beneath the orange trees." Anselmo would no longer contradict him, but stood by his side, til the lights were extinguished, and the gates of the palace were closed. Then turning away with horror, they renewed their walks, Geraldo dragging Anselmo with hasty strides. From end to end they again traversed the gardens, and when the

moon arose, and their path was in a small degree illumined by her feeble rays, he hied toward the bower. There, dropping on his knees, he kissed the earth and the chair on which his mother sat to be crowned with roses on the morning of her birth-day. "O pleasures which I shall taste no more! O happiness fled for ever! how sweet is your recollection to my heart!" Then cutting branches from the trees, "you shall accompany me, beloved trees of the bower," he said; "I will plant you wherever I shall wander, dear fruits of Montalbino! Take, take!" said he to Anselmo, "we will present them to the marquis; we will give them to my mother." Then bursting again into tears, he seized the arm of his guide, and before the usurpers of the palace awoke, the two unhappy travellers regained their shallop, spread the sail, and steered again for Ischia.

They performed near half the voyage in silence. Geraldo sat leaning his head on his hands which rested on his knees.

"My child!" said Anselmo, "do not thus give yourself up to grief, I foresaw the consequences of this voyage, and therefore I opposed it. If you had listened to my advice, this sorrow would have been spared you."

"Anselmo," answered the youth, "though this last visit which I have paid my country causes a keener grief than I can express, I do not repent me of having accomplished it. I am now assured of my fate. I know that hope is lost for ever; and that we are banished from our beloved Italy, through life to wander, unknowing where we may find a refuge. I doubted the reports which we heard in Ischia. I still said to myself, we shall again dwell in the palace of Montalbino, we shall dance again upon the lawns, we shall walk again among the groves, we shall meet again beneath the orange trees; but never shall we gather their fruits; never shall we bless the land of our inheritance! Happy is my sister not to survive the disgrace of our exile; happy to have died without experiencing our sufferings!"

About noon they reached Ischia in safety, and proceeded without delay to the cottage.

How many tears were shed at the recital of Geraldo! How did they weep over the remarks of Anselmo!

"My boy," said the marquis, "great are our misfortunes, but greater are those of our country. The accounts we have heard since you left the cottage, rend every heart. After we quitted Naples, the mob, and particularly the lazzaroni,

who were attached to the royal cause, armed themselves. Several persons fell sacrifices to their fury. They formed themselves into troops, invoking as they marched the names of the king and of St. Januarius."

"Ah, cries of fidelity!" exclaimed Geraldo. "Ah, invocations of attachment! O citizens deserving victory! those for whom ye combat have forsaken you! The blood ye shed flows beneath the feet of your conquerors!"

"The viceroy had orders," resumed the marquis, "to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria: but, he capitulated, and gave up the greater part to the enemy. A cession which led to the loss of the whole. Even then the lazzaroni met the foe, and bravely defended Naples, unmindful of the murderous defeat they suffered. Unable to withstand their force, the crafty enemy counteracted their loyalty by their devotion; and they yielded to their saint; the priests affirming that St. Januarius had declared in favour of the revolution. Thus they did not yield because they were afraid to die, nor because that they were overcome: they stipulated for the honor of their Saint, and relied on the promises of the enemy. Alas! vain reliance! useless stipulation! Though the word for the army was, *Respect for St.*

Januarius, they violated his sanctuary; and our wretched country experienced all the horrors which rage, avarice, and licentiousness could inflict. Massacres, expulsions, proscriptions! all which renders war terrible; all which makes ambition cruel!"

"Why did we not remain?" exclaimed Geraldo. "O father, father! had the nobles united in defence of their country as heroically as the poor, strangers would not have seized the royal palace! strangers would not now dwell in the mansion of Montalbino!"

The Marquis blushed. The reproof of his son pierced his heart, and he could not proceed.

Geraldo, who was unconscious of the severity of his remarks, continued. "O! had there been one patriot to have guided their enthusiasm, Italy would now be free! But none was found to lead their bravery or to direct their zeal. The king abandoned his throne; the nobles deserted their country; and the priests belied their Saints."

Every thing they heard encreased the unhappiness and the alarm of the fugitive family of Montalbino, who remained during the dreary months of winter beneath the shepherd's hospitable roof: But when the spring returned, and nature spread her beauties over the earth, they

began to think of leaving Ischia, and of bidding farewell to the peasants who had been prodigal of kindness and attention.

The Marchioness in quitting the rocks whereon she had been wrecked, seemed once more to quit the abode of her family; for there she lost Rosina, there it was that her daughter perished.

Anselmo, who had taken the masts from the little vessel, and had concealed her in a creek, recommenced his preparations for their departure.

One day as he was at his secret occupation, he heard people above his hiding place speak of his master's family.

"The Marquis di Montalbino," said they, "is most unfortunate to be thus marked out. He is sought for every where."

Anselmo almost stopt his breath lest he should be discovered: but the travellers passed on, and he heard no more. He knew not how to act. He dared not quit the creek which concealed him, and how might he save his master if he remained. He advanced toward the opening, and with fear and trembling looked each way, when a man suddenly turning the point, struck him on the shoulder, and said to him, "good man, are you not Anselmo, servant to the Marquis di Montalbino?"

"No, sir."

"How now, you will perhaps deny the light of the sun!"

"Sir," said Anselmo, "you are assuredly deceived; my name is Gaspero Stracchetto, and I live with my nephew Gaettane di Valdi. He has passed the winter in this island, and he is now going to sail with his merchandize to Sicily."

"Good," said the stranger, "you are faithful, but we shall see."

"Sir," said Anselmo, "he is not now at home, he is gone in search of game."

"Good again," said the other, "but my good old man, fear nothing. I am your master's friend. He will recollect me, although you do not. Come! let us be going."

"I have not done what I have to do here," said Anselmo, "I have still much to do before I can go home."

"As you please; I will find the Marquis di Montalbino; you shall not prevent me; I shall remain here til you return, and I shall walk by your side, though you make the circuit of the island. If you see him again, I will see him also. Go on with what you are about—Come!—I will assist you."

Anselmo, thus pressed, fell at the feet of the

stranger, and said to him, "Sir, I perceive that it is not possible to elude you. I am Anselmo; bred up in the family of Vincezzi, and since the marriage of the heiress of that ancient house, servant to the Marquis of Montalbino. I lay down my life at your feet: let me die. You will take from me but a few years, for I am already old: but I will not betray my master. He is not here. He is far away. Neither the wheel nor the guillotine shall make me speak further. If then you will remain by my side, stay here. In this nook I will starve with pleasure, rejoicing that I can by death preserve the Marquis to his family."

"O faithful servant!" said the stranger, "your fidelity makes me weep. I swear to you by all that is sacred both in heaven and in earth, that I do not wish to betray the Marquis of Montalbino. Ah no!——'tis I who brought him up; I am become grey in the interests of his family: I am Jeronimo."

"O blessed be the mercy of Providence!" said Anselmo, kissing his hand, and embracing his knees, "Come, O come to the cottage which shrouds the Marquis."

They set off immediately, and as they went on, Anselmo related to the good father the manner of their departure from Naples: their wreck on the

of Ischia, and the melancholy loss of the daughter of the family.

'oly father!" said the Marquis, as he entered amber, " what happy chance has brought ther? Why came you to the isle of Ischia?" ly son," replied Jeronimo, " speak not of ess, she has fled the earth. I have tra- l half the globe since our separation. In quarter war, or rumours of war, shake tions, and terrify the people. In Asia what ! In Africa what havoc! Overland from I advanced to Europe. As I came on, devastation! In Italy, in the palace of lbino what desolation! what distress! You ught for every where. I also seek you. enemies to ensnare you: I to save. An- has informed me of your intention to take mily to Sicily, and the melancholy cause of stay in this little island: but we must not on sorrow. Time presses—hasten then to ray; already the place of your retreat is sus- l. Anselmo in the creek where he was at heard the voice of him who pursues you. I e shores beheld the enemy who would seize

liserable wretched man that I am," said the uis, " how have the times changed, holy

father, since the day when you united me to my Aminta. Behold, behold how we are depressed. You will scarcely know the Marchioness. Grief destroys her. The loss of our child has broken her heart; and she declines visibly."

While he was speaking the Marchioness entered. When she beheld the venerable Jeronimo, she shrieked with joy.

"Daughter," he said, "how I rejoice to see you."

"Whence came you," asked the Marchioness.

"I came lastly from Montalbino," he replied.

"Ah! you there heard of our misfortunes! of the desolation of our country! We fly—holy father, we fly! O stay with us—comfort us, for our hearts are broken."

"Yes, O yes, I will remain," said Jeronimo, "never again will I quit the Marquis of Montalbino: never will I forsake the family of my patron. I have partaken of its prosperity, I will partake also of its adversity. I will accompany you whithersoever you go. I will comfort you, I will mitigate your sufferings. I will pray with you, I will pray for you."

At that instant Geraldo appeared. The Marquis said to him, "My son, behold in this venerable man, the holy father Jeronimo; him of whom

you have so often heard me speak. It was he who reared your father. It was he who blessed the nuptials of your mother. "Jeronimo," he continued, "embrace my son; the heir of my misfortunes, the eldest" .... he stopped. The Marchioness, bursting into tears, and falling on the neck of her son, said, "the only child of our family." "It is on him," rejoined the Marquis, "that we rest our hopes for our daughter has been snatched away."

A few days after the arrival of Jeronimo, every thing was in readiness for quitting the island: and the family of Montalbino proceeded to the coast accompanied by Leo and his good little wife Bianca. Their farewell was mournful. They launched into the sea, and every one stood on deck making signals with their hands and handkerchiefs to the kind peasants, who did not quit the shore while they could distinguish the bark.

The unfortunate family began their voyage early in the morning, while the soft tints of dawn shone on the dancing waves. The sun soon rose, and rode majestic amid the cloudless azure. A light breeze scarcely fanned the sails: and the deep calm stopped the vessel in her course: she seemed to rest on the smooth waters. Day again disappeared, again the sun sunk below the horizon, and

the moon moved slowly toward the west, glittering with silver light, and they were far from Sicily.

When the second day dawned upon the fugitives the Marquis said to his wife, "O my beloved Aminta, the night gone by is the last which I shall pass on earth. My sorrows are near their close. But you!—— what grief, what troubles remain for you to suffer! Heaven which foresaw your loss, has in its mercy sent the excellent Jeronimo, who will be your friend and your support, when your husband shall be taken from you. Confide in his advice: trust to him the guardianship of our son. Be to Geraldo both father and mother, and preserve in his heart a tender remembrance of the parent whom he shall never more behold. The lamentable scream which the Marchioness uttered brought every one round the couch of the Marquis. Jeronimo sunk on his knees, and raising his eyes strove to pray, but his voice failed. He seized the hand of his pupil, and pressed it in silence. "Father," said the Marquis, "do not give way to grief. I have long expected the catastrophe which will deprive my wife of my care and protection. I have concealed my fears in order to spare my Aminta additional anxiety. It may be that I have hastened my death by exertions beyond my strength. Pardon me, sweet love: pardon me

tenderness. I hoped I should have reached Palermo, but here shall close the life of your husband. Jeronimo, protect my family: comfort the Marchioness: have the same care for my son which you have had for me, and lead him on to virtue. For you my Aminta, I can with truth assert that I owe all the happiness of my life to you. Never, never once, my best beloved, have I received ought from you but proofs of tenderness and love. You have never afflicted my heart; nor caused me one moment's uneasiness. The calamities of our country are the only woes we have endured, and beneath them I sink. The strength which should encrease to uphold your weakness, and the youth of Geraldo, fails me at the moment when I need it most; and I leave you in the hour of danger. Have pity on her, merciful providence! and comfort her! comfort the widow and the fatherless!—— My son, my dear Geraldo, I commit you to the guardianship of the good Jeronimo. Remember it was he who brought up your father: and whatever good qualities have been his, he owes them to the instructions and the example of that excellent man. Hearken to his voice. Obey your mother; repay by dutifulness and love the care which she has taken of your childhood. The expectations of your birth, have vanished like a

dream. Your riches have passed into the hands of strangers, and your dependants have changed their master. From the uncertainty of human greatness learn to appreciate the nothingness of its value. Give not yourself up to vain glory; but by a life useful to mankind, and by unrepining submission to the will of him who regulates every event, prepare for the awful moment to which you see me arrived. Again I recommend you to the care of your mother, and Jeronimo, and once more I exhort you to be obedient to them. For you, faithful old man," said he to Anselmo, "let me do justice to your integrity and to your services. My wife, my son, respect and protect the old age of a domestic, whose fidelity has been long proved. Of a friend, I may say, who has followed our distresses." He could no more; he gave one hand to the Marchioness and the other to his son, and drew them united to his heart. He appeared to continue speaking, but his voice was no longer audible. A dreadful silence ensued. Aminta, herself almost dead, leaned upon the breast of her husband, and Geraldo almost suffocated with sobs, looked steadfastly on his father without being able to shed a tear, while Jeronimo remained on his knees overcome by grief, and the aged Anselmo hid his face in his hands. Few were the refresh-

ments which they had to offer. Some dried fruit and a little wine. He refused all they offered him, and in the course of an hour convulsions began to change his countenance: and after violent struggles, uttering a deep groan, he expired.

The Marchioness, who, when she lost her daughter, thought there could be no greater sorrow, seemed at the moment when her husband died, never to have known grief before.

O! detestable ambition! O! murderous war! what sorrows have ye caused. How many families have ye destroyed. How many widows groan beneath your cruelty. How many orphans mourn your devastation! Ravagers of the earth, be not ye proud of your conquests. In the twinkling of an eye ye may be precipitated into the grave, and all your sanguinary projects may be checked, then when ye think that they shall be accomplished: for as the cedar on the mountain top falls when stricken by the thunder-bolt, so falls the power of man beneath the stroke of omnipotence!

Anselmo threw a cloak over the corse, and returned to the rudder, which he had neglected. He was not a very experienced seaman, and the wind being contrary, he could not steer the vessel, and instead of going to Palermo, driven by the wind to the east, and then drawn by the current

toward the south, the old man after several hours of fruitless exertion, cast anchor in the port of Messina.

The Messinians were at first unwilling to let them come on shore because of the dead body, but the entreaties of Anselmo, and the explanation of Jeronimo prevailed, and the two venerable men were permitted to enter the town to begin the preparations for the funeral. The old servant undertook to procure a bier, and Jeronimo took charge of the obsequies, and the sacred rites of the church.

Every thing being arranged, the unhappy family of Montalbino disembarked at night, and proceeded slowly to the humble retreat which had been selected by Jeronimo.

The Marchioness covered herself with her veil, and crossing her hands on her bosom, followed the corse, at her right hand walked Geraldo. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and he hid his face with his hat.

Next morning they proceeded to the Madre Chiesa. It was a long march: and the procession was grave, and the pomp solemn. The priests and monks walked two and two, preceded by the choristers who chaunted hymns and prayers. The bier went next after the religious train; after

that the fatherless Geraldo, supported by Jeronimo. Behind them walked Anselmo, and then a multitude of spectators who followed without order, and occasionally joined their voices to the pathetic songs of the choir.

When they reached the church the Pontif of the Madre Chiesa met the procession, accompanied by the several members of the community. The chaunting was renewed. The organ with its plaintive notes softened to sadness every heart; and made every aisle and every tower of the edifice resound with its powerful and solemn chords. The bier was placed before the altar, and every one prostrated himself overcome by pity, grief, and contrition. The funeral service was then performed, every one fulfilling his sacred office with extreme devotion. The lifeless remains of the Marquis were then carried to the grave. When they had lowered him into the pit, thrown the consecrated earth upon his coffin, and accomplished all the ceremonies, a mournful silence succeeded to the voice which had blessed the departed: and the returning procession was more melancholy than the first.

The Marchioness had retired to her oratory. The moment when they bore away her husband, had been more painful to her than that which saw

him expire. Concealed, without observers, she wept, she prayed, and poured forth orisons for his departed soul: and just when by melancholy calculation, imagination beheld him committed to the grave, and buried in everlasting oblivion, she experienced a shock more terrible than death; she endured an agony more poignant than her loss.

Geraldo and his mother were long lost in grief, notwithstanding the kind and friendly endeavours of Jeronimo to comfort them. But time gradually softened their sorrow, and the young Marquis began to resume his accustomed exercises and amusements; and the Marchioness to join in conversation, and to talk of the preparations for the voyage to Palermo. In the meanwhile Jeronimo, who thought that the inspection of the beauties and the wonders of Sicily would be pleasing as well as instructive to Geraldo, requested his mother to allow him to visit them. She consented more readily than he had expected, and they began by examining the city of Messina, and its environs. They visited the churches and the monasteries, particularly those of St. Placido and St. Gregory, built in the surrounding woods. The noise of the waters of the Pharos, which they had not noticed on the night of their entrance, astonished and alarmed Geraldo, for at the moment

hey reached it, they saw a vessel lost in the tur-ulence of the whirlpool.

After having examined every thing remarkable n and about Messina, they set off for the little own of Tauromina, built on a high rock near the ea.

On account of the exceeding heat they travelled n the night. The evening of their departure vas delightful. The air was perfumed with vio-ets, hyacinths, and roses, all was still, they heard ought but the gentle murmur of the waves, on vhich they could distinguish the white sails of the ishermen, whose song sometimes floated on the reeze.

Though Tauromina be now unimportant, proofs of its ancient greatness are to be seen every where. The theatre is supposed to be the largest in the world; in which were assembled in the time of the Romans, an immense concourse of many thousand spectators. Jeronimo made his young companion also observe the ruins of a prodigious Naumachy. "In the midst of this vast amphitheatre," said he, "on canals which were as large as rivers, the ancient Romans had games and naval fights. It was here, that they learned to manage their vessels, and it was here that they gained the experience which enabled them not only to repulse,

prepare with all convenient expedition, and to-morrow—"

"Yes, yes, to-morrow," said Geraldo, "and I will help Anselmo to get ready." So saying he left the room, with the sprightliness of a bird who wings his way among the clouds.

"My dear young master," said Anselmo, "let us no longer use our little inconvenient shallop. She answered the purpose of our flight, because we were afraid to trust ourselves to any one: but here we are in safety, therefore purchase a felucca, and let us sail under the direction of those who understand the navigation of Sicilian seas."

"You speak like a wise man," said Geraldo, "and I commission you to procure every thing that we shall need. To-morrow, at day break, we must be on board."

Geraldo rose indeed at the dawn of day, and roused his aged companion. "Adieu! farewell!" said he to his mother, "we shall not leave you long."

The first place where they disembarked was Catania. They did not hire apartments, but Jeronimo took his young charge to a convent of Benedictines, where they were received with great hospitality.

Jeronimo related to them the history of the

ight of the family of Montalbino, the wreck pon Ischia, the loss of Rosina, and the death of ıe Marquis.

" It was I," said he, " who brought up the ıther of this youth; and it was to my care that rhen he died he committed his son."

" Young man," said the superior, " the Marquis of Montalbino is not unknown in Sicily. His ame has reached the shores of our island. In all ircumstances, in every transaction of your life, emember your father, and emulate his virtues; or good deeds ascend to heaven like incense from he holy censer!"

The praise of his father touched the heart of Geraldo. " O Jeronimo," he said, pressing the hand of his tutor, " how proud am I of my parents! Though war deprive me of my patrimony; though the enemy seize my palace; though the name of Montalbino be no longer known in Italy; yet the pure source from which I draw my life, remains to be the glory of my youth and the comfort of my declining age. The integrity of my father and the virtue of my mother, are sacred inheritances which cannot be taken from me."

His energetic warmth astonished the monks, and they augured favourably on his future conduct. " You have a proper degree of estimation for the

riches of this world," said the superior. "True it is, all that we possess is nothing. Nothing of which to boast: But virtue, which is our best wealth on earth, will constitute our riches through all the ranges of eternity."

A long silence followed: none could refrain from looking inward to examine his own heart, and proving it by the test of conviction. At length one of the monks said, "the loss of a father is certainly the greatest loss we can experience, as my misfortunes have too cruelly evinced. All that I have suffered has had its source from that calamity."

"You have long promised," said the superior, "to relate your adventures to us, begin them now."

"The task which you impose on me," said the monk, "is painful, but I will endeavour to obey you. I have often wished to make known to this community the cause of the sorrow which consumes my days, and of the melancholy which pursues me for ever: but grief choaks my utterance, and shame stops my voice. You, holy father, you, O Spisani, know; and my brethren also know that I am a Spaniard. O! must I confess that a Spanish nobleman has been compelled to quit his country, and to deny his name! To hide himself within a foreign monastery!

"My grandfather, Don Gabriel de Castillo Pardo, was a nobleman of an ancient and honorable family in the province of Aragon. He kept up in his castle the magnificence which should ever distinguish a grandee: and his hospitality and his charity made him the delight of all his vassals and dependants. He had two sons: the eldest was called Matthias, and the youngest Roderigo. The aged Gabriel had been a soldier in his youth, which induced him to breed his eldest son to arms. The youngest, Roderigo, by his father's interest at court, had an appointment in Mexico, and while he might yet be called a child, was sent to America to take possession of a situation, which, by the rotation of office, would lead to riches and renown.

"Don Matthias, my father, previous to the death of Don Gabriel, had married the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman, and in the most perfect domestic happiness, remained with his family in Castillo Pardo. The first circumstance which interrupted their felicity, was the death of Don Gabriel. His son lamented his loss with the most sincere sorrow; but his grief was soon softened by the cares of a new duty: for shortly after the funeral of the old Marquis, I was born.——My birth—the birth of the heir of Castillo Pardo, was

celebrated with great rejoicings, which were continued for many days. To pay respect to the memory of a father whom he had loved tenderly, I received the name of Gabriel.—Yes, the miserable brother Gonsalvez is proud once more to declare himself Gabriel de Castillo Pardo.—Unhappy, wretched Gabriel! thou art for ever banished from thy country! thou art for ever lost to thy family! How often has my father said, that with the name of Gabriel, he hoped I should inherit the virtues of my grandsire. What to me has been his name? what his virtues? The first has been snatched from me! the second are forgotten!"

"My son," said the superior, "the virtues which we practice here below, shall follow us to heaven. Ever remember that virtue is the only thing we carry to the grave. *It is like an obelisk which, though its foundation be in the earth, has a spire which reaches to the skies.*"

The monk bowed his head in token of acquiescence, and after a short pause resumed his narrative.

"My father became my preceptor, and he so softened the tutor's severity by the tenderness of a parent, that my lessons were my delight. Instruction flowed from his lips like honey. Every

object which surrounded us; every circumstance which occurred to us, furnished subjects for instruction. My mother assisted him in his tender care, and I became under their tutelage the delight and pride of their love. With what avidity did I listen to their precepts; and with what ecstacy did they gratify my inquisitive curiosity! I remember well the hours, the days they spent in storing my mind with wisdom. O days for ever flown! O pleasures which died almost as soon as born! No vestige remains of your existence: Memory alone recalls your transitory bliss; and this too sensible heart dwells on your fleeting shade!

"Young man," said he to Geraldo, "you have lost your father; I also have lost mine. You quit your country; I have fled from mine:—but, mark the difference of our fate.—You bear the name of your father; you are the acknowledged son of Montalbino. A public calamity is your ruin. A public calamity tears you from your rank, your honors! but not from the respect which is your due. Thousands suffer with you. Thousands suffer as you suffer; and the public misery shields you from contempt: but, I am a wretched outcast. I have no home! no name! I am no longer known! I have been maltreated! in-

sulted! persecuted!" Here he became so strongly agitated, that sobs which were almost convulsive prevented him from going on. When he was somewhat recovered, he rose, and bowing to the superior and to the two strangers, he "begged that they would forgive his weakness, and said he hoped that he should be able by the next day to continue his story." So saying he quitted the room and retired to his cell.

"Our brother Gonsalvez, or as he calls himself in his story, Gabriel, is the gravest among the brotherhood," said Spisani. "An unconquerable melancholy preys upon him. Yet, notwithstanding his reserve, I am willing to believe that his unhappiness arises from his sufferings, and that he is free from guilt."

"I am never inclined," replied Jeronimo, "to suspect any one."

"We shall be assured to-morrow," said Geraldo. "It is impossible to feel more interested than I do, in his story; for the love his father bore him, and the instructions which he received from his parents are so similar to the enjoyments of Montalbino, that I could listen untired to what he relates from morn til night, and even through all the hours of darkness."

When they met next day, Gabriel resumed, as

ollows. " I have remained within my cell, in rder to retrace the misfortunes of my life, and to lace in their due course the circumstances which ave compelled me to quit Aragon, and Spain, nd to take refuge in a Sicilian monastery.

" I was near fourteen years of age when one ay while I was walking with my father in the woods which surround Castillo Pardo, a stranger accosted us, and making a low bow, requested us to tell him where he might meet with Don Matthias de Castillo Pardo. His countenance was greatly disguised and concealed by a large black patch which he had on his left eye, and by a bandage which tied it on, and covered his forehead. My father said that he was Don Matthias. The stranger made us a second low bow and went away. We were surprized at his sudden departure; and my mother was much alarmed when we recounted our adventure: and she persuaded my father not to leave the castle for several days: il at length he thought that it was a weak avowal of fear, and began again to walk in the woods and groves of our domains. He consented however, at the earnest entreaty of my mother to be attended by some of his domestics. We walked about thus a long time, without seeing any one whom we did not know; when one evening as my

father was entering an arbour, a hand from among the bushes struck him with a poignard in the back. He fell instantly. The servants who followed him ran to support him, and in their anxiety to succour their master, gave the assassin time to escape.

" My father was so beloved in his neighbourhood, that we could not suspect any one of wishing to do him harm: so that suspicion fell on the stranger who had inquired for Don Matthias; and he was sought for every where, but not found. My beloved father lived only a week after this dreadful accident. The wound appeared to have been given with a poisoned weapon, for it became gangrened, and never could be healed.

" As soon as my mother could bear to speak on the subject of her loss, and the arrangement of our affairs, she thought that it was an indispensable duty to inform her husband's brother Don Roderigo of what had happened. She therefore sent him an account of her irreparable loss, and with the utmost expedition that an answer could arrive from Mexico we received the most affectionate letter from my uncle, in which he deplored the tragical death of Don Matthias, and said that he was determined to return to Spain, in order to discover and to punish the wretch who had taken

away his life. Several kind and friendly letters passed between us, and at the expiration of three years after the death of my father, my uncle came from America. With what kindness he behaved to us! with what tenderness he soothed my mother! and with what generosity he animated me to overcome my grief, and to assume my dignities. I was however so greatly shocked by the dreadful event, that even at that distance of time, I was incapable of acting as became the heir of Castillo Pardo: for I had beheld the hand which struck the blow, though the assassin was concealed by the thick foliage. My uncle superintended our concerns, and proposed that I should travel through the different provinces of Spain, as a means to dissipate my grief, by the new objects with which I should perpetually meet during the journey. Having obtained my mother's consent, I set off, accompanied by three servants. One of them, named Vasco, had been valet to my father, and would not suffer me to go without him. Another, named Pedrillo, had also been my father's servant, and the third came from Mexico with my uncle. We took the road to Saragossa, and after having seen all that was remarkable in that city, I expressed a great desire to behold the sea, and I determined to go to the shores of the

Mediterranean: for which purpose we followed the Ebro for many miles, and quitted her banks to go to Tarragona. The vast expanse of Ocean, which I had been unable to imagine, astonished me so greatly, that I may say it terrified me. I stood for hours to contemplate it: and the pleasure it afforded me determined me to go along the coast to Malaga. In the city of Garena, Vasco became ill, and though he accompanied me for several stages, I was at length obliged to leave him at an inn, with orders to return to Castillo Pardo as soon as he should be in a condition to travel. I gave him letters for my mother and my uncle, and charged him moreover with the tenderest remembrances to the beloved parent who sighed for my return. Having taken leave of the sick old man, we took the road to Murviedro, and thence to Valencia. On our arrival at Alicant, Basil, my uncle's servant, proposed that I should hire another valet, for I found him very aukward, and Pedrillo was fully occupied by the care of our horses and mules. I consented, and a man about thirty years of age was introduced to replace my faithful Vasco. The moment he spoke I shuddered; the voice of him who had met my father and me in the woods of Castillo Pardo, and had inquired for Don Matthias, struck me...I sud-

denly turned round to examine him: he reddened and turned away from my scrutinizing observation. I did not know him, and I blamed my unjust suspicion. Basil spoke highly of him, and said that he had known him in Aragon; and persuaded me to hire him. Off we set again with our new companion, and I found him very handy, and attentive to his business.

"The magnificent view of the ocean became so frequent that it ceased to astonish me, and I strayed out of the road whenever any thing curious was to be found. I climbed the mountains, I descended into the valleys, without having any decided course. One evening we strayed far into a thick wood, and were benighted. Having wandered a long time, we came to the ruins of an ancient building, where Basil proposed that we should remain til morning, telling us we had a long way to go ere we should reach a town or a village, and that perhaps we should not find such another convenient lodging. Fabian my new valet remarking that travellers should not be dainty, helped me to alight, and led me into an old tower: and as great part of the roof remained, I thought myself happy in our shelter. Basil told me that having foreseen that we should be obliged to stay in the wood, though he did not expect to find such

a magnificent inn, he had brought every thing which we should need at supper. He quickly opened a large sack, with which one of the mules had been loaded, and lighted a torch, and produced some cold meats and a bottle of wine; they spread for me upon a great stone, and when I had finished my supper, they proposed that I should retire into an inner chamber, where Fabian said that they would lay all the cloaks to make my bed, and that they would sup when I was gone to rest. So saying he lighted a taper which he found in the sack, and conducted me to my couch, on which I threw myself in my cloaths. When I was lain down he wrapped me in the cloaks, and taking the taper left me alone. I was surprized to hear him say to Basil, as plainly as if I had been in the room with them, 'my master lays very snug there;' and turning, I perceived an opening in the wall, through which I could distinguish all that was going on, while the darkness of my apartment concealed me from view. 'Where is Pedrillo?' said Fabian. 'Gone to see to the beasts,' answered Basil. 'We must give the rogue some supper, and then a little of this powder in his wine will make him sleep like a dormouse.' I was much alarmed at this conversation, and began to fear for my own life. When Pedrillo came to them,

they gave him half a partridge, and a cup of wine; and ordering him to call them early in the morning, they bade him to go to rest directly, for they were much fatigued and wanted to go to sleep. When they were again alone, they began to consult about what they had to perform. 'It will not be very difficult to kill Don Gabriel, we can manage it while he is asleep,' said Fabian: 'But Don Roderigo told us.....'"

"Don Roderigo! your uncle!" exclaimed Geraldo. "Impossible!"

"Be silent, my son," said Spisani. "Go on," said he to Don Gabriel.

"I shuddered, when I heard them mention my uncle," said Gabriel, "and was so violently agitated, that I lost a part of their discourse; when I could again attend, I heard Basil say, 'if Pedrillo is to be spared, so much the better. The fewer murders we commit, the less we shall have on our consciences.' 'When we shall have slain Don Gabriel, who now snores in the next chamber,' said Fabian, 'we must wrap him in one of the cloaks on which he lays, and throw him on one of the mules, and take him into the deep recesses of the wood, where we must bury him.' 'We must take all the mules but one,' said Basil, 'and to that we must tie a letter for Pedrillo to say

that we could not waken him, and to order him to follow us on a road which we shall not take: and as we are not to return to Castillo Pardo, but await Don Roderigo where we are to receive our hire, the absence of all three will awaken no suspicion of what has occurred, when Pedrillo relates his marvellous story.' 'You are right,' said Fabian: 'but come, let us raise our courage to the true pitch; I must be well warmed ere I can kill the son, as I have already slain the sire.' Fabian was seated on a bench, with his elbow on the stone which held the wine; his hand covered half his face. I instantly recognized the man who had inquired for Don Matthias, and who had now confessed himself to be his murderer. They opened another bottle of wine and began to drink; but they talked so much that they were not likely to empty it quickly; I therefore rose, and gliding toward a door which I had observed opposite to that by which I had entered, I quitted the ruins by another avenue, and regained the wood. I was totally unacquainted with that part of the country, and was without a guide till the sun rose in the east, and glimmered through the thickness of the trees. Having walked the whole day without seeing any one, I assured myself that I had not taken the same road as those who sought my life, and I

ventured to lay down on the grass; where from my great fatigue I fell asleep, notwithstanding my danger and my fears. Imagine, Spisani, the terror I must have felt when awaking, I began to reflect on my situation. I dared not take the road to my castle, lest I should meet the assassins. I waited til my uncle should have seen the wretches who were to have murdered me, supposing that they would tell him that I was dead, in order to receive the wages of their iniquity. It was my intention, after it was likely that they had met, to proceed to Castillo Pardo, to reclaim my rights and to expose Don Roderigo. I travelled as chance directed, until I reached Carthagena; and not being destitute of money, I ordered a good supper, for I had fasted two days; also a good bed; and there I passed the second night of my wanderings. The country about Carthagena is barren: I travelled over an extensive plain, dry and withered like the desarts of Arabia; and surrounded by mountains. For many miles I saw neither tree, nor hut, nor peasant. At length I reached a little village, where at a miserable inn I asked for a cup of wine. I arrived there at night, and I determined to sleep there, and set forward in the morning. I was meditating how I should proceed against my uncle, when a calamity befell

me infinitely more dreadful than death itself. Two Corsairs, powerfully armed, arrived at midnight, and carried away the greatest part of the simple inhabitants of the village. My poor host's family was among the number; and with them I was enslaved.——My brethren, there are perhaps among you those who have known misfortune: but, if ye never have been slaves, ye have never known sorrow which is without hope: ye have never endured the extremity of human misery!

"For eleven years I worked beneath the ardent sun of Algiers. In the fields, in the gardens: Ploughing the earth; watering the plants; and often among the rowers. My nourishment the coarsest food; my bed a plank! my master severe; his officers implacable! I was ill treated = flogged; scourged: my strength exhausted; my spirit broken; my health destroyed. My life became a burden to me; and I lamented that I had escaped from the dagger of my assassins. During the whole term of my slavery never did one person arrive from Aragon: never one who knew Castillo Pardo. How often have I wished that the strokes which I received might end my being. Often have I served among the sailors: more than once I fought against my countrymen: More than once have I assisted in the captivity

of my fellow Spaniards! One day that we were in quest of prey, we perceived a spanish vessel coming toward us under full sail. Our captain Bulsazy hoisted the black flag. We met and fought. Bulsazy was seen every where, a drawn sabre in his hand, threatening every one who should not do his duty. We were engaged three hours. After incredible proofs of valour, Bulsazy was slain; the next in command was wounded; and the dead and dying fell on all sides. We could no longer defend ourselves. The Spaniards boarded us, and remained within our vessel. We were put on board the Santa Cruz; and sent to Malaga. The Algerines were sent on to Carthagena, where they became slaves, and suffered in their turn the hardships they had inflicted. The Spaniards were liberated. For me, I was so very ill, that I was sent to a monastery; and the charitable Captain, Nicolas de Santarosa, gave me a sum of money to carry me to my province. I remained six months with the holy Fathers before I was able to travel. They treated me with the utmost kindness; healed my wounds; and soothed my melancholy. As I recovered my health, I began once more to form projects for the recovery of my inheritance; and to make preparations for my journey. Without revealing to the monks that

I was Don Gabriel de Castillo Pardo, I told them that having been so long in slavery, it was probable that I should have many difficulties to overcome; and that it was my intention to go to Madrid, that I might be acknowledged among my peers: and that after my reception there, I meant to go to my castle and to my family. I told the superior of the money I had received from Nicolas de Santarosa, to which he added another sum to render my journey comfortable. I bade farewell to the monks who had treated me with so much kindness and charity; and alone and without parade I once more set forward. I had travelled three or four days, when arriving at an inn where I intended to pass the night, as I dismounted from my mule I beheld Fabian. I hoped that by time, misery and sickness I was so much altered, that he would not recollect me. I was deceived. His eyes sparkled when he saw me. He reddened, then turned pale, and again a deep blush overspread his visage. He let me enter however without speaking to me: but when my host brought in my supper, he said there was a person in the inn who was desirous of supping with me. Fabian followed him closely, and without giving me time to make an answer, he said, 'do not be surprized, Sir, at the liberty I take in requesting

such an honor, I have something to say to you which concerns your life.' He immediately placed himself at table with me, and the instant we were alone, he said, 'Don Gabriel, it is not necessary to attempt to deny the intention I had to murder you. It is known to you too well already. When I drew near your bed, which I did without a light, I perceived the opening through which you heard the conversation between me and Basil, and your flight convinced us that you had taken advantage of what you overheard. You may well imagine that it was not from ill will that we sought your death, or that of your father. No—It was for the reward which your uncle Don Roderigo promised us. One half we had received in Mexico; where we had carried the news of the death of Don Matthias long before your letters reached America. You may be sure that we did not let Don Roderigo know that you had escaped us. We risked your return to Castillo Pardo, and telling him that he was obeyed, he gave us the pistoles for which we had bargained. Where you have concealed yourself is no concern of mine.—But—listen to me—your mother died of grief shortly after the return of Pedrillo. Your uncle has been acknowledged Marquis de Castillo Pardo. He is married, and has already two sons: conse-

quently, you may be sure, that I will not allow you to make yourself known in Aragon. You are now in my power: to save myself I must get rid of you. But if life be desirable: if you prefer living far from your country, without dignity, without honors, to the fate which awaits you here, and from which no power can snatch you: save yourself. Swear by every thing you hold most sacred, that you never will return to Spain, that you will change your name, and that you will pass the remainder of your days within a convent, and I will spare you. I do not wish your death, but your uncle must never know that you are alive.' ——O! we cling to life!——The sorrows, the afflictions of the world, are nothing to those we fear in death!——This existence, which I had so oft deplored; this life, which henceforth would be void of joy; I could not relinquish it! I consented to my exile: I consented in shallow fear to the requisitions of a murderer!—I consented to deny my father; and swore as I was required.

"'Don Gabriel,' said Fabian, 'I know that I may trust the oath which you have sworn: I know that I may rely upon your honor: but I will risk nothing. I shall never leave you untill you leave Spain. During the day, during the night, at table, in your chamber, I shall be always at your

ow. The moment which separates us will be
; when you depart for another country.'——
s! he kept his word. He followed me; he
ched me every where. I never was alone.
ver did he allow me to speak to any one with-
hearing what I said! After being long unde-
d on the place which I should select for my
ishment, I consented to pass over into Sicily.
ian made me repeat my oath before he quitted
and took leave of me at a little port not far
n Valencia; where I embarked for this island.
remained on the beach till we weighed anchor,
as he turned away he brandished his poignard
he air, as if to say to me, *remember*. I had a
sperous voyage, and I arrived at Palermo in
ty. There I was again ill. When I reco-
ed, I once more went on board a vessel, and
ed to Messina. Thence I came here, and after
aining some time in the town, I fulfilled
oath, by entering this monastery, where, in
name of Gonsalvez de Toledo, I have taken
cowl. How I have conducted myself during
years I have been within these walls, you all
w. You know, my brethren, that in the cere-
nies and the ordinances of the order, I con-
e my days; and that since my entrance I have

never quitted the monastery. For me the world has now no charms. Here I shall live and die. My grave shall be beneath your roof."

He bowed his head as he finished his story, pressed his hand upon his breast, and heaved a deep sigh.

"My son," said Spisani, "your story has greatly interested me; but it has also gratified me much. I rejoice that your misfortunes have not been brought upon you by your crimes; and I exhort you no longer to be unhappy. Your sorrows are transient, but your hopes eternal."

Don Gabriel bowed again to the superior, and retired to weep alone.

"O!" exclaimed Geraldo, "I was sure that he was innocent! But, what must we say of his uncle?"

"My child," replied Spisani, "the time will come when that miserable wretch will feel the sting of his crimes. There are hardened men who in defiance of all laws both human and divine, live fearless in the commission of sin, as if they never expected retribution: but behold their death. The viper's tooth is not so sharp as their remorse! the storm of the desart is less terrible than their despair!"

No one could reply. The misfortunes of Don Gabriel seemed to reach every heart, and a silent melancholy overspread the company.

Geraldo had risen from his seat, and had paced the chamber two or three times with hasty strides. He stopped opposite to the superior; then turning to Jeronimo, he said to him, "my friend, can it be possible? If the widow and her son are thus treated by him who should protect them, in whom shall we confide? If the uncle, who hires a bravo to assassinate the nephew, may thus enjoy his estates, what will become of society! O! Spisani! talk not of his death. If Don Roderigo enjoy the domains of his brother, and transmit to his sons the inheritance of Gabriel, what is justice!"

"My son," replied Spisani, "I admire your warmth. I love the enthusiasm which springs from the goodness of your heart: but, I repeat that the day of punishment shall arrive. Never yet has a wicked man been happy. Never shall he be so. The smile he wears on his visage belies his feelings; and the terror which haunts him, leaves him not night nor day. For all the treasures of the East I would not die his death."

They now separated for the night, and before he retired to rest, Geraldo wrote a letter to his

mother, in which he recounted the story of Don Gabriel.

The next day Jeronimo and his young charge quitted the convent. Having thanked the superior for his hospitality, they took leave of Don Gabriel; and Geraldo said to him, "you shall be informed of our adventures."

Every town in Sicily is adorned with superb buildings, which though in ruins bear testimony to the greatness and the magnificence of the ancients. Catania contains many baths, aqueducts, and theatres, which Jeronimo pointed out to the observation of Geraldo, and after having examined them all, they went again on board their felucca, and spread the sail for Syracuse.

Although Geraldo was accustomed to behold Vesuvius, the appearance of the barren and dismal coast, blackened by the lava of mount Etna, astonished him, and awakened a desire to examine its wonders. "Let us go," said he, "to the stupendous summit."

"Not without consulting the Marchioness," replied Jeronimo.

"We must not too far lengthen our absence. Remember that she is left alone."

"Well then," said Geraldo, "after having viewed Syracuse, we will return to Messina; and

then, with my mother's permission, we will go thither."

"Be it so," said Jeronimo.

When they left the ship and landed at Syracuse, how were they shocked and astonished to find nothing but ruins. "Here, as elsewhere," said Jeronimo, "we may remark the nothingness of man, and the instability of his works. This city, once so powerful! The people so warlike! The tyrants so formidable! The buildings so magnificent! What is become of them? For fifty years the two tyrants named Dionysius reigned in Syracuse. Of all their pride; of all their pomp; their palaces; their temples; what remains! Nought which may designate the use to which they have been put, except the extensive cave which served them for a prison. While their grandeur has passed away, the prison still remains a perpetual memorial of their tyranny and cruelty, to render for ever odious the character and the name of Dionysius!"

After having examined the curiosities of this fallen city, they again entered their little bark to return to Messina, passing along the same shores they had already passed in going. The same astonishment seized upon Geraldo. The ef-

fects of the eruptions of Etna are to be seen for nearly thirty miles, forming black promontories which extend into the sea, and defy its waves. While the sublime mountain continually emits its flames, and is a terrific spectacle to all around.

In passing Catania they recollected the unhappy Gabriel; and Geraldo fired a small gun which was on board, to betoken to the convent that he was near the port, though he could not hope to make himself heard, and was sure that he could not be understood.

The Marchioness, who had received several letters from her son and Jeronimo in the course of their short voyage, counted the hours, nay even the minutes til their arrival; for the wind being contrary they did not reach home at the time which they had fixed for their return.

When she saw them enter she sprang forward, and embracing Geraldo, she said, "Do I once more behold you!"

Geraldo had so much to tell his mother, that he talked nearly the whole night. The observations which he had made, and the maxims which he had imbibed, proved him to possess an excellent understanding, and a more excellent heart. He could hardly forbear saying how much he wished

to ascend to the top of Etna: but Jeronimo had told him to desist that he might not damp the pleasure of their return.

The next day the Marchioness herself led the way to the voyage of Palermo. To which place she said that she should prefer to retire, on account of some friends whom she hoped to find there, who had like her selected that city for their retreat. Then it was that Geraldo requested her to allow him to visit Etna. "We will talk of it at Palermo," she replied; "do not so quickly leave me again alone."

He was somewhat disappointed by his mother's answer; but Jeronimo said to him, "it will be easier to ascend the other side."

Before her departure, the Marchioness wished to visit the grave of her husband: Jeronimo could not dissuade her.

She wished to go unobserved by the Messinians, and proposed to go at the dawn of day; but the distance being great, Geraldo recommended that they should go during the night, in order to present themselves and offer up their prayers in the Madre Chiesa at the hour of matins. "You are in the right," said the Marchioness, "and we will go at the time you advise."

They waited to avail themselves of the full moon, which retarded the pious pilgrimage for several days. At length about eleven o'clock at night, the Marchioness, supported by her son and the venerable Jeronimo, began her march to visit the sepulchre of the Marquis, and bid an eternal farewell to the ashes of her beloved husband, who lay unknown far from his family, in a strange cemetry.

By order of Jeronimo, a plain monument of grey marble had been placed over his grave; on which was written the name of Montalbino, and the story of his death at sea, while flying with his family from the outrageous ferocity of the barbarians who despoiled Italy.

When the Marchioness reached the spot which contained the mouldering remains of him whom she had most loved on earth, she dropt on her knees, and offered up her prayers for her family, and for the husband whom she had lost for ever. Jeronimo withdrew with Geraldo, to give free scope to her tears and her orisons. Having long remained in prayer at the grave, she arose and sought her companions, who had joined their vows with hers. She spoke not; and they walked in melancholy silence toward the church, while the

mmoned to matins. There they all three ed their pious invocations, and then returned sina, comforted by their holy offerings.

ring gratified the tenderness and the grief jugal affection, and performed the sacred onies of religion by their sad pilgrimage to adre Chiesa, they began to think of their de- e. Again they ordered Anselmo to procure ca, and all being in readiness once more they itted themselves to the waves.

Marchioness, on entering the vessel, felt all tterness of her grief return by the foricble ection of the sufferings and the death of albino. She watched her son as if she ed that he would not reach Palermo alive; he voyage, though safe and beautiful, ap- d to her painful and frightful. The felucca ed the port just as the sun sunk beneath estern wave, skirting the clouds with gold. Marchioness was much fatigued by the voyage, ore they retired immediately to the inn to the refreshment and the repose needful after long on board.

it was the intention of the unhappy widow ontalbino to fix her residence at Palermo, imo provided such apartments for her as

were suitable to her real rank, and at the same time fit for the state to which the misfortunes of her country had reduced her.

Although they came from the luxuriant vicinity of Naples, and had been accustomed to the sublime view of that beautiful part of Italy, they were astonished at the uncommon fertility, and the striking objects which mark the country about Palermo. Rugged romantic hills, woods and groves, gardens and orchards in pleasing succession delight the eye: and the profusion of aromatic shrubs which grow every where by the road side, charmed even Italians. Nature here diffuses her bounties with a lavish hand. The encrease of the harvest outstrips the labourer's hopes, and one year's produce is a rich supply for many. The superabundance of Sicilian fruits supplies half Europe with delicious delicacies. The oranges, lemons, bergamots, figs, almonds, and nuts which deck the tables of northern epicures gain in the genial south their luscious flavours: and the honey-yielding flowers feed the industrious bees with the purest sweets.

The city itself is beautiful. The streets are handsome, and adorned with many elegant buildings; and the pomp, the parade, the pride, and

the revelry of the inhabitants would lead one to suppose that Luxury had here erected her throne, and established her dominion.

The feelings of the Marchioness did not accord with the surrounding scene; she retired from the sound of joy, and shunned the house of festivity. Yet she sought not to check the ardour of her boy, nor to restrain the pursuits of his amusements; she therefore soon gave her consent to the proposed journey to Mount Etna, and saw him depart with Jeronimo without betraying her regret.

The intermixture of barren rocks and roads formed by the lava of the mountain, by diversifying the scene made the beauty of the cultivated parts of their journey appear more lovely; and the difficulties they encountered endeared the pleasures they enjoyed.

After a long and tedious journey of many days, which they performed on mules, they reached that part of the mountain whence they could climb the steep ascent.

Those who have visited Mount Etna commonly divide it into three distinct parts, which they denominate regions. The ascent of the lower region is very gentle. The destructive lava spreads its sterile hardness in extensive fields, intermixed with which, the harvests wave their plenty, the

fruit trees blossom, and the gayest flowers display their various hues, and perfume the air; and scattered round the base and up the sides are many villages, where the fearless peasant dwells in peace, unconscious that the fiery torrent may destroy his cottage, and heedless that the volcano smokes above him, and roars beneath his habitation.

The second is called the woody region. In it grow cork trees, ever-green oaks, and chesnuts; with a variety of other trees useful as well as beautiful; among which the warbling birds pour forth their native songs, and the wild game build their nests: here too the fawn skips playfully, and the stag ranges in freedom. The climate is changed. The sultry air which oppressed the two travellers as they proceeded through the lower region, now became cool and temperate. Here they halted by the advice of their guides, and beneath the spreading branches of the forest they opened a basket with which they had charged one of the attendants, and seated on the grass they refreshed themselves with a comfortable meal. They hung their basket with what remained upon one of the boughs, and proceeded toward the summit.

On quitting the woody region they found great difficulty in passing over the snow and ice, which

always surrounds the top. Snow which never melts, but accumulates for ages. Wonderful transition! The sun rose and scorched them with his ardent ray; and when he set, they were exposed to cold, keen as the sharp air which freezes in Siberia.

Having with extreme fatigue passed these heaps of everlasting ice, they began to climb up the great crater, which is in the form of a sugar loaf, and composed of the ashes which fall from the mouth of the volcano; and which are perpetually rising from its burning centre. They reached the summit in the darkness of the night, and the vivid flashes of fire appeared with double horror as they spread themselves in the deep gloom. They stood for a long time in silent awe, til the sun began to rise, and gradually enlightened the horizon with his orient beams. Then were their fatigues rewarded. The prospect they beheld appeared to be almost boundless. The vast expanse of the Mediterranean lay before them; they saw the whole extent of Sicily, and many of the neighbouring islands: and while standing on the brink of the sulphureous gulf on the utmost point of Etna, they beheld the fiery summits of Strombolo and Volcano smoking under their feet.

After having long contemplated the varied

scene below him, Geraldo exclaimed "How wonderful! how awful! how sublime! How small in the scale of the universe is one country! what an atom in the mighty creation is man!" "Yet," said Jeronimo, "deck him with authority, and how great his power! How do his armies desolate the earth! How do his myrmidons destroy the people!"

The guides reminded them more than once that it was time they should descend, before they could quit a spot which filled them with such exceeding admiration. They found it more perilous to go down the cone of ashes than it had been to climb up, and the cold as they repassed the ice seemed more intense than in the night. Their return to the woody region was a matter of great joy, and the basket which still hung on the tree yielded them another plentiful regale. They sat a long time beneath the thick foliage, and then began to wander in the shade. They found many caverns wherein the peasants had collected the snow, and they quenched their thirst from the frozen store. In the cool of the evening they repassed the first region, and regaining the plain, pushed on their mules at their utmost speed, to reach the inn and seek the repose they needed after their toilsome march.

In order to see more of the island, Jeronimo returned to Palermo by a new road.

They had not been long at home, as the Marioness had begun to call her new habitation, en one day their conversation was interrupted the unexpected entrance of Dilatranzo, the old bleman who had been the first cause of the reyal from Montalbino. His reception was mecholy; he knew not that the Marquis was no re. The dress of the Marchioness revealed to m the loss she had sustained, and he feared to me his friend, or to inquire for the absent Ro-. He looked at every one, silently imploring e information he was unwilling to request: but ery tongue faltered when attempting to tell the al occurrences of their flight. At length the archioness said, "my Lord, the widow of Monlbino offers a mournful welcome to the friend of r husband." Dilatranzo took her hand, and ropped a tear as he bowed over it. "My son," e continued, "will supply the place of his father all the world but me. Dutiful and amiable, arer to my heart than all beside most valuable, inherits his father's virtues: his honours are ne for ever!" She then spoke to Geraldo. My son, receive as is befitting the friend of ontalbino; the friend of your father's father." he then made a graceful obeisance, and quitted e room.

It was the first time that Geraldo had been called upon to come forward as the head of his family: he was abashed by the unexpected appeal; which Jeronimo perceiving, he made himself known to Dilatranzo, who soon recognised the friend of his youth. Jeronimo then recounted all the sad events which had occurred since they left Italy, and informed him of their intention to remain in Sicily. Dilatranzo in return said that he had remained in Naples some time after the Marquis had embarked: that he had taken the first opportunity to retire secretly, and that he believed his old age had been his protection, and saved the few remaining days of his life: that when he arrived at Palermo, and could neither find his friend nor discover any traces of his proceedings, he began to be greatly alarmed lest he had been pursued and overtaken: that fearful of betraying him and his intentions, he had forborn his inquiries, and was much surprized when by chance he saw Geraldo in the street. "I came indeed," he continued, "to seek the Marquis, but I shall be happy if I can serve his son; and proud if three generations of Montalbino may call me friend. We know," said he, "how Italy has been betrayed, and overrun. Her new rulers wait but the favourable moment and Sicily will fall before them. I

herefore meant to have advised the Marquis to eave the island, while it can be done with safety. Iow willing his widow may be to quit these hores without a husband's care, I dare not preume to say. If you will undertake to speak my ind to her, or if you, young man, will offer my pinion to your mother, perhaps she will permit e to visit her again, and will give ear to those rrangements I should have proposed to your ather. I will not now intrude upon her grief, ut hereafter, with permission, I will offer my adice, to which the observations and experience of long life may give some value." He then took is leave, and the Marchioness not returning to hem at the supper hour, they separated for the ight.

Dilatranzo frequently renewed his visits, and hen at length the Marchioness heard his plans, nd his arguments, she thought that he looked too r into the events of time; and she seemed determined to remain there where her husband was astening when he expired in the vessel.

"The day must come," said the venerable Dilatranzo, "when tyrannical usurpation shall xtend to this gay city, and the thoughtless inhaitants shall be trodden by the foot of the victor. et us, while yet we may, peaceably quit Palermo.

Let us flee the strong pounced eagle, who pursues on daring wing, nor wait til we become his prey. The only place in Europe where we can be perfectly secure is England. Thither it is my intention to retire, and thither let me entreat you to accompany me. Rely on the fidelity of an old friend who boasts the long attachment of his family to yours. Believe me it is the only means to insure your own comfort, and to snatch your son from the inert obscurity wherein the heir of Montalbino must not linger." Dilatranzo knew the human heart. He was well aware that the interest of her son was the first and dearest solicitude of his mother: and when he found her resolution begin to waver, he entered fully into the plan he had formed for her future course, and strove to convince her how advantageous it would be for the welfare of Geraldo.

"I have," he said, "a sister who was married many years ago to a Spanish Nobleman near Antiquera; she has been long a widow, and resides with her son, who now occupies his father's castle. Ere I depart for ever from my native seas, I must visit her. With her I shall deposit the valuables which no longer gratify the pride or the vanity of their master. That last duty fulfilled, I shall seek the land of happiness and freedom, and bid an

erlasting farewell to the continent. My nephew aits impatiently for my arrival at Antiquera, and am equally impatient to depart; I stay but your etermination. If you are resolutely fixed to remain til tyranny may spurn you, I shall have one ther grief added to the many which embitter my itter days; but if the peace and safety which you ill find in England, have any allurements which an induce you to remove, I will meet you at ibraltar, and we will continue our voyage together."

It was a point of such delicate discussion that eronimo gave no opinion, which might influence he Marchioness in her election. The forlorn minta therefore remained so long undecided, hat the day was at length fixed for the departure f her old friend, and she had not consented to uit Sicily. When Dilatranzo called on her to ay that all was ready for his voyage, he brought ith him a letter from his nephew, strongly inviting the Marchioness and her family to Spain. The wish Geraldo had to travel in different countries, induced him to urge his mother to accept the nvitation, and her wish to indulge her son, induced her to accede to the plan proposed: but er unwillingness to depart was evident from her requent delays. When no one plea for continuing

in Sicily remained, the consenting, though unconvinced Marchioness, went on board a vessel bound for Malaga, accompanied by her son, her adviser Dilatranzo, Jeronimo, and Anselmo.

When they reached Malaga they were met by Mr. Falkland, an English merchant, who had been long settled there, with whom they remained til they were sufficiently recovered to cross the high wild mountains beyond which is Antiquera. Dilatranzo's anxiety to see his sister hastened their departure; and when they reached the castle they were hospitably and magnificently received by Don Dunas Ximenes de Murviedro: but how great was Aminta's surprize to find that he was married to Laurentina Bergatelli, daughter to the most intimate visiter at Montalbino: a circumstance which Dilatranzo had kept secret. The Marchioness and her young Italian friend mutually rejoiced in meeting thus unexpectedly with each other: and when Aminta had told her sad tale, she requested from Laurentina the history of her adventures, which she related as follows.

"Few are the events which have attended my flight from my native land, and O how thankful am I, when I say that those few have been prosperous: yet, it was not without a sigh that I quitted the scenes of all my youthful joys, and the

peaceful abode of my childhood. It was not without a pang that I sailed from all my loved companions, perhaps never to behold them more: but, my sufferings were light when compared to those of my parents. They wept, not only over what they were compelled to quit, but they shed tears as they hung over me, unconscious if they might lead me to a place of safety. I will not dwell upon the subject; you also fled: you know how painful it is to say farewell to all, and to seek another country and another home.

"Not many days after you had quitted Montalbino, my father, my mother, and myself sailed from our delightful retreat near Portici. We went immediately to Palermo, where we remained five months. It happened at that time that Don Dunas was in that city, waiting the arrival of his uncle the Marquis di Dilatranzo. A vessel from Naples brought him to the shore, and he attended upon our landing. He afterward called on us to inquire concerning his relation. When he discovered that he was our good friend, his visits were frequent, and we became more and more intimate daily. When he beheld a noble family exiled, when he saw parents trembling for the fate of their child, and that child anxious for the happiness of those who gave her being, he felt

the generous sympathy of a truly benevolent heart; and while pity drew him to the dwelling of the unhappy, a tenderer feeling took possession of his bosom; and when his uncle Dilatranzo reached the shores of Sicily, he declared the passion which our intimacy had inspired, and with the full approbation of our families, we were united in the chapel of St. Rosalia. When the marriage ceremony was solemnized, my father blessed us at the foot of the altar, and after a short continuance in Palermo, I set sail for Spain with my husband Don Dunas Ximenes de Murviedro, accompanied by my dear father and mother. Here I have dwelt in happiness and peace, undisturbed by any care but the fate of Naples. My husband's mother, Donna Colomba, only sister to the Marquis di Dilatranzo, is a most amiable woman, and though long resident in Spain, had not forgotten the friends of her youth. 'May I,' she said, 'call the daughter of Francisco Bergatelli mine? Is the child of my dear Angelina the wife of my son? But, where is Dilatranzo? the kind brother who protected my childhood, and supplied the place of a father to my youth?' When we informed her that he had remained in Sicily, anxious for the fate of a friend, who like him had fled from Naples: 'Excellent Dilatranzo,' she exclaimed,

'faithful to every duty, he who rests on thy friendship, leans on a rock.'"

Nothing could have occurred which so much contributed to soothe the sorrow of the Marchioness, as the renewal of her friendship with the family of Bergatelli. Their mutual love of their country, and interest in its fate, together with their mutual exile, produced a sympathy which rendered their re-union a reciprocal blessing, and the happiness of Laurentina lessened the grief of Aminta: and she was easily prevailed on to prolong her stay in Spain beyond the time originally fixed for the voyage to England.

"Now we are in that part of the world," said Geraldo, "whence Don Gabriel is for ever banished, let us visit Castillo Pardo: let us as nearly as may be, retrace his steps, and gain the seat of his ancestors by the road he followed when he was betrayed."

It was always with reluctance that the Marchioness gave her consent when her son proposed an excursion, nevertheless she always acquiesced, and concealed as much as possible the fear with which she bade him farewell: and the day of his departure from the castle of Don Dunas, she strove with more exertion than usual to hide her anxiety: and she recommended him to the care of

Jeronimo, and the fidelity of Anselmo, with more firmness than she had ever before evinced.

"I will write to you every day," said Geraldo, "for as you know the route and the story of Don Gabriel, every circumstance will be important."

Though the travellers knew the succession of posts in going from place to place, they were unacquainted with the direct road; therefore Don Dunas added two of his domestics to the little company, and the young Marquis set off better attended than he had ever been since he quitted the plains of Montalbino.

To retrace the road, followed by the wretched Gabriel, was the chief object of the enthusiastic Geraldo. The curiosity of a traveller, which had hitherto been the stimulus of all his journeys, now gave place to the melancholy wish of treading the very steps of the exiled monk. For that purpose they crossed Grenada, entered Mercia, and proceeded to Carthagena.

"It was to Carthagena," said Geraldo, "they sent the Africans taken by the Santa-Cruz. Let us view their sufferings, that we may understand the sorrows of Gabriel."

When they reached the place of bondage, Geraldo and his companion were shocked at the misery which they beheld. Half cloathed, the

over-laboured slaves sweated beneath the heat of noon, and lay exposed to the chilling air of night. Chained together, or to the oar, they toiled perpetually, without friends to cheer or comfort their calamity.

"O! of all the most unhappy," exclaimed Geraldo, "how may we alleviate their wretchedness?"

"Alas!" replied Jeronimo, "alleviation is not in our power. Their sufferings never can be mitigated til they are free: and who can pay their ransom! As Gabriel emphatically expressed it, *their torments are extreme, for they are without hope.*"

They turned from this sad scene of woe, and travelled on to Alicant, where Fabian had succeeded Vasco. They then proceeded to Valencia, where they purposed to remain some time to refresh themselves after the expeditious manner in which they had thus far proceeded.

"Here it was," Geraldo observed, "the Marquis of Castillo Pardo had embarked for Sicily: here he bade adieu for ever to his native land, and like us, the exiled family of Montalbino, sighed a sad farewell to the companions of his happier hours, and quitted the shores of his ancestors!"

According to the custom which he usually adopted, Jeronimo introduced himself and the companions of his journey, to the superior of the most esteemed convent in the town; to whom his sacred character was always a sufficient introduction.

They had partaken of the frugal hospitality of the fathers, and had retired to the humble cells of the convent, when they were disturbed by the groans of a person who seemed to be in great agony. Geraldo rose, quitted his gloomy chamber, and called loudly on Jeronimo. Scarcely had he uttered his name, when a loud ringing at the outward gate alarmed the whole fraternity. The superior ordered two monks to inquire into the business, who returned aghast, saying that they feared there had been murder. They were followed by two men leading a third. His garments were stained with blood, and pale was his squalid visage.

"Who is it you thus bear?" said Father Iago the superior.

"Our master, who is, I fear, wounded to death."

"Who is your master?" asked Iago.

"O! I am a wretch caught in my own toils! a miserable sinner, slain by own hireling. O! there is, there is a Power which overtakes the guilty;

and retributive justice measures to us by the measure with which we mete."

He was proceeding when a repetition of the groans which had aroused Geraldo, made them all start.

"There is more mischief," said Iago.

The monks went again to the gate, and there found a miserable and expiring man convulsed by the agonies of approaching death. They raised him from the earth, and bore him in: and led him to the wounded stranger, who had fallen from the supporting arms of his domestics, and lay extended on the floor. At the sight of each both started.

"Are you not he," said the elder of the servants, "who hath slain our master?"

The expiring man raised his sunken eyes, and faintly said, "I am."

"Bring restoratives," said the superior, "and let this matter be explained."

"It is too late," replied the sufferer. "I die. O! I die in the full commission of my crimes. O Father! O ye reverend Monks! quickly pray for my departing soul! O invocate for mercy! O save me! save me!"

It was with violent struggles that he uttered these few words: but here his speech failed,

though sensibility continued to make his end more wretched. The ghastly terrors of despair were marked in strong characters upon his distorted countenance, and the last groan he uttered pierced the hearts of all; chiefly of the man who, wounded, lay beside him.

"Stay—stay, Fabian!" he exclaimed. "Stay—speak!"—He seized his dead hand and shook it with all the strength that he could muster. It was in vain. Death mocked him, and all that remained for earthly observation was a senseless clod.

"Fabian!" reiterated Geraldo. "Fabian! the murderer of Don Matthias!"

"Who names Matthias? who knew the Marquis?" said the wounded stranger. Surprize, terror, and dismay kept all silent. "Speak," he continued, "who is he who named Matthias?"

Jeronimo, recovering from his astonishment, came forward. "If I may venture to surmise on circumstances," he said, "you, miserable wounded man! are Roderigo de Castillo Pardo."

"Aye," he replied.

"Wounded, it seems," continued Jeronimo, "by the same hand you hired to slay your brother."

"Aye, aye: even so. I gave my gold to purchase death; and now I yield my life to save my

sal brought on threats. ' Relieve me, in-
ly relieve me,' said he, ' or I will reveal your
.' To save my fame; to skreen my guilt
the world's knowledge, I drew my sword, and
it it to the hilt in his base heart. With a
ulsive grasp he seized my arm, and pulled me
m. He plunged a dagger in my breast, and
' It was with this I murdered Don Matthias:
poisoned, and has done its duty.' Beneath
walls I left him, and walking from him, fell
loss of blood. My servants who had waited
our place of parley, ran to my assistance,
brought me here. Now ye sacred ministers
nsolation, soothe me; cleanse me! make me
e!"

ronimo took his hand. "Don Roderigo," he
" small I fear is the consolation you now are
prove. In the few remaining painful mo-
s of a wicked life, atonement is beyond your

cannot be recalled from the mouldering tomb; nor Gabriel from the convent where he pines."

"Doth Gabriel live!" He sprang forward with such eagerness to hear his nephew lived, that a copious stream of blood gushed from his wound. His soul issued with it.——He fell prone, and breathed no more.

The exceeding consternation of the monks was such, that they stood gazing on the breathless bodies which lay extended at their feet in silent awe. To them the short confession they had made was unintelligible. In their still retirement they knew not the Marquis. They had never heard of Castillo Pardo: but Jeronimo, who from Don Gabriel, knew the story of their various crimes, said, "Father Iago, I marvel not that you, and these surrounding holy men are struck with horror at this spectacle. Two murderers, murdered by each other! Their implicated guilt is so involved in mutual crime, that each may be denominated the avenger of the other. I am acquainted with the story of the Marquis, and the fate of Castillo Pardo. To your astonished ears I will relate the tale. You therein will observe that riches cannot make their owner happy, if they be gained by crime. O tempting gold! alluring greatness! Wherefore do ye dazzle to betray? To gain

you, Roderigo shrunk not when a brother died, nor when a nephew perished! Surely his coronet was lined with thorns! his bloody robes were like the shirt of Nessus! His widow shall lament that she ever was his wife: and his sons shall blush to own their father!"

"Alas! good Sir," replied the elder of the servants, "you are not yet acquainted with the sorrows of the wretched Marquis. His wife, who was the only thing on earth he seemed to love, was suddenly torn from him. As they sat together in the garden, the hand of death arrested her. 'I am sick at heart,' she cried, and fell a corse. From that hour he never has known peace. Suspicion that she was poisoned took possession of his mind; and fear that he should share her fate, haunted him night and day. His sons are also dead——By violent deaths both died——The eldest fell from his mule on the summit of a high rock, and in his father's sight was dashed to pieces as he went headlong to the depth below. More dreadful still! the youngest, whom he had named Matthias, he shot with his own hand by the unexpected discharge of a loaded blunderbuss which he was conveying to his carriage, and shivered his head into a thousand atoms."

Geraldo, who had stood a terrified and silent

auditor, suddenly exclaimed, " blood will have blood! Punishment and vengeance ever will pursue the guilty; though often in the punishment the innocent receive their doom!——O! ye hapless children of a wicked sire, so early snatched from all your honors, ye are thereby spared the pain of this transcendent woe! Ye have unpolluted passed to bliss, freed from your father's crime! O Jeronimo," he continued, " how proudly may I name my father! How fondly boast, I am the son of Montalbino!"

He paused——All were again silent——At length the superior said, " let such ceremonies as are allowed be performed, and let us all join in prayers for the departed."

The attending monks bowed in silent obeisance, and the bodies were borne in. The dreadful catastrophe they had witnessed so powerfully seized the feelings of all whom the alarm had assembled, that after the performance of the midnight orisons, and prayers for the dead, they returned to the refectory, unable again to seek their cells. Jeronimo communicated to Iago and his brethren the story he had heard from Gabriel, and said, " O that through the world it were proclaimed, that all might know how incompatible are happiness and guilt. Although each

l doth not always find like Roderigo his
ient in the very way he sinned, yet will it
) equivalent, ever commensurate to his

Greatness thus gained, although it reach
ɔ; riches thus acquired, although *beyond*
er of numbers to compute, shall ever bring
whose venom shall corrode the joy of their
on!"

do wrote to his mother, giving an account
ad events which had occurred in the mo-
and requesting that information might be
he unfortunate monk in Sicily of the un-
nd of his enemies.

ind, the excellent Dilatranzo, who never
that he had fulfilled his duty while one
t remained to be performed, undertook the
o Catania.

ı arrival at the monastery, where the Mar-
Castillo Pardo, under the humble name of
ez de Toledo, had for many years shrouded
ınd concealed his woes, he sought an au-
ith Spisani, to whom he communicated the
' death which had occurred at Valencia,
ıested him to make the sad events known
ıuch injured Gabriel. The aged father
ıis hands, and pressed them to his bosom,
d silent many minutes; then turning his

eyes toward a figure of the tutelary saint of his society, as if renewing his invocations for protection, he exclaimed, "It is ever thus. The end of the wicked cannot be in peace! Where the dagger of the assassin slays not the body, the stings of conscience, which convulse the mind, pierce with a tenfold sharpness. The terrors of despair! The agonies of remorse! O! who can endure."

The heart of Gabriel had been so softened by sorrow, that when he heard the dreadful fate of his uncle he burst into tears. Let no one call him weak. He contemplated a relation lost to affection, a nobleman lost to honor, and a human being expiring without hope. Exquisite tribulation!

Having recovered his composure, he spoke on his present situation and future determinations in the following words: "I am, by the vows I have taken, excluded from the world, and debarred of domestic joy. In exile and in slavery my youth has passed unknown, and my old age shall be childless. I shall perish from the face of the earth; no son shall build my name! Let then the castle of my ancestors be kept up for my distant heirs; let the vassals of my father remain in happiness on the domain, and let the rents during my life be remitted to this convent wherein I shall die. The sight of Castillo Pardo would awaken regret,

therefore I will not visit it. My native groves would renew my grief, therefore never will I walk beneath their shade."

The fate of Don Roderigo, and the determination of Don Gabriel to remain in Sicily, repressed in the travellers all desire to visit Castillo Pardo, and therefore, after a few excursions in the neighbourhood of Valencia, round which the fertile country appears like one continued garden, they bade farewell to the holy fathers, who had received them so kindly, and returned to the mansion of Don Dunas, where the Marchioness of Montalbino awaited anxiously the arrival of her son.

The magnificent hospitality of the Lord of the castle, and the tender assiduity of Laurentina, did not however prevent the voyage to England.

Dilatranzo took an affectionate leave of his sister, and Aminta tore herself from the embraces of the friends of her native Italy: while Geraldo, with the ardour of youthful hope, looked forward to the shores of Albion, to the sea-girt land of freedom.

At Malaga they were again received by the English merchant, Mr. Falkland, and they remained at his house awaiting the return of a vessel to Falmouth, in which he meant to accompany them.

All being at length arranged, Dilatranzo, the Marchioness and her son, attended by the venerable Jeronimo, and their faithful old domestic Anselmo, went with Mr. Falkland on board The Enterprize, and once more launched on the Mediterranean waves. When they had passed the strait of Gibraltar, the Marchioness felt that she had indeed abandoned her own home. Though she had long been exiled from her native plains, the countries she had visited were washed by the same sea; but when she entered the Atlantic, she left all affinity to Italy, and the expansive watery waste seemed, like her own hopes, without a spot to rest on.

Favourable winds brought them expeditiously to Falmouth. They arrived there during the night, and when they went on shore next morning it was high water. When the tide ebbed, and the sands were left dry, the astonishment of Geraldo was exceeding great. For ever accustomed to behold the full waters of the Mediterranean sea, retiring waves were what he could not imagine, and to pursue the water as it left the shore, and stand on the shallow margin, seemed almost to realize the tales of old, and to give existence to the playful Nereides.

To the natives of luxuriant Italy, the county of

Cornwall, devoid of trees and hedges, was an unfortunate introduction to England. A barren country, a foggy atmosphere, and a rough miner, gave them an idea of desolation and ferocity; but as they travelled on, by the softer scenes and milder climate of Devonshire, where the apple trees were in full blossom, and the unsheltered myrtle flourished in every cottage garden, they were reminded of the genial South.

The pride which glowed in the breast of Mr. Falkland, and the satisfaction with which he introduced his guests to the dock at Plymouth, recommended him strongly to the respect and esteem of Jeronimo. Geraldo was too young to appreciate his honest character, and transferred all his admiration to the full harbour and the busy yard.

Mr. Falkland, who had many commercial concerns to arrange, was thereby compelled to deviate from the direct road, and to travel by a circuitous rout. Among the places to which he was necessitated to go, was Weymouth: and his health having materially suffered by a long residence in Spain, he was desirous to enjoy the benefit of sea-bathing, and proposed to his companions that they should remain for that purpose on this pleasant part of the coast. They readily acquiesced; and Geraldo was much gratified by being allowed

to ramble on the shores and cliffs, and delighted to range at large.

One day as he was walking on the esplanade, he was agreeably amused by the sound of a piano-forte and a harp in the drawing room of one of the houses. Ever fond of music, he loitered under the window listening to the sweet sounds, til the harp alone played the air which he and Rosina had sung to their mother in the orange bower on the morning of the last festive day at Montalbino. His heart instantly throbbed as though it would have burst his bosom. He flew to the door at which he rapped violently. When the servant opened it, without asking any questions, he rushed by him, and ran up stairs, exclaiming, "O the harp, the harp! the song, the song!" He burst into the room, where, in the minstrel who had awakened the tenderest emotions of his soul, he beheld the long lost object of regret, his dear beloved sister. He clasped her in his arms, and while he pressed her forcibly to his bosom, hung over her in silence.

She clung to his breast with rapture, and at length said, "my beloved Geraldo, how I rejoice to see you—so unexpected! so long deplored! Where is my father? Where is my mother?

"Rosina," he replied, "our mother is in

Weymouth: but our father"——He could not proceed.

"What of our father!" she exclaimed.

"My sweet sister! must I embitter the joy of our meeting by the melancholy recital of our father's death!"

She threw herself a second time on the bosom of her brother, and burst into tears.

In the room whereinto Geraldo had so unceremoniously entered, there were seated a gentleman and lady, and a young girl, their daughter. They had remained silent spectators of this scene, unwilling to interrupt the rapture of the meeting. The lady now rose, and taking Rosina's hand said, "my child, do not give way to grief. Remember it is the melancholy lot of all to lose their friends. Be thankful that one parent is yet spared."

Rosina raised her head, looked mournfully at the speaker, and then sunk again on her brother's bosom. "Lead me, O lead me to my mother," she said.

"Let us go together," said Geraldo.

"You shall," said Lady Lacy. "Do not, however, precipitate yourself too suddenly into your mother's presence. Let your brother announce your arrival: and, young gentleman, do it tenderly. I will shortly follow, and I trust that

this meeting will restore happiness to your family."

Geraldo took his sister's hand, and they walked to the residence of the Marchioness. They agreed that she should remain in the anti-chamber, while he prepared his mother to receive her long lost child. Accordingly, on their arrival, he entered his mother's apartment alone. He stood before her, not knowing how to communicate the glad tidings which he brought. At length he said, "My dear mother, I think I have met with an adventure this morning which will greatly soothe your sorrows."

"Alas!" said his mother, "the only joy I have on earth, centres in you. What gives you pleasure, cheers for a moment; but my sorrow can never be soothed: for never shall I behold my husband, never shall I find my child."

Geraldo asked, "would you be glad to find her?"

The Marchioness looked earnestly at him and heaved a deep sigh.

"What would you give to him," he continued, "who should lead her to your presence?"

"My life, if he demanded it," replied the Marchioness.

Geraldo was alarmed by her emotion; he sprang

suddenly to the door; the eyes of the Marchioness followed him. "Mother," he said, be firm: meet joy without perturbation." So saying, he rushed forward and led in his sister. He had been somewhat aukward and embarrassed in what he had said to his mother, yet he had in a small degree anticipated the recovery of Rosina: nevertheless, when she appeared, the Marchioness was so overcome that she stood motionless. When her exceeding surprize had subsided, she clasped her child to her heart, and in accents of enthusiastic joy exclaimed, "My girl! my daughter! my delight! saved, preserved, restored!"

While she thus hung in rapture over her child, Dilatranzo and Jeronimo entered the apartment. Before Rosina could be made known, Lady Lacy arrived. When she was announced, Rosina led her to her mother, and said, "My dear mother, to the kindness, the care, and the benevolence of this excellent lady, I am indebted for all the comfort I have enjoyed since the miserable night when our bark was wrecked upon the rocks of Ischia: but for her I had been forlorn and helpless.

The Marchioness advanced to Lady Lacy, "Madam," she said; but unable to proceed, she

pressed the hand of her child's guardian to her heart, and bent forward in silence.

"Another time shall serve for explanations," said Lady Lacy.

The conversation was broken and abrupt; no one was able to pay attention to any thing but Rosina. After a very short visit, Lady Lacy took her leave, saying, that she would soon return. The Marchioness retained her daughter, for neither was willing to be again separated.

Lady Lacy was well aware, that her visits would just now be intrusive; and therefore, although she had said that she would soon return, she forbore to do so untill she thought that an interchange of communication might have satisfied the impatient inquiries of them both.

The anxious desire each had to be informed of the various calamities which had befallen them since their departure from Montalbino, prevented them from being able to go on with any continued conversation: but when their mutual emotion was somewhat calmed, and some few hurried questions on both sides had been answered, Rosina, at the request of her mother and of all the friendly party, recounted her adventures as follows:

"You can well remember that wretched night on which we had for ever bidden adieu to Montal-

, how the thunder roared, and how the wind upon our little bark. You also can remem- when she struck upon the rocks, and we were wn upon the isle of Ischia: but you know , O my mother! the agony which rent my rt when I thought that the pitiless sea had rwhelmed all those whom I had ever loved, spared me in cruel mercy. Spared me to p forlorn, an unprotected orphan, driven a my native plains, from Italy, from Montal- o.

The tempest died away; the morning rose, I awoke in the small boat of a fisherman. I extended at the bottom, and a little boy was ching over me. When I looked up, with art- joy he exclaimed, 'O Lorenzo, she is alive!' saying, dear innocent child, he encircled me h his gentle arms, and wept upon my bosom. the call, Lorenzo came toward me. 'Young ,' he said, 'you have had a narrow escape. found you floating among the breakers; and est fearing that you were dead, we took you

ing when you should revive.' Here the child took my hand, and began to sing the matin hymn, in which he was instantly joined by Lorenzo. I strove to add my voice to theirs, but my tongue denied its office, and my heart in silence offered up its praises for returning day. When the hymn was ended, I asked whither we were going? 'To Naples,' said Lorenzo. 'O do not go to Naples,' I exclaimed, 'do not go to Naples!' 'Not go to Naples, Lady! we live there,' said Lorenzo, 'with our good old father Carlo, and our mother Fioretta.' 'O,' I said, 'seek the rock, on which my father has been wrecked, that I may be restored to him and to my mother.' 'It cannot be,' said Lorenzo, 'we must go home; my father and Fioretta will be uneasy if we do not return. I and this manikin are all the children they have, and they cannot go on without us.' 'Aye,' said little Lucio, 'we must indeed go home, but after that we will go to the rock. Shall we not, Lorenzo?' 'That as hereafter may suit,' he replied. Alas! it never suited. When I reached Naples, what a change! Scourged by a cruel conqueror, and a victorious army, massacres and all the savage devastations of inhuman war despoiled our devoted city. The lowliness of the aged Carlo was his protection; and in his cabin I found a

humble place of refuge. None of the valuables which you had contrived to take from Montalbino were about my person, and I had very little money. When I produced my last ducat, and said I had no more; 'Poor child!' said the benevolent old man, 'these are not times to turn your youth adrift: stay and share our pittance: but wear our humble garb, it will be a security.' Part of the ducat purchased me a jacket fit for their station, and I remained with them a month: during which time I never dared to seek the path which led to Montalbino. I never revealed to Carlo who I was. He only knew me by my name Rosina: and the generous old man never inquired farther.

"One day as I was walking near the sea with Lucio, a gentleman looking at me with extreme surprize, said, 'Rosina!' Unwilling to betray myself or my kind host, I hastily passed on: but he put his hand on my shoulder, and again said, 'Rosina! Thus disguised! Where is the Marquis? where the Marchioness of Montalbino?' 'O lost! for ever lost!' I answered, 'sunk beneath the stormy waves.' I had scarcely replied, when a lady approached us, to whom he said, 'Behold, Lady Lacy, in this child behold one instance among thousands, of the

dreadful state of Naples. This child, the daughter of a nobleman, trained up in affluence and splendour, now bereft of her parents, and disguised among the peasantry.' It was the Signor Rubino di Ruperati who was speaking. 'My family dispersed like hers,' he continued, 'affords no shelter to the wretched. Like her I walk about these unfrequented quarters, seeking the moment when I may flee away.' 'That moment is at hand,' said Lady Lacy. 'We have by means of gold bribed one in power to favour our escape, and this night we sail for Sicily. I am, by Sir Richard's desire, seeking you, in order to inform you that all is fixed, to the end that you may, according to our plan, go with us as our servant.'

"It was to Sicily, I said, that we were sailing when we were cast away: when our vessel struck against a rock, and all on board, except myself, found death beneath the waves near Ischia. I have been saved by the brother of the boy now playing on the margin, and dipping his little hands into the sea. Beneath the hospitable roof of their venerable father I have been sheltered; but, O! I continued, bursting into tears, I hang a heavy clog upon his poverty, for I cannot pay his bounty. I have no means of remuneration! I hung on the arm of Ruperati: I seized the hand of Lady Lacy.

In silent agony I pulled her to me. 'I feel,' she said, 'the strong appeal. Bring her with you, Ruperati; she shall go with us to Palermo. Inform your host of what has chanced,' she said to me, 'and trust yourself to the care of my friend.' I called Lucio from his childish sport, and hastily catching his hand, I ran, I almost flew to Carlo. Signor Ruperati followed me: we explained what had occurred to the good old man; who, blessing the name of his tutelary saint, gave me his benediction; and putting a rosary into my hand, said, 'Accept this small token of my affection for you, and when you tell the beads, think of Carlo and Fioretta, and offer up a prayer for them, and for the boys who saved your life.'"

Here Rosina opened a small box which contained the old man's gift, and presenting it to her mother, said, "more highly do I prize this holy token than if it were a string of pearls."

"I will tell them at vespers," said the Marchioness, retaining the beads; "a mother's prayers shall draw a double blessing on the hoary head which craved a prayer from you."

"My separation from my charitable hosts," continued Rosina, "was very painful to me; and I bade a sorrowful farewell to Carlo and the gentle Fioretta, to Lorenzo, and to little Lucio,

who clung round me, and said that I should never go away.

"All being arranged, I launched once more upon the sea, and in the silent hour of night, I sailed a second time from the beloved shores of Italy. The moon shone in silver brightness, and the stars glittered in the cloudless sky. O! I almost wished another storm would carry us again to Ischia, that, if I did not find you living, I might mourn you dead upon the spot where you had died: But no—a breeze gentle as summer wafted us forward; no sound interrupting the fearful anxiety which kept all hush.

"When we reached Palermo, Signor Ruperati, pining for the friends whom he had left, became so ill that he declined accompanying us to England, saying that he did not know til he had quitted them, what it was to leave his family; and that he would return and share their fate, though it should be the block. As soon as he found himself able to undertake the voyage back to Naples, he bade us all adieu, and among the numbers who fell victims to the lawless innovators of our country, lost his life.

"We remained in Sicily til April, and during our abode there, notwithstanding the various allurements of Palermo, the first wish of my bene-

factors, was to see their native home; for dear as Italy and Montalbino were to me, so dear were Harefield and England to Sir Richard and Lady Lacy. Yet, freed from apprehension, they entered into all the gaiety of that luxurious city. I could not mingle in the cheerful scene; nor share the joy of safety: my aching heart still sighed for Ischia: and the rocks on which I thought you had perished were dearer to me than the gay court, where nought was heard but revelry."

"Our detention on those rocks," observed Geraldo, "prevented us from meeting you in Sicily. For all the wintry months which kept Sir Richard and his Lady from their country, we passed in grief where we had been wrecked: and when they upon the wings of hope were seeking comfort and happiness with the domestic circle which awaited them, we landed in the depth of wretchedness and woe, to deposit in an unknown grave the cold remains of our dear father: and we remained in Messina til you had sailed for England."

This sudden recurrence to the loss they had so long deplored, checked Rosina in her tale. After a pause, Jeronimo said, "Had you a prosperous voyage?"

"Most prosperous," she replied. "In any

other circumstances I should have thought it charming: But, absorbed in grief, the sea, the sky, the busy mariner, and the kind friend, were all unheeded, and one continued sadness made all around me noxious."

Again she became silent, and Jeronimo, desirous to lead her back to her adventures, said, "How long were you on the seas?"

"We reached England," she replied, "in the month of June. We landed at Falmouth, and posted on to Exeter, where by appointment we were met by their only daughter, the lovely, the amiable Eliza Lacy, who had been left at home under the care, and at the particular desire of her grandmother, the Lady Viscountess Doringdale."

"The Lady Viscountess Doringdale!" exclaimed Dilatranzo, starting from his seat. "Lady Doringdale!" repeated he, pacing the room. Then, turning to Rosina, "I beg pardon he said for my interruption," and instantly quitted the company.

This sudden break again stopt Rosina's tale. Jeronimo said to her, "Rosina, you struck a chord which, I should have thought, had long ceased to vibrate. How many years have passed away since Lady Doringdale, in the pride of beauty's bloom, captivated the heart of Dilatranzo. It was his fate in early life to accompany the Ambas-

sador from Naples to the court of England. The boast of all the fair was Emma Woodville. The boast of Italy was Dilatranzo. He saw, he loved: he sued and was rejected. The summit of her father's high ambition was an English peer; and Emma's beauty gained one. She shone in splendour, she lived in luxury, she paraded in pomp, she sighed in secret. Lady Doringdale, the envy of half the court, insensible to all the state around her, found not the joy in greatness which her father sought: but dutiful to him and to her lord, without repining she submitted to her exaltation, and forbore from seeing Dilatranzo more. He quitted England, and since that time they have never met. To be so unexpectedly brought acquainted with her family, has, you perceive, renewed feelings which he thought he had overcome. Let us spare him on the subject, and unless he advert to it, never let it be mentioned."

The Marchioness acquiesced in the propriety of Jeronimo's injunctions, and said to Rosina, "As all you have now to recount must be connected with Lady Doringdale and her family, go on during his absence."

"I have not much more to tell you," said Rosina. "From Exeter we travelled without delay til we reached the dwelling of the Viscountess, not

far from the ancient city of Winchester. There we remained til Christmas, when we went to Sir Richard's mansion in the neighbourhood of Harefield, a village not far from the metropolis, the celebrated city of London. I cannot find words which may express to you, the kindness I have experienced from the excellent family under whose care I had almost learned to forget the sorrows I had known. After you, no one is so amiable as Lady Lacy, none so estimable as Lady Doringdale; and in my dear Eliza I shall present to you the best pattern of female loveliness, and the brightest example of female perfection. Sir Richard Lacy you will find a most valuable character, and I shall have infinite satisfaction in introducing Geraldo to a friend who has treated me with a degree of affection equal to that of a father It is much the custom of the English gentry to frequent, in the summer, places of public resort: no other inducement brought us to Weymouth. Perhaps an over-ruling destiny made the election as a means of restoring me to my beloved mother, and my dear Geraldo." So saying, she threw herself into her mother's arms, who pressing her to her bosom, dropt a tear as she folded her to her heart.

"Now I have recounted all my sad distresses

after the wreck, and my happiness since I reached England, let me, my dear mother, hear your adventures since our separation."

"My child," replied the Marchioness, "the various misfortunes of our disastrous flight from Montalbino, are more than I can relate. My illness and your father's death you know already. The detail Geraldo will inform you."

"At some future period," said he, "as we walk together, I will tell you every circumstance that has occurred: but at present I would rather hear you speak. I long to know more about the good old Carlo, and the pretty little boy Lucio."

"I can only tell you," said Rosina, "that they were people of the simplest manners: that they gained their livelihood by fishing, and were more industrious than the generality of that occupation: and that they never joined with their riotous brethren, who added to the horrors of invasion by the violence of domestic outrage."

When Lady Lacy fulfilled the promise she had made of returning to visit the Marchioness, Dilatranzo could not meet her without emotions which surprized her exceedingly. At length he said with some hesitation, "I understand, Lady Lacy, that you are the daughter of

Lady Doringdale; did you ever hear her name the Marquis di Dilatranzo?"

"Never," said Lady Lacy.

He was somewhat astounded by her laconic reply. "Will you have the goodness," he said "when you write the account of the accidental meeting with Rosina's family, to say that one of its oldest friends is among the Neapolitans who have accompanied the widow and the heir of Montalbino to England; and say that oldest friend is Dilatranzo. Ask if he may presume to appear before her. If not, far be it from me to intrude."

"I will obey you, Sir," replied Lady Lacy.

No more was at that time said; the conversation became general, and rambled from subject to subject til they separated.

Some days after Lady Lacy called again, and said that "she had written to her mother, giving an account of the various circumstances which had occurred; and I have been desired," she continued, "to request that all the party will visit High Place with me. You, Sir," she said turning abruptly to Dilatranzo, "are particularly included. She has not forgotten, she says, your appearance at the English court. In the lapse of years which, since that period, have rolled away, the changes which have taken place in her family

have effaced the feelings, the hopes, and the disappointments of earlier life, and she begs me to assure you that she shall ever retain a sincere friendship for one who always held a high place in her esteem."

"There are," said Dilatranzo, "no friendships, no intimacies so dear to the heart as those formed in our youth, when hope is lively, imagination warm, and affection ardent. No time, no absence, no change of place or situation can obliterate them. They cling to life; nay, they are a part of existence; and the fond remembrance of them, though oftentimes accompanied by severe regret, constitutes the most pleasing solace which our old age can enjoy." "How incumbent then is it on the young," said Jeronimo, "to be careful in the choice they make of companions, that virtuous habits may be gained by virtuous examples, and that the blandishments of the worthless may not lead them into snares. So shall the understanding of riper years sanction the election of youth, and the reflexions of old age be unembittered by remorse." "I believe," said Dilatranzo, "that I have so selected, and I trust that I may venture to assert that so unembittered are my reflexions."

"It is our intention," said Lady Lacy, resuming the first subject of the conversation, "to quit

Weymouth in the course of a week; may I hope in the interim to see you, Madam, and your son and daughter, and all this friendly circle at our house on the Esplanade?" "Since the miserable day on which I became a widow," replied the Marchioness, "I have withdrawn myself from social intercourse, and from scenes of mirth. To refuse an invitation from you, who have supplied my place to my child, may perhaps appear ungrateful, and subject me to the suspicion, of not having a due sense of your great and almost unparalleled kindness. Impute not to me such insensibility. In a strange country, with whose customs I am unacquainted; and while still arrayed in the garb which marks my state, I cannot mingle in society to which I am unknown, without reverting so acutely to that which I have lost for ever, as to become painful: therefore for the present spare me from the external forms of acknowledgment, resting assured that your benevolence is registered in my heart, where it will remain til it ceases to throb in my bosom." "I will not urge my suit," said Lady Lacy. "May I be permitted to bring Sir Richard to pay his respects, and to introduce him to your son?" "I shall be happy and proud to receive him," said the Marchioness. "O!" said Geraldo, "there is nothing

in the world that will give me so much pleasure." Sir Richard accompanied his lady the next day. Geraldo flew impatiently to meet him, took his hand, and expressed such infinite delight in seeing him, that all introduction was unnecessary, for, Sir Richard, charmed with the youth's ardour, already felt that he was Rosina's brother.

Rosina then introduced her young friend Eliza to her mother; calling her the sister of her love. The Marchioness drew them toward her, and encircling them with her embrace, pressed them together to her bosom.

In the course of the morning their departure from Weymouth was arranged, and within a week the whole party accompanied Sir Richard and Lady Lacy to High Place; where they were introduced to the Dowager Lady Doringdale.

Notwithstanding the lapse of time, and the advance of years, Dilatranzo could not meet the object of his first affections without visible emotion. He felt how dear she had been to his heart, and he envied every one who had for so many years enjoyed the pleasure of her society; while he had lived unknown; and perhaps unthought of by her.

The Italian visiters remained at High Place a month, during which time the relation of one cir-

cumstance led to another, til at last the two old friends gave each other the history of their lives.

Lady Doringdale had little to communicate. She had married, when a very young woman, to gratify her father's ambition, who had considered nothing so little as his daughter's inclination. Her husband had lived but three years after their marriage, and she had since his death devoted her time to the care and education of her eldest child, the present Lady Lacy. Her youngest child was a boy, who while in arms had inherited his father's dignities and fortune; and was become an ornament to the high station he had thus early been called upon to fill. Since the marriage of her daughter she had retired to High Place, a mansion which had been bequeathed to her by her father. Her retirement was enlivened by frequent visits from her son and daughter, and their children, and by the resort of all the worthy and respectable gentry of the neighbourhood.

Dilatranzo's account of his adventures, was, like that of Lady Doringdale, quite domestic. "After I left England," he said, "and returned to Italy, I found myself an altered being. My gaiety forsook me, and my love of what the world calls pleasure ceased: and I should have sunk in

pathy, had not the friendship of the Marquis di Montalbino, your grandfather" he said, addressing Geraldo, "roused me from my melancholy. To him I owe that I recovered to a due sense of the duties I relatively owed society; and by his encouragement and example I was enabled to fulfill them. My father often urged me to marry, but too faithful to a passion which never could be gratified, I declined every proposal that he made to me, and I have ever remained a bachelor. He died about five years after my return to Italy, and to my care he left a young sister, only ten years of age, the offspring of his second marriage. Seven years she was the comfort and the darling of my life: at the expiration of that time she married a Spanish grandee, and she has since that period constantly resided in Spain. After the marriage of my sister, having no tie at home, I travelled into many countries, and strove by change of scene to divert the melancholy which, in spite of all my efforts, would too frequently overpower me.

When the troubles which have desolated Italy, began to threaten my native country, I returned home, and collected without noise or consultation the valuables which I had inherited from my father, such as jewels which I could bear about my person, and they were numerous; and turning by slow

degrees the remainder of my property into money, which I sent here to England, as a land of safety. I communicated my intended departure from Naples, and gave my reasons for that intention to the son of my beloved and lamented Montalbino. You may remember, madam," he said to the Marchioness, "the visit I paid you, and the change it made in all the views and plans you had marked out for your family." The Marchioness bowed her head, and a trickling tear declared her mournful recollection. "I had always been in the confidence of the court, and therefore knew how to time the hour of departure. By my directions my friend's family quitted Naples, and I prepared to follow. The circumstances which attended our flight, separation and reunion, Geraldo has already related, therefore I will not tire you by the repetition. The failure of all the efforts of the King, who went himself to join his army, and the desertion of his generals to the enemy, made me tremble for Sicily, and I again proposed removal: my arguments again prevailed, and the Marchioness with her family consented to accompany me to England. I gave my jewels to my dear sister, as being no longer necessary to my state; and when I bad her farewell, I left all which attached me to the continent. The property which I have

here, I most humbly and most respectfully solicit to be allowed to divide at my death between the Marchioness of Montalbino and Lady Lacy." "We will talk of that at some future time," said Lady Doringdale, "let us not now speak of wills, bequests, and death."

When the time of their intended stay at High Place was expired, Sir Richard requested that the Marchioness and her friends would honor him by visiting Harefield, and remaining there untill the season returned when the great world resort to the metropolis; when, he said, it would give him infinite satisfaction to introduce her and her family to the circle in which they ought to move.

So cordial, so flattering, and so friendly an invitation could not but be most gladly accepted: and they all in terms of gratitude seemed to vie with each other in expressing their sense of the unbounded kindness of the friends who had protected Rosina, and now extended their benevolence to her nearest and dearest connexions.

Mr. Falkland did not continue in Hampshire so long as the rest of the party. The Italians having found an escort in Sir Richard Lacy, he took his leave after a week's residence at High Place, and proceeded to London, where the arrangement of various mercantile concerns had

been the principal cause of his return to England.

"Harefield," said Sir Richard, "is a very pleasant village not far from an old town called Uxbridge, memorable as the place where the commissioners from King Charles the First and from the Parliament met to treat of peace. Thence called the treaty of Uxbridge. The house wherein the commissioners met has since been called the Treaty House. It was once a palace. A very small part of the building now remains, which is converted into warehouses: and the extensive gardens into wharfs. There where the fate of nations was debated, the petty crafts of traffic are transacted; and the lodge which guarded the gates of royal residence is become the abode of poverty, wretchedness, and want."

"The instability said Jeronimo, of all mundane greatness should speak forcibly to our hearts, and mark its transitory value. Empires, kingdoms, and families pass away, and leave no trace of their existence. So shall the globe itself. Then the diadem no longer shall protect the impious, nor rags disgrace the virtuous. Pre-eminence of happiness shall be his portion who is pre-eminently good, whether he play his part upon a throne or in a hovel."

day of separation arrived, all bad adieu to
countess, and set off for Harefield. When
ached the high ground on Uxbridge Com-
ir Richard bad Geraldo look around, and
l bat to him, the turrets of Windsor Castle,
him that it was the only castle in England,
habited by the royal family. The spire in
posite direction, he said, is on Harrow Hill.
ngs to the parish church of Harrow, where
e a public school at which many of the first
re educated, and whence many great cha-
have adorned society, and done honor to
ion."

ou boast in England, said Jeronimo, of
nobly endowed public places of education,
have all fostered men of genius, whose fame
ad throughout the world. In my long
inations, in the course of which I have
made the circuit of the globe, few are
ces where the talents, the wisdom, and the
rize of the English were unknown."

el an Englishman's pride," said Sir Richard,
ng the hand of Jeronimo, "in thanking you for
bute of acknowledgment which you pay my
y. I glory in the praise of Britain, and I
ier sons will ever remember that they are
s, and support with integrity and honor,

maugre all the world, the consequence, the power, the virtue and the fame of their native land."

When they reached Harefield, "even this village has its pride" said Sir Richard. "We boast that it was the residence of that Lady Derby whose early patronage of our great Poet MILTON, introduced him and his works to public notice. At her mansion his first dramatic performance, called ARCADIA was represented, which led the way to the production of COMUS, one of the best dramas in the English language; greatly and most justly admired for the beauty of the poetry, and the excellent instruction of the moral."

At the close of the day, the Baronet and his family, with the addition of the Neapolitans reached the mansion where they had been anxiously expected to arrive many hours earlier in the evening.

The introduction, so soon after their arrival, to such amiable connexions, gave the Marchioness and her friends a most pleasing idea of English hospitality, elegance, and decorum; and reconciled them to the fate which had driven them to seek a new country, and a new home.

THE OLD MAID.

It happens not unfrequently that people are ridiculed for circumstances and situations in life, which perhaps, if investigated, would redound to the credit and honor of those on whom they draw down, I may almost say, contempt.

Among the number of those thus marked out for derision, a woman who has passed the bloom of youth without forming a matrimonial alliance, is assuredly one. With many ungentle upbraidings, she is stigmatized with the appellation of *old maid*, and as such, sneered at by the matronly dames who have escaped the opprobrium, and by the younger fair ones, who look forward with better hopes. Various observations are made, and many surmises suggested, to find reasons which may have caused the spinster to be so long overlooked by all the beaux who have for so many years surrounded her.

"She always carried her head so high," says one, "that she thought nobody good enough for her."

"I suppose she required a king's son," says another.

"O, she was never handsome," says a third.

"Then her grandfather was this, and her great-grandfather was that," says a fourth: and so on.

But the attachment which parental authority may have forbidden, and the intended union which death may have stopt for ever, are not taken into the catalogue of preventives: and while the single heart, faithful to the ashes of the promised bridegroom, with widowed feelings, shrinks from new connexions, and clings with conjugal affection to the urn of him who should have led her to the altar, her fidelity is termed preposterous, and her constancy absurd; and the reproachful name *old maid*, rancorously degrades, under all circumstances, her whose hand is ungraced by a golden chain.

Sir Edward Castleton and Mr. Montjoy were near neighbours and intimate friends in Leicestershire: each had an only child: Montjoy had a son, and Lady Castleton had blessed Sir Edward with a little daughter. It was the wish of the parents on both sides that their friendship should

be cemented by an union between the children: but they forbore to mention their wishes, unwilling to propose what might not be agreeable to the young members of their families; and fearing to implant notions which would check genuine feelings and affections.

Orlando Montjoy was four years older than Emily Castleton, which, as they grew together, gave him an air of superiority that induced her always to fly to him for protection, and led him always to come forward as her champion.

The first sorrow which affected the heart of little Emily was when Orlando Montjoy was sent to school. When they had each other farewell, she could not help crying.

"Do not cry, Emily," said Orlando, "I begin to-day to be a man; and when I come home at Christmas, I shall be better able to take care of you."

Away went the little man, elate with the proud hope of his encreasing consequence; but Emily drooped when he was gone: she could not learn her lessons, she could not play with her doll. Sir Edward and his lady did not reprove her; they allowed this infantine proof of the regard she had for Orlando to pass away without observation; and it may well be supposed that her grief was

not of long duration. She soon recovered her cheerfulness, and resumed her little occupations and sports: but she often said, "I wish Christmas was come, that I might see Orlando."

At length Christmas arrived, and Orlando came home. The young coquette, instead of running to meet him, ran behind the window curtain. Orlando had hardly been welcomed by his fond expecting friends, when with eagerness he exclaimed, "Where is Emily?"

"Hoop," said a little voice.

"O you cunning little rogue," said he, "I shall find you:" so saying, he looked behind the curtain, and led forth his delighted little playfellow.

There never had been such doings at the Hall, as were prepared for the first Christmas holidays that Orlando came home from school. They began on St. Thomas's day, when four oxen were killed and divided among the poor of the neighbourhood. On Christmas-day a feast was given in the servant's hall, whereto the *betterly* lowly inhabitants of the district were invited: and on New-year's-day a ball was given to all the surrounding gentry; and Orlando with Emily for his partner led off the first dance. Yet, after all this, the day of all days was Twelfth-day. Three admirable large cakes

s sent down from London. One, the largest, divided into many slices, and a slice with a le of housekeeper's wine sent to every poor ly: another was given into the servant's hall, re all who had partaken of the Christmas din- were again invited to make merry: and the l, brightly iced, and decorated with all manner nciful gay devices, was placed in the centre, ng all sorts of dainties, which had been pre- d to regale the young folks of the neighbour- l, who were all invited to a child's ball. Be- the dancing commenced, they went through ceremony which is called *drawing King and en*, and the partners were arranged according he corresponding names drawn by the boys girls from their respective baskets. I am id that there was some little chicanery, whereby ndo drew *King* and Emily drew *Queen:* but prettiness of the other names drawn, reconciled their subjects to their pre-eminence, which isted in sitting side by side at the head of supper table in two chairs ornamented with ı boughs and flowers as hoary January pre- ted to his cheerful merry-makers.

he mirth was kept up with unalloyed delight midnight, when the gay group ceased their rts, and each, proud of the character which for

many hours had been assumed, took leave with every mark of appropriate humour which young minds could suggest.

When Orlando was to go back to school, the mode of their separation was a little changed. Emily bad him adieu with more cheerfulness, anticipating the renewed pleasure of his return; while Orlando, who had experienced some of the hardships of a public school, did not exactly like the change from being a darling to being a fag.

Thus year after year rolled on, til Orlando, as head of the highest form in his school, went to College. He was entered at Peter House in the University of Cambridge, took his Bachelor's degree, became A. M. and then went to complete the accomplished gentleman, by travelling on the continent, and making what, in the traveller's technical phrase, is denominated the *grand tour*.

During the course of his travels, though he always felt that he was not at home; yet Emily Castleton was the friend whom he most missed: and among the many things which he occasionally sent to England from the various places where he stayed, there was ever something prettier or more costly than any thing else, as a token of remembrance for her.

He was away two years, and when he revisited

the Hall, he was indeed what his friends were anxious that he should be, the elegant gentleman, and the polite scholar. Emily was become a beautiful young woman, and with all the blooming charms of nineteen, unconscious of her own loveliness, had all the artlessness of unspoilt simplicity, together with all the elegance of unaffected grace.

Orlando was received by her with a cordiality so delightful, that when he pressed her to his bosom, it seemed the happiest moment of his life.

Without any of the wild enthusiastic rapture, which in the opinion of many young people, constitutes *being in love*, they had that decided preference, and strong regard which made each to each another self: and their fond parents saw the wishes of all their lives accomplished, when Orlando declared that the best hope of his heart was to marry Emily.

Every arrangement which their station in life demanded; and every preparation which tenderness could suggest, went forward for the celebration of nuptials, from which the young pair, and the aged parents hoped, nay rested on with security, for long enduring happiness. The day of such complete felicity was fixed: the poor looked forward to their participation in the joy, the gen-

try got ready their congratulating ceremonies, and the young friends of the bride prepared the wedding tokens of their esteem, when Orlando was taken ill.

As he lay upon his sick couch, Emily was foremost among the afflicted attendants who surrounded him, and she administered to him with trembling hand the draught from which they hoped his restoration. Alas, vain hope! He rapidly declined, and on the very day which should have made them one for ever, as she watched the changes of his countenance, the hand she should have given in holy pledge was pressed by the convulsive grasp of the last impulse of expiring nature.

No absurd wailings, no frantic screams escaped from Emily; she removed with some unwillingness from the inanimate form of Orlando; and immediately after the funeral, she went abroad with her father and mother, and the afflicted parents of the amiable youth, thus snatched from earthly joy at the very moment when it was at the height.

After they returned to England, a high marriage was proposed to Emily, and Sir Edward wished her to become a titled bride; but she answered him by shewing a miniature picture of Orlando, and then pressing it to her heart. Her

r understood her, and never again intruded
er silent sorrow. She still lives advanced in
, respected by all who know her, and mixing
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enderness which she cherishes for the me-
of Orlando, or making any parade of the
nued grief over which she loves to brood in
t.

ll the celibacy of Emily Castleton be derided?
the term *old maid* degrade the woman thus
ed to singleness?—No——She is as much a
s though the priest had heard her vows; and
register of conjugal love she must be named
ow.

SENSIBILITY.

THERE are few things which people are more anxious to be supposed to possess, than SENSIBILITY. *Really folks think that one has no Sensibility*; is an exclamation so common that it is ridiculous: and to imagine that any person is without it, seems to be the severest wound which it can receive. I do not speak of *Sensibility* as it is explained in dictionaries, wherein it is always referred to the senses; I speak of it in the figurative meaning it has obtained in modern application: an application so figurative that it can hardly be identified. It is within the feeling which resents injury, that comes under the denomination of *revenge*. It does not extend to the resentment of slander; for there it acquires the name of *sense of honor*. According to my idea of its appropriation, it is an acute consciousness of

those little unspeakable slights which wound tenderness, and disappoint love. The averted look; the unmet advance; and various other little griefs which smite heavily on the heart, but cannot shew their scars. It is also an equal consciousness of those nameless tender trifles, which, though unmarked by a casual looker on, vibrate on the heart of affection. It is totally unconnected with that affectation of tenderness, which though daily feeding on mutton, cannot bear to kill a grub; or that absurd delicacy which cannot encounter the terrors of a spider or a beetle.

It is unaccountably strange, though true, that there are some people who occasionally give strong proofs of possessing *Sensibility* thus defined, yet, nevertheless, in some instances, act with such gross *insensibility*, that it does not seem possible that any person can so vary from himself.

As one instance of such want, and such possession, I mention the following occurrence. A gentleman, who was my mother's near neighbour in the country, died somewhat suddenly, although he was far advanced in years, and had been for many months unwell. Intelligence was immediately sent to his only son, who, as may well be supposed, repaired without delay to his father's house; and in the double capacity

of executor and heir gave all necessary orders. By his direction the old gentleman was buried with due solemnity, pomp, and decorum. On the day of the funeral he again repaired to the old mansion, and very coolly and deliberately went into his father's room, opened his wardrobe, took out a pair of his black stockings, put them on, and wore them to follow him to the grave.

Who among my readers could have done so?

Shortly after he came to see my mother, who had been his father's very intimate friend for more than half a century, and had known him from his childhood. When he entered the room he held out his hand, burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

It may, perhaps, be observed in excuse for his first dereliction, that affection does not ascend in the fond proportion of its descent: that had the case been opposite, the father could not so have followed his son. Mayhap not. But what makes even that doubtful is, that a lady of my acquaintance in Nottinghamshire, who had always appeared to be an affectionate and fond mother, soon after she became a widow lost one of her sons, a fine young man under thirty years of age. All friendly inquiries at that distressing moment were answered with the customary re-

ply, *she is as well as can be expected.* How a mother is expected to be under such affliction, must be rated by the feelings of the inquirer. In the present instance, my Nottinghamshire friend, in the course of the family mourning for the young man, took one of his old black coats to alter into a coat of livery mourning for her footman.

The tenderness of a son for his parent, and that of a mother for her child, are two of the strongest ties of affection in nature; and may be supposed to partake not only of the powerful love which in the one produces endearing respect, and in the other rapturous pride; but to intermix with all the little delicate minutiæ of *Sensibility,* which may almost be said to make every thing which once belonged to the beloved dead a sacred relic: and which sanctify local and possessive attachments. Yet, as the two above recited facts contradict such a supposition, it may be that the deep and expansive stream of parental and filial love absorbs and overwhelms all lesser feelings, as the salinous subduing power of the mighty ocean destroys the softness of the rivulet: in which case, *Sensibility* must be confined within the limits of that meaning which I have assigned it.

A meaning which, to be duly appreciated, r
quires to be experimentally understood.

The rich, the great, the powerful, rarely by e
perience find its meaning out, because the
tronage which their riches and their rank proc
them, calls for the ready meeting, the ready sm
the ready approbation; and as no eye penetra
the recesses of the heart, those elevated by rich
greatness, or power, cannot discover how li
they are, sometimes, either respected or belov
The poor, the lowly, the weak, are daily expo
to acknowledge the painful part of my definitic
an acknowledgment aggravated by the scoff
those who not only revile them, but the *Sensibil*
which they wound. Yea,

> Oft have revilers laugh'd to scorn thy soft,
> Thy gentle spirit, *Sensibility!*
> Ah! little do they know the tender joy
> Which thou from trifles canst produce; and less
> How sad, how deep, how poignant, how severe
> The wound, when from th' averted eye, or slight
> Regard the proffer'd hand of friendship drops,
> Unconscious of the pressure which it sought:
> Or, when the ties of kindred are disown'd,
> And those, who from one stock derive their life,
> Unkindly turn away!——I would not change
> The heart which bleeds at griefs like these, for all

The boasted apathy of fortitude:
Nor the keen agony of sufferance
For the patient, calm, unfeeling quiet,
Falsely call'd resignation—when Florio,
Whom the schools have prais'd, whose youth was guided
By the hand of honor, whose ripen'd age
Speaks wisdom's lore, receives not from the world
The due respect; when from him with disdain
Turn fortune's abject minions, to pay court
Where, deck'd in all the splendour of parade,
The sycophants of pow'r display their pomp;
Say, would you check the honest tear which starts
Unbidden to his eye? Would you repress
His indignation?——No!—No, not for worlds!
Then would he forget his own respect; and, no longer,
Glowing with pure warmth, attend to virtue.

THE FALL OF SNOW.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, a person who was rider to a large house of business in London, was overtaken on the road between Ross and Hereford, in the dusk of evening during the dreary month of December, by such a violent storm, that it became impossible for him to pursue his journey. He was almost frozen on his horse, and the wind blew the snow in large flakes directly in his face. In this forlorn situation he made toward a light which glimmered at a distance from the high road, and at the bottom of a bye lane he found a poor little cottage, at the door of which he knocked, somewhat impetuously, for admission. "Who is there?" said the tremulous voice of a female.

"A distressed traveller, who asks shelter from the storm."

All the stories of impostors and thieves, which she had ever heard, rushed to the recollection of

the aged mistress of the thatched tenement, and she said, "Good man, this poor cottage affords no shelter to distress, scarcely does it suffice for the accommodation of the humble inmates."

"My dear good lady," said the traveller, "your roof at least affords a covering, and I shall perish if I be not admitted"

There most assuredly is in human nature an impulse of kindness which never fails to plead in behalf of a sufferer; it is experience, and disappointment, and what is called *knowledge of the world*, that cause the heart to check its feelings, and the ear to close against the entreaties of those who implore commiseration. The aged Mrs. Tarleton felt all that sympathy could feel, but the chilling *knowledge of the world* operated against her tenderness; and she a second time told the shivering traveller that he could not be admitted. The poor fellow, on whom the snow continued to fall heavily, reiterated his request with such strong assurances that she had nothing to fear, and such piteous representations of the frost, and the snow, and the wind, and the darkness of the sky, that Mrs. Tarleton at length softened, and unbarred the door, and let the stranger in. She did not give him a very cordial reception, but she said, "Take a seat by the fire."

"Thank you," he said, "but what can I do with my horse."

That was a puzzling question. Such a thing as a stable did not belong to the cottage; nor any place which appeared capable of being converted into one.

"We have no out-house," said Mrs. Tarleton, "but a little hovel where we keep our wood."

"Let us try to empty it," said the traveller.

Mrs. Tarleton gave him a lanthorn, and pointed out the wood-house, as she called the hovel, from which the little hoard of billets and faggots was soon removed, and *Trotwell* the horse was led into it.

When the traveller, Mr. Ramsden, returned to the house, after putting Trotwell, not very snugly, into the hovel, he found another person in the room; a female nearly as old as Mrs. Tarleton.

"Cousin Susan," said Mrs. Tarleton, "fry a slice or two of bacon for the good man, and boil him two or three eggs; and let him have a jug of our ale." Then, turning to Ramsden, she said, "our fare is homely, but it is the best we have to offer."

"O, home-made bacon, which I dare say yours is," replied Mr. Ramsden, "is a very great treat to a Londoner."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tarleton, "we generally feed a pig for our winter store, and save a few of the eggs which our hens lay in the summer. We are obliged to live near, and cut close, to bring round the year with credit," she said with a *sigh*.

When supper was ended, a grand difficulty arose about lodging the good man. "We have, to be sure," said Mrs. Tarleton, "two beds; but a visiter is such a rare thing with us, that our spare-bed, as we call it, has not been slept in for the last three years, and I am sure I cannot venture to put you into it without airing. What can we do, Susan?"

Susan said, "I think we must let him have one of the mattrasses off our bed, and cover him up as well as we can, and for one night he may lay on the floor in the spare room."

"Do you think that you can lay in that manner for once?" said Mrs. Tarleton.

"Aye, aye," said Ramsden, "I shall sleep like a prince."

Susan went up stairs, and got all ready, and when all was prepared the traveller was shewn to the room, and the two old women, wishing him a good night's rest, retired to their own apartment.

There fell such a quantity of snow during the

night, that when they met at breakfast next morning, Mr. Ramsden cast many a sorrowful look at the dreary country, and often said, "I shall have a sad journey! I know not how I shall get on! I shall never trace my road through the snow!"

Mrs. Tarleton, whose fears and apprehensions had all subsided, said, "if you are not absolutely compelled to go on, and can make shift to live in our poor way, you are welcome to the shelter of our little cottage: and we will air the bed for you, that you may lay more comfortably than you did last night."

Ramsden thankfully consented to remain, and all was done to make the best of their humble hospitality.

They produced a few peas and beans, which the pig had not devoured, and some bran to feed the horse; and some dry leaves which they had hoarded to litter the sty, in order to make a bed for Trotwell. Their straw was scanty, and hay they had none; so poor Trotwell was not quite so well off as his master.

The next day the country was equally impassable, and Ramsden again remained at the cottage. They all grew such very good friends, that the good women, first by hints, and at last by a regular recital, told Mr. Ramsden the little history of their lives.

"You must know," said Mrs. Tarleton, who was generally the spokeswoman, "that we have been greatly disappointed and deceived by a person with whom we wasted the prime of our lives, and who promised to remunerate our services handsomely in her will. Alas! she died intestate."

"Aye," said Mrs. Rigbey, "though the lawyer was with her three or four times, and she shewed a paper, saying, 'Here it is, I have kept my word with you;' yet when she was dead, no paper could be found."

"What became of her property?" said Ramsden.

"A young man, who was a distant relation, came in for it as heir at law. To be sure he has been kind to us; he allows us eighty pounds a-year, forty of which he sends us every six months; and he gave us what furniture we have here in the house: but we could have done much better by some other means of exertion than living, as we did, the best of our days with Mrs. Saunders."

"Are you sure there was no will?" asked Ramsden.

"O, certain sure," they both said; "every place was searched and it could be found no where."

"Who searched?" said Ramsden.

"Her cousin, Mr. Barton; to be sure, he took all the keys the moment she expired. She was long ill, and he was almost always at the house."

"Where does he live?"

"We do not know. At the time his cousin died, he lived at Greenwich; but he soon moved from there, and we know not whither he went."

"How do you receive the money?"

"In a post letter, the postage of which is always paid."

"Let me see one of them, will you?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tarleton. "Go up stairs, Susan, my dear, and fetch one."

"My father was a clergyman," said Mrs. Tarleton: "poor man! he never got any preferment, except being a curate to a gentleman, who gave him a hundred a year; and you may think that went but a little way in bringing up myself and my sister. Poor Lucy! she did not long survive our dear father. Mrs. Saunders, who had been my mother's schoolfellow, took me to live with her, promising, as I told you before, to provide for me in her will. My cousin, Susan Rigbey's father, was an apothecary. I know not how he managed; he seemed to have a great deal to do, but when he died, he left nothing behind him, save

his furniture, and his medical things; all of which sold for an old song, as I may; and so Mrs. Saunders, who knew her, as having sometimes visited me, took her also into the family, making her the same promises which she had before made me."

Mrs. Tarleton, who was somewhat prolix, had got thus far, when Mrs. Rigbey brought down the letter which had contained the last received forty pounds. "You will perceive, Sir," she said, as she gave it to Ramsden, "that he never puts the name of the place from which he writes."

"We can discover that by the post mark," replied Ramsden. "This is from London, I perceive. What was the name of the attorney, who drew up the paper which Mrs. Saunders told you was a will, in which she had kept her word with you?"

"Jenkins," said Mrs. Tarleton. "He lives in a street near Hyde Park."

"I shall find him out," said Ramsden, "and make some inquiry concerning the will, and also concerning Mr. Barton. It seems a strange thing that any one should continue to deceive you for so many years in such a matter."

The next day the snow ceased, and the day after it began to thaw, and then the waters were out, and Ramsden could not proceed on that ac-

count; so, what with the frost, and then with the thaw, he remained nearly a fortnight with the old ladies. At his departure, he told them that he went the same road every year, about the same time; and that when he came next year, he hoped to have found out something or other, or at least to have persuaded Mr. Barton to encrease his allowance to them.

Mr. Ramsden was on his way home, which he pursued with all dispatch; and the two old cousins were left to go on in the same humble way in which they had lived for the last seven years.

Mr. Ramsden had not been long in town ere he sought out Mr. Jenkins, from whom he learned that Mrs. Saunders had most assuredly made a will, which he had drawn up, and signed as one of the witnesses, in the which she had divided her fortune between her cousin Mr. Barton, who had one full half, and Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey, to each of whom she left one fourth part. He went on to say, that he supposed it might be altogether about twenty thousand pounds. He then described how the property was vested, and the specific parts of it, which she had bequeathed to each of the three individuals. "But you know, Sir," said Mr. Jenkins, "that having made a will is no proof that it was in existence when Mrs. Saun-

ders died. Ladies are apt to be fickle; and it was a much easier thing to destroy the will, than it had been to make it. I was never asked any thing about it, and it was not at all needful, indeed it would have been improper, for me to have come forward and meddled with a matter in which I was not consulted. If it had been litigated by the two ladies, who, according to the will I had drawn up for Mrs. Saunders, were to share the property with Mr. Barton, that would have been another affair."

"Do you know," said Ramsden, "where Mr. Barton is to be found?"

"Really I do not," said Jenkins; "but it is easily to be discovered. He has a mortgage on a gentleman's estate in Buckinghamshire, whose address I will give you, and there you may make inquiry."

Ramsden took his leave, and immediately wrote to the gentleman's agent, from whom he learned that Mr. Barton lived very obscurely in ready furnished lodgings in Brownlow-street, Holborn.

Ramsden, who was all alive to the business he had undertaken to elucidate, lost no time in going to the place of Barton's residence. When he called at the house, he was told that Mr. Barton was out; he called again and again, always with-

out being admitted, and always leaving his name. At last he said to the woman of the house, who always opened the door herself, "My good lady, it is very troublesome and inconvenient to me to come here so often; therefore I will, with your permission, wait til Mr. Barton returns."

"Sir," said the woman, "you cannot get into his rooms, for he takes the key of them away whenever he goes out."

"Can I not wait in the parlour?"

"No indeed, Sir; I never allow any one, who comes after the lodgers, to intrude on my apartments; I might have them full all day long if I did."

"Then I will sit on the stairs."

"You may sit there long enough, for aught I know," said the woman, "for Mr. Barton is a queer chap."

That was an expression which did not greatly delight Mr. Ramsden; however, he sat himself down on the stairs, and while there, after having waited more than an hour, he heard a door open softly, and looking up, he beheld a man's face peeping between the banisters of the landing-place, and disappear so quickly, that he had not time even to say, *Mr. Barton!* for the door was instantly quietly closed. He said, however, to

himself, "O, O! I have you safe, Mr. Barton." He was, nevertheless, at a loss how to proceed; he did not much relish the thought of rushing in, and taking him by surprize, supposing the door to be unlocked, which was not probable; and he did not expect to be admitted if he knocked; he therefore went higher up the stairs, and stood immediately opposite to the drawing-room door, ready to catch him if he peeped again. After standing there nearly another hour, he saw the door gently open, and the same face peep into the passage. "Your servant, Mr. Barton," said he; "the good woman below thought that you were out; and as she said that you always took the key of your apartments when that was the case, I ventured to take the liberty to await your return on the stairs. I am happy to find that she made a mistake; and if you please, I will tell you my business now."

"Sir," said Mr. Barton, in some confusion, "I am going out, and I am in a hurry. I cannot stop."

"I have not much to say; it will be soon said," observed Ramsden, "I come from Mr. Jenkins."

"From Mr. Jenkins, Sir!"

"Yes; so far from Mr. Jenkins, that he gave me the clue by which I have traced you."

"Clue, Sir!"

"I mean, that he told me of the gentleman in Buckinghamshire, on whose estate you have a mortgage."

"Well, Sir; and what of that?"

"Not much of that; the agent gave me your address; that is all of that. But my chief business is concerning Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey."

"Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey!" said Barton, who became as pale as death; "Well, Sir, what of them? They still live, I presume."

"Yes, Sir; but they live very poorly.

"Well, Sir, what have I to do with that?"

"If you will allow me to have half an hour's conversation with you, I will tell you."

"Sir, I cannot stay; I am going a great way, Sir; and I am in a hurry."

The frequent changes in Mr. Barton's countenance made Ramsden think that all was not right, and he said, "Pardon me, Mr. Barton, I am determined that you shall hear what I have to say; and if you will not hear it from my own mouth, I must employ some one who will enforce the business upon you."

Barton looked at his watch. "It is impossible, Sir," he said, "for me to wait, I have not time."

"Very well, Sir, then you shall hear from Mr. Jenkins."

"That—as—you—please—Sir,"—said Barton, in a broken tremulous manner, and dropt into a chair which was near the door of the room, out of which he had not absolutely advanced, but stood, as it were, in the door way: while Ramsden stood on the landing place, so near the door, that one step more, and he would have been in the room.

"Really, Sir," said Barton, "I assure you, Sir, I know nothing about it."

"About *it!*——about what? I have not yet named my buiness."

"Sir," said Barton, "I guess your business."

"Mr. Barton," said Ramsden, "pardon me, if I say, that I am afraid you do indeed, guess my business. Let us talk it over now. Let me stay with you now."

"Well, Sir," said Barton, with much hesitation, "I will defer my business, though it was somewhat urgent——I will hear you now—walk in."

Ramsden entered. They both sat silent for a short space, at length Ramsden said, "it sometimes happens, Mr. Barton, that circumstances the most unexpected bring people suddenly acquainted with each other; and that communica-

tions are made by and to those who may almost be called mutual strangers. A violent storm drove me to ask shelter at a white cottage between Ross and Hereford. That shelter granted, brought me acquainted with Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey; and that acquaintance procured me the knowledge of their great disappointment when your cousin Mrs. Saunders died intestate. You are not now to learn that they lost all the proper exertions of the prime of life in attendance on Mrs. Saunders, who promised to remunerate them in her will. You know that a will was made by Mrs. Saunders; and you know....."

"Well, Sir," said Barton, "does it therefore follow that I know what became of it? Really, Sir, to come here and insult me in this manner, is such an affront—is such a—such a—as I was about to say—so rude—so gross—is such an unlooked for accusation."

"Sir," said Ramsden, "I have not accused you. If you are accused, it is by yourself."

"By myself!—accused by myself!—Sir, what would you insinuate?"

"Do you not know that a will was made? Do you not know what share those two humble friends of Mrs. Saunders had in the property thereby bequeathed?"

"Well, Sir; if I do?"

"Mr. Barton," said Ramsden, "put all the questions you expect from me to yourself. Ask yourself what you guess I have to say."

Barton bit his lips. He played the tattoo with his nails on the table. He rose. He paced the room. He resumed his seat——"Sir," he began and stopt.

"Take time for reflection, Sir," said Ramsden, "I am in no hurry. What you may have to say to me is material to them; is material to yourself.—It will be private. There is no witness. No earthly ear hears us: no eye of man beholds us: but there is One above who hears, who sees, who scrutinizes the secret recesses of our hearts."

"Do you think there is?"

"Do I think there is! Do you not?"

"It is not the creed in which I have been bred," said Barton.

"No!" said Ramsden, with astonishment.

"No, Sir, it is not—but I begin to fear...."

"To fear in such a case, is to be convinced. Sir, if you fear....."

"You have touched a string," said Barton, "which vibrates powerfully."

"Give it full play," said Ramsden.

Barton pushed his chair back from the table:

placed his two elbows on the arms of his chair; and stared full in Ramsden's face. After he had long looked at him without uttering a word, although he had often coughed, and ejaculated a noise, which was something between a hum and a whistle, he drew his chair again to the table, and leaning forward, said, "I protest to you, Sir, that I hardly know how to begin to talk to you.——It is true that I have lived without faith, without hope. My youth was passed among men who held that gratification was the end of every action; and chance the cause of all production. As the natural consequence of such an opinion, I have allowed nothing to interrupt my own pursuits; nothing to interfere with my own happiness."

"Have you established it?" asked Ramsden.

"Sir!" exclaimed Barton.

"Have you established your happiness? I say. Are you a happy man?"

"Sir, what is my happiness to you?"

"Certainly, Sir, nothing," replied Ramsden. "Whether you have found happiness, or whether you have not, can be no concern of mine: but, if you have, I shall be much surprized."

"If I have not, shall I be the first man who has mistaken the road to happiness?"

"I am afraid not;" answered Ramsden, "none

ve found it, I should suppose, who sought your road. That man who makes personal ation the end of every action, can have no o friendship for any one: consequently he right to expect either love or friendship nother. He has no right to complain if he ed: he has no right to complain if he be ed: nay, not if his wound produce death."
low, Sir! have I no right to complain if I red?"
one. The man who robs you wants your he gratifies himself by taking it. What is ss to him? The man who slays you, puts t of the way, who interrupted his pursuits. ave been taught, you say, that gratification nd of action; therefore, in the same case, ould do the same. Surely what you can in yourself for doing against another, is justifiable in another, if done against

do not know that," said Barton.
ay, Sir, if you rob to procure that which nnot get fairly, to the end that you may e a richer man; and call it the true end of ; what can you say against the man who u for the same end?"

"But, Sir, in regard to killing me: what can you say to that?"

"Why, Sir, I say to you, that he kills to the same end. He gains your fortune; with your fortune he gains your influence; with your influence your power."

"But what of his conscience, Sir," said Barton.

"That is the very point to which I wish to come," said Ramsden. "Let me ask you, Sir, what you think conscience is, but an inward assurance that we have done wrong: and the uneasiness which that assurance occasions, is a proof that, stifle it how we may, we are not without fear: and our fear proves that we acknowledge to ourselves in secret, the existence of a Power whose anger we dread; though we dare to deny it to the world. Allow me, Sir, to ask you, did you ever see one of your faithless hopeless companions die?"

"Once," said Barton.

"How did he die?"

"How did he die!"

"Aye; was he calm, as one who thought that to die was merely to become a part of matter in a new form, as chance might hereafter mingle him with other substances? or, was he agitated by

emotions which evinced a doubt that to die, that is, to cease to breathe, was the *end-all* of man?"

"To confess the truth to you," said Barton, "his death was the saddest sight I ever beheld. I must say that it did in a great degree stagger me."

"How was it?" said Ramsden.

"He had been ill a long time, and I and many others often went to cheer him, for he was very low spirited. We did all we could to make him merry. At last he grew so bad, that he kept his bed. His question then to every one of us was, fifty times in a minute, '*Do you think that I shall die?*' I said to him one day, 'why, Ned, you are not afraid to die, I hope?' 'Tom,' said he, 'to die is a fearful thing:' at which I burst into a loud laugh. 'Tom,' said he again, 'do not be so wicked:' then I laughed at him more and more. 'I cannot bear this mockery,' said he, 'at this awful moment.' 'Awful!' said I, and laughed again. 'Forbear,' he said, 'forbear. I feel that which assures me that to die is not merely to sleep and be no more.' Just at that moment the bell of the parish church, to which he lived very near, began to toll. He started. 'Silence that dreadful bell,' he said, 'silence it, for heaven's sake.' 'For the sake of what?' said I.

'For heaven's sake,' he repeated. 'What mumping stuff have you got into your head now?' said I. 'O, Tom,' he said, 'my fear of death, my terrors of what may be hereafter, are so great, that they scathe me like burning plough-shares. What my body suffers, is, as it were, nothing; but the agonies of my mind are past endurance.' His bodily agonies were methought enough, for he absolutely distorted himself with convulsive writhings. 'O Tom,' he said, 'pray for me.' 'Pray!' said I. 'Pray to whom?' 'To that Power,' he replied, 'to whom my life has been an offence.' 'Pray for yourself,' said I, 'for I have something else to do.' 'Tom Barton,' he said, 'this is no time to dissemble. I feel, I feel there is a Power above us, I feel that I cannot return to dust, and be inanimate.' Here his countenance changed, his lips trembled, his eyes glared. 'Hide me, hide me; save me, save me,' he cried, and threw himself into my arms. He instantly expired, and I was clasped in the convulsive hug of his last agony. I flung him from me, and he fell back on his pillow. His was the first corpse which I had ever seen. O, what a change! The hue of death was instantly spread over him. I stood alone beside him. 'Can this be the end of man,' I said. 'Is beauty, is strength, is reason ours for no more

but this!' While I stood contemplating my dead companion, some more of our gay friends entered his chamber. He was an appalling sight to all. Not one had a joke to make another smile. If I may so express myself, they all slunk out of the room abashed. I followed them, Sir, and I have never been cheerful since. I seem to struggle with something within me, which I cannot overcome."

"Mr. Barton," said Ramsden, "It is a very old observation, that many men have lived in the profession of atheism, but none have died atheists. An internal conviction that a Being above the limits of the earth and the power of man, exists as a first cause, is implanted in the heart, and however it may be choaked by weeds, it never can be eradicated. The most ancient records that have been preserved, the oldest traditions that have been handed down, and the most uncivilized savages that have been discovered, all bear ample testimony to the truth of what I say; and wherever the footsteps of man can be traced, there will always be found the priest and the altar. Though some pretenders to great wisdom in their absurd attempts to disprove a Lord of heaven and earth, and their own immortal responsibility, make some proselytes; yet, that they have so done, adds bit-

terness to their own conviction: for believe me, Mr. Barton, the test of a death-bed is not a solitary instance in the friend you saw expire."

"Sir," said Barton, and threw his arm over the table, seizing Ramsden's hand, "Sir," he said again, squeezing his hand with a rough grapple; "Sir, you probe deeply."

"It is the way to reach the wound," said Ramsden.

"O, Mr. Ramsden," said Barton, dragging the hand he held across the table, "the death of Ned Morton has never been absent from my imagination. His fears, the agonies of his mind, his last shriek, his convulsive grasp, are ever present to my mind. —— O, why am I impelled to say to you, who are a stranger, that I fear I am immortal."

"Say you hope it, Mr. Barton."

"O no, O no; I dare not hope it. I fear there is a Power I have offended, and how can I appease him? What have I to give, that he can need from me? What have I to offer which he cannot seize?"

"Offer a contrite heart," said Ramsden. "Injury to others is offence to him. Deprecate his wrath, if you have injured any one, by making atonement to the injured."

"O! Mr. Ramsden!" said Barton, striking his forehead; "My cousin Mrs. Saunders —— but what is that to you?——Sir, I have a character to keep up in the world——Sir, I will not be exposed ——Sir we will drop the subject."

Ramsden, who saw the deep conflict in Mr. Barton's bosom, sat silent.

After a long pause, "Sir," said Barton, "can matters be done quietly?——Can atonement be made without disgrace?"

"Explain yourself," said Ramsden.

"You said, Mr. Ramsden, that I knew Mrs. Saunders had made a will."

"I did so."

"Sir, I never did destroy it."

"Sir," retorted Ramsden, "I did not accuse you of doing so."

"Did you not?——Well——No, I never did destroy it——but——O, Sir!——Dare I say more?——Will you be faithful?——will you be merciful?"

"Try me."

"Promise me."

"Pardon me, Sir," said Ramsden, "I can make no promises in a matter of which I am totally ignorant."

"Well, Sir, my cousin did, as you say, make a will——Well, Sir——Say that will should by chance be found?"

"It would be a lucky chance," said Ramsden.

"Well, Sir, what if it should, so, by chance, be found?——What could be done in that supposed case? I say, Sir."

"We would prove it, and put it in force."

"As quietly as that, Sir?"

"Aye——What else need be done?"

"Well, Sir," said Barton, again seizing Ramsden's hand——"Well, Sir——I have——I have found it——and how to act under the circumstance of finding it, has perplexed me for some time back."

"As I said before, there is nothing to be done, but to act under it. To have found it is quite sufficient."

"You shall see it, Sir," said Barton, and he went into the back room; where Mr. Ramsden heard him move many weighty things, and at last heard him turn a key; he then heard all the things moved back again; and then Barton returned with a sealed paper in his hand.

"You see, Sir," he said, "that it has never been opened. Here it is, sealed with my cousin's own seal, and endorsed by old Jenkins himself."

Barton then broke the seal, and within the envelope found the will.

"How, and where I found it," said he, "is no matter——here it is——no more need be said——here it is with the lawyer's own signature as a witness."

"It is enough," said Ramsden.

Barton's countenance brightened up, he smiled, and was like a new man.

"Come," said Barton, "we will go to Jenkins together."

Away they went——Whatever Ramsden or Jenkins might think of the detention, or the production of the will, they hinted no suspicions.

Barton and a man named Gilbert Tarleton, cousin in the third degree to Mrs. Tarleton, were the two executors. The will was proved. The old ladies were written to; and Ramsden received a power of attorney to act for them.

The thatched roof was taken off the cottage, another floor added to its height, and a stable built for Trotwell.

Mr. Ramsden in his winter circuit always staid a fortnight with his two old friends, who seemed to think that they never could do enough to prove their gratitude for his exertions.

Often during the visit, the snow fell, the wind

blew, and the thaw increased the waters, a
minded them of the dreary night when he
asked shelter beneath their humble thatch
the old cousins would often repeat the old sa

"IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GO

THE NOTE-BOOK.

It frequently happens that, as they walk about, people find things which are dropped in the streets. Those which are of much value are generally advertised in the newspapers, but such as are deemed mere trifles are, for the most part pocketed by the finders. I once found a packet of gingerbread cakes on the coach pavement, which, I dare say, was much lamented by some disappointed child; and I once found a well-stored needle-case, for the loss of which some unfortunate little girl was, no doubt, punished at school: but I never found a purse or a jewel in my life: so that I never have been tempted to retain what, being valuable, would perhaps have constituted a theft. There are also some things so equivocal in their value, that it is difficult to say if they be precious or trifling. Of that nondescript sort is a note-book which a gentleman picked up in one of the great

squares. It was much torn, and appeared to have contained more than remained to make amends to the finder for the trouble of stooping to gain it. Many of the leaves had been torn out at the beginning, and some of those remaining were partly torn away; and there was still much blank paper. The scribble left was the journal of some young man, seemingly on a visit in London, who, in all probability meant, when he returned home, to entertain his country friends with his adventures and remarks. The first register was sadly mutilated: it began with the word *horse*, and a little lower down the word *bridle* was found. There was not enough however, of the beginning of the entry to enable any one to ascertain who the writer was, whence he came, or whither he was *going*. Two or three broken lines followed the above two words, and then it went on smoothly, thus,

When we had travelled more than seventeen miles without halting, I observed that Whitefoot began to flag; and I said to my uncle, "Sir, you had better rest the horse at the next inn we reach."

"Rest the horse!" said my uncle, "I am in a hurry, and I must get to my journey's end without delay."

"Whitefoot cannot go on," said I.

"Whitefoot shall go on," said my uncle.

"You will gain time," said I, "by letting the poor animal rest a little, for afterward he will go on with fresh spirit, and make up for the time lost."

"Hold your tongue," said my uncle, "do you think that I do not understand horses better than you."

I was silenced. Whitefoot stopped, my uncle whipped him severely; he went on; he stopped again; my uncle whipped again; and thus we went very slowly for a mile and a half beyond an inn which we were very near when I first asked my uncle to halt. Whitefoot stopped again, my uncle grew angry, and lashed him very cruelly ——Whitefoot dropped——my uncle became furious. When we got out of the gig to help him to rise, poor Whitefoot was dead. "This comes of overloading the gig with you," said my uncle, "Your weight has killed him. What amends can you make me, hey, for my good nature in giving you a ride?"

"My weight, Sir!" said I.

"Yes, your weight, Sir," said my uncle. "Come, help me to draw the gig to some place where I can get another horse."

He unfastened the traces, took off the harness,

and put it into the carriage. In very great displeasure he pulled and kicked Whitefoot to the side of the road, and then we began to drag the gig. The road was a bye road, so no one came by to help us. Forward we went til we came to a hill.

"We must rest ourselves," said my uncle, "and then on again til we get to the top."

"If you had allowed Whitefoot to rest," said I, we should have saved all the time we are labouring, and have saved Whitefoot too.

"What do you mean by saying we should have saved Whitefoot? I tell you, your weight killed him. Do you reproach me with my good nature?"

"No, I am sure I cannot do that," said I.

"You had better not," said my uncle.

Well—on we went again, pushing and pulling by turns, and stopping every ten minutes, and putting stones under the wheels to prevent them from running back. When we reached the top of the hill, which we were a long tedious time surmounting, "One more rest," said my uncle, "and we shall go famously down."

"We have lost more time than would have rested Whitefoot," said I.

"At it again," said my uncle, "I tell you again, and again your weight killed him."

My uncle found what it was to be tired, for we sat still full half an hour.

"Now for it," said my uncle.

No sooner did we begin to descend the hill, which was very steep, than for want of steady Whitefoot to bear the carriage up, away it went, my uncle and I could hardly get out of the way; we nearly shared the fate of Whitefoot. Helter skelter went the gig, and was soon upset, both the shafts were broken, both the wheels came off —The seat box was jolted out, the lid flew open, and the contents were scattered. I do not know how to write down my uncle's rage. How he scolded! How he fretted! He did not know what to do. We could not carry the gig, and the wheels, and the broken shafts, and the box; so it was all pulled, and kicked to the road side, as poor Whitefoot had been pulled and kicked before; and instead of getting to our journey's end without delay, we picked up my uncle's scattered wardrobe, and each taking a part of it under his arm, we walked to the next town, where we were compelled to stay all night, for we did not reach it before eleven o'clock. "We should have been here by tea-time, if you had rested Whitefoot,"

said I. My uncle was so overcome by vexation and fatigue, that I believe he began to be of my opinion, for he made no reply.

Memorandum—Very sorry for poor Whitefoot; but think that my uncle was rightly served.

N. B. A merciful man is merciful to his beast.

The journal went on thus:

Thursday, 14————

The name of the month, no doubt, was on the entries torn out of the book.

The first thing my uncle did in the morning was to send a cart to fetch the broken gig, and another to fetch Whitefoot. Nothing could be done to the gig, it was too much damaged. As for Whitefoot, he was buried in the corner of a field.

N. B. I must do my uncle the justice to say, that now unkindness could not be felt, he was very kind.

After we had seen the ground thrown in upon Whitefoot, we had no.....

Here another torn leaf interrupted the narrative. Two days are thus lost, and the journal cannot be resumed until

Sunday, 17.—Went to drink tea with my cousin. I could not help being surprised at the number of funerals I met by the way. One affected me very much. It was conducted with all the solem-

of the middle class of society, without any
ers or flourish. In front of the procession
ed two mutes, whose staves were dressed
black. Then came the coffin; in which, I
ose, was enclosed the wife and mother of the
wers. At the head of the coffin walked, as
mourner, a man apparently under thirty
of age. He bore in his arms a little girl,
appeared to be about fifteen months old. She
dressed, like the other females, in a black
, from under which her placid countenance
a strong contrast to the woe-worn face of her
r. They met the wind, and as bearing his
prevented him from holding his cloak, it filled
the brisk gale, and floated behind him like a
sail, which added greatly to the mournful-
of his appearance. He was followed by a
boy about seven years old, and a little girl
t five: and they were again followed by
ners, who walked two and two. Foolish
l youth that I was, I could not refrain from
; but all felt as I did. A woman, who stood
me area steps, said that she never saw such
ting sight; and a woman who was sitting at
ple-stall said, in a piteous tone, that it was
moving.

N. B. A proof that the genuine feelings of all hearts sympathize with the unhappy.

The train went slowly on, followed by all eyes, the whole length of that long street called *Baker-street*, and when it turned toward St. John's Chapel, every spectator seemed to mourn a friend. I could not put it out of my head all the way I walked, and when I reached my cousin's, methought the kind manner in which every member of the family welcomed me, was doubly dear, when viewed in comparison with the sad separation which for ever took place between the members of the family who followed, and saw deposited in the silent grave, the earthly remains of her whom all had loved, even the babe who was unconscious of her loss.

Monday, 18.—Went with my uncle and aunt to dine with their friend Mr. Spicer in Aldersgate-street. We got there the first of all the guests. I offered to salute Miss Augusta Spicer, and was repulsed with disdain.

N. B. She need not have been so scornful, it was more than many would have done, for I am sure she is no beauty.

Tuesday, 19.—Passed a very agreeable morning, a few miles out of town, at the house of my

uncle's old friend, Mr. Lindsey. It was indeed quite rural felicity. Miss Augusta Spicer, who was one of the party, said it was a *fête champêtre*. The good old gentleman had invited some musicians, and there was instrumental music, which Miss Augusta said was like *the music of the spheres*, and vocal music, which she said was like *the chaunting of Cherubim and Seraphim*. Indeed she went so high for all her praises, always taking care to speak first, that other people's exclamations of *charming*, *delightful*, *exquisite*, and so forth, seemed like nothing at all.——By the bye, every body talked too much. Though certainly the greater part of what was said was commendation; yet, I think that if I had been one of the performers, I should have been more gratified by the silent attention of a lady, who sat aloof from the vociferously rapturous, down whose cheek I more than once saw a tear trickle gently. When the concert, which had been under a tent erected in the garden, was over, we returned to the house, where we partook of a collation, which Miss Augusta Spicer said was an elegant *petit déjeuné*. Methinks she therein fell too far short of her former exaggeration, and that *petit* was misapplied: and so, I believe, thought good Mr. Lindsey, for he said, with something like a sneer,

"Though my portion be but scant,
I give it with good will."

"I know not what you call scant," said my uncle, "but to my thinking it partakes of old English hospitality."

So it did. Substantials were abundant, interspersed with all sorts of dainties; such as ices, jellies, fruits, cakes, and fanciful pastry: which Miss Augusta called *jolie patisserie.* There was also a bountiful supply of delicious wines.

When the repast was ended, some of the gentlemen amused themselves at bowls, and trap-ball, and some walked with the ladies in the shrubberies, and by the side of the canal, which was a branch of the Colne, where a sad accident somewhat overclouded the bright scene of our joy. One of the young ladies in passing over the water fell from a foot-bridge into the stream. Many shrieks alarmed every one, and Miss Augusta Spicer exclaimed, *O quel malheur!* All ran to the banks, and the gallant intrepid Mr. Edward Jaques leaped in to save her, and restored her to her friends. The good-natured girl made no nonsensical fuss: she thanked her rescuer, said that she was not hurt, and quietly submitted to go into the house and put on some of Miss Lindsey's cloaths.

About five o'clock we began to separate, and returned to town to a late dinner.

A person, who was one of the company, wrote the following lines, and presented them to the young lady who met with the accident. As I have been allowed to copy them, I insert them here, for fear that they should be lost.

Bright shone the sun, and soft the breezes blew,
Spring mid the fleeting clouds his odours threw,
When Delia with a troop of nymphs and swains,
Light tripping skimm'd across the flow'ry plains.
On Colne's green banks they cours'd the winding stream,
Whose waves reflected clear the noon-tide beam!
By sudden impulse rous'd, the gentle maid,
As gay and sportive carelessly they stray'd,
Impetuous rush'd, and like a bounding doe,
Or like an arrow from a well-drawn bow,
Left her companions, who affrighted stood,
And, wond'ring, saw her plunge into the flood.
O say! didst thou some cruel Satyr spy,
And like Lodona didst thou strive to fly?
Like her afraid to fall his savage prey,
Like her would'st in the stream dissolve away!
Instant the Fluviales round her throng,
Eager to bear the precious prize along:
Some on their pearly arms their burden lay,
While others clear the tangling weeds away:
And smoothly floating on a silver wave,
Would have convey'd her to their sedge-form'd cave:

But Damon, who beheld the struggling Fair,
Leap'd in to save her from the fatal snare.
Thrice he essay'd to clasp her to his breast,
Thrice their superior pow'r the maid confest.
But who can stand against the daring arm
Rais'd to defend mild Innocence from harm?
Though loud they blew their many-sounding shells,
Which wak'd the Nereides from their secret cells,
And rous'd old Ocean from his coral bed,
Who a fierce train of sea-gods thither led;
Th' undaunted youth a stern defiance hurl'd,
And scorn'd the tyrant of the wat'ry world.
To meet their darts his bosom he expos'd,
His single strength against them all oppos'd:
Triumphant snatch'd her from tyrannic sway,
As "a rich trophy" bore his prize away,
Restor'd her to the nymphs and swains around,
Who with their praises made the hills resound,
In grateful chorus sang his high renown,
And plac'd upon his head a myrtle crown.

Wednesday, 20.—Received a letter from my sister, desiring me to go to Frith-street, and inquire concerning my mother's old friend, Mrs. Monkton. — Went accordingly — knocked at several doors before I found the house where the old lady was known. When at last I got to the right place, I asked if Mrs. Monkton lived there?

"She lived here once, Sir, but she does not live here now!"

"Where does she live now?" said I.

"Bless your heart," answered the woman, "she lives no where; she is dead and buried, Sir."

Though I was very sorry to hear of the death of my mother's old friend, yet I could not forbear smiling at the cool careless manner in which the servant told me of it. "Thus it is," said I to myself, as I walked down the street; "we live, and die, and are buried; and that we are taken away, does not seem of more, nay, not of so much consequence, as taking a high geranium from a green-house." I pondered on the insignificance of each to the world at large, til I lost my way; and when I began to look about me, in order to discover whither I had strolled, I found that I had strayed to Abingdon-street, Westminster. Thinks I to myself, now I am in this part of the world, I may as well call on Mr. Dobbs, the *amateur performer*, as Miss Augusta Spicer called him, on the violoncello. He invited me to do so; and perhaps he will favour me with a little music: so on I went to College-street: and as soon as I entered the parlour, before I could get through the complimentary *how do you do, this morning?* "O, Sir!" said Mr. Dobbs, "I have had such a dreadful misfortune since I saw you yesterday at Mr. Lindsey's."

I looked at him; no accident appeared to have happened to him; no limbs were broken. I then looked at Mrs. Dobbs. The accident had not befallen her. I thought little Miss might be dead, for I heard that she had been ill; therefore I forbore making inquiry after her.

"I have indeed," said he. "You must know, Sir, that after I had been in bed about an hour ——"

"You had been in bed more than three hours," said his wife.

"No, my dear, I had not indeed——"

"Now, how can you say so? You know you went to bed about eleven, and you know that when we were alarmed, the watchman was crying half past two: so it must have been more than three hours. Must it not, Sir?" she said, turning to me.

"Sir," said Mr. Dobbs, "I did not go to bed til long after twelve."

"How can you say so? I am sure——"

"Well, it is no great matter."

"Yes, it is, I always like to tell things as they are."

"Well," said Mr. Dobbs, "I will not dispute about an hour or two. I had been in bed a long

time, Sir, when I heard the sound of my violoncello. There are thieves in the house, Kitty, said I to my wife: they are playing on my violoncello."

"A likely thing, indeed, said I," interrupted Mrs. Dobbs, "that thieves should play on the violoncello! That would be giving us notice of their approach. I was just making that remark, when, what should I hear but the sound of it."

"There, now you will believe, I hope, said I to my wife," resumed Mr. Dobbs, "now you hear them with your own ears? I will believe no such thing, said my wife. Thieves indeed! It is a ghost. You know we were told when we took the house, that it was haunted."

"Well, we were told so," said Mrs. Dobbs, "but you are always so obstinate, you will have your own way. We were told so, indeed, Sir," she repeated, addressing herself to me, "and though it did not prove to be a ghost that played on the violoncello last night; yet I know that there are things which walk about below; for all Mr. Dobbs does not believe me."

"Well, I will not dispute about non-entities," said Mr. Dobbs, "but let me tell my young friend here how it was. While I was talking the matter

over with Mrs. Dobbs, we heard something fall, and then such a smash."

"O such a smash," again interrupted Mrs. Dobbs, "I thought all the windows were beat in. 'Give me a light,' said Mr. Dobbs. 'You shall have no light,' said I; 'for I was afraid he would be killed. 'Then I will go down in the dark,' said he."

"I said so, truly," here again resumed Mr. Dobbs, "and down I came. I found the parlour door wide open; and I walked about, and about, groping and groping with my hands; and at last I came in contact with something hairy, and seized, as I thought, a man by the beard. 'Bring a light, bring a light directly!' I hallooed to Mrs. Dobbs; 'I have caught the thief. Bring a light!' 'Not I, indeed,' said Mr. Dobbs, 'I shall bring no light.' The noise I made alarmed the house. 'Bring a light!' I continued to call. At last a light was brought me. —— O, Sir! There lay my violoncello trampled and broken to bits; and I had got the goat by the chin."——

I stared—I thought poor Mr. Dobbs was gone out of his senses.

"It is very true, Sir," said Mrs. Dobbs; "a nanny-goat, which we keep to give goat's milk to

poor dear little Charlotte, who is very bad; very bad indeed!"

"Do you keep the animal in the parlour?" said I.

"No," said Mrs. Dobbs, "but the poor creature is very tame, and follows us about like a dog; and I suppose that she staid in the parlour after we had fed her, and that we went up stairs without observing her.——Here Nan, Nan!" said she, and in trotted the goat.

"Turn her out," said Mr. Dobbs; "I shall never bear the sight of her again."

"Poor little thing!" cried Mrs. Dobbs. "Not bear the sight of her again, when she does so much good to Charlotte! You should have put the violoncello into the case, Mr. Dobbs, and she would never have got at it."

N.B. That was a very just remark; for certainly all accidents, as they are called, are occasioned by our own neglect.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Dobbs, "You shall see. Look here, Sir. Did you ever see such a thing in all your life? My fine violoncello! Sir, there is not such another violoncello in the world. It was so sweet, so soft, so mellow!"

"Can it not be mended?" said I.

"Mended, Sir!" said Mr. Dobbs, "impos-

sible! Look what a condition it is in. The abominable animal has put her feet upon it, and it is all in shivers."

"Do not abuse the poor thing," said Mrs. Dobbs; "it was your own fault, as I told you from the very first."

"I vow," said Mr. Dobbs, "you are like one of Job's comforters!——As I was saying, Sir, it cannot be mended."

"Then you must endeavour to get such another," said I.

"Sir, there is not such another to be found."

"No, to be sure, your geese are all swans," said Mrs. Dobbs.

After that elegant observation, which would probably bring on a retort, which might not be the *retort courteous*, I thought it was time to retreat; so, looking at my watch, and saying I was sorry that I could not stay, I took my leave.

When I told my uncle at dinner what had happened, "Robert," said he, "a broken fiddle is a bad thing; but a rude wife is a worse."

In the evening, or, as we should say in the country, at night, we went to a grand fancy ball at Mrs. Wilson's. I never saw any thing so beautiful and magnificent before. I wish our good folks in the country managed their gay do-

ings so cleverly. This shall serve them for a hint when I return to them.

Three large rooms were ornamented with festoons of flowers, among which were hung variegated lamps: but that would have been but a glimmering, had it not been for a large chandelier in each room which dazzled with brilliance. The floor of the ball-room was painted, and appeared to be strewn with fruits and flowers. I hardly know how to talk about it. Methought I was in an enchanted castle. The ladies were all fantastically dressed, with flowers, and feathers, and ribbands, and trinkets. They looked like the genii of the place.—By the way, the fancy was all theirs; the men were very hum-drum. Then the dancing! Some swam round the room, dying away in a waltz: others trod the intricate mazes of quadrilles, varying the steps of their "many tinkling feet," to the sound of harps and tabors.——Then the refreshments! Some on silver salvers, others in pretty baskets fancifully ornamented. I was intoxicated with delight. We danced and drank orgeat and lemonade; and then danced, and then drank again; and had been going on in continued sprightliness for four or five hours, when a violent and general shriek from the farthest chamber, suddenly checked us all. The music stopt instantly,

and we stood amazed. A lady, whose daughters were among the sportive minglers in the lively dance, fell while joining in the entertainments which had been prepared for the more elderly guests. She was conveyed to an upper apartment, to which she was borne by some of the gentlemen through the decorated rooms, which not a minute before had resounded with gay minstrelsy.

O! believe it; we could not resume——we could not speak——we could not mingle——we could not separate——It was a hushed throng. Each was alone in a croud; and when at last all departed, the rooms were emptied with the "stillness of the breeze on the lake in summer."

Thursday, 21.—My uncle had a dinner party at his own house. Though the dinner was ordered at a very late hour, yet one of the guests made us wait considerably beyond the time fixed. My uncle was not greatly delighted, and my aunt was quite angry. At last, after they had looked at their watches, and walked to the window many times, a carriage stopt at the door, and Mr. Elmsford was announced. He made a great many apologies, and then said that he had been detained by an affair, in which he had to be sure no business to interfere; "but," said he, "I be-

came so interested, that I forgot, pardon me for saying so, that I was making my good friends wait. When I was as far on my way as Montague-street, the carriage was stopt by an assemblage of people, which the coachman could not disperse. There was such an outcry, such a wailing, that I pulled the check-string, and inquired what had happened. I found that a girl, no more than ten years old, had been sent out to walk in the Park with her little sister; where she had been met by a woman, who told her that she had been sent after her by her mother, to desire her to return home as fast as possible, for she wanted to send her elsewhere on very particular business. 'Give me the baby, and I will carry it for you, and you will be able to run the faster.' The simple girl gave her little sister to the stranger, and ran on. When she reached home, she found that the woman had deceived her. 'She followed me a long while,' said the terrified little creature, 'and I suppose gave me the slip at the corner of one of the streets.' I jumped out of the carriage, ran one way, as I was directed, and sent Thomas another, but alas! all in vain. We returned to the spot where the carriage waited for us, without any tidings of the wretch who had thus stolen, no doubt to strip, the infant. Many other persons had been in va-

rious directions, and all were equally unsuccessful. I left the disconsolate mother in the same state of distraction and grief that I found her."

He had just ended his narration, when Daniel came to say, *dinner is on the table.* The gentlemen paired off with the ladies, and though the fish was over-boiled, the meat over-roasted, and the sauces turned to oil, my aunt forgot her anger, and the company partook of every dish with as much *gout* as if all had been right; for every one thought that in the same case, he should have acted in the same manner as Mr. Elmsford.

The tale Mr. Elmsford had related led the conversation to many tales of the same nature. "About six years ago," said a lady, "a distressing circumstance occurred in the neighbourhood where I reside. A gentleman, who kept many servants, and who ought to have known better than to let his child walk alone, was in the daily habit of sending his daughter to what is called a *day boarding-school.* She was near twelve years old, and had gone every morning, and had returned every evening in safety for more than four years; when one evening she staid so long after the customary hour of her return, that her father became uneasy, and sent to inquire the cause of her detention. The messenger was told, that she

had left the school as usual. The alarm of the family cannot be expressed. Intelligence was given at all the police offices, and proper officers sent from them all in search of her. The afflicted father also sent in every direction; but, dreadful to relate, she never has been found. The horrid surmises of her parents were so painful, that her unhappy mother sunk under them; and in the course of a few months she became the victim of grief, and terminated her sorrows in the grave. Her father has never recovered the blow, but in a state of gloomy despondency consumes his days in melancholy despair."

"The little attention paid in more instances than one to the care of children is, in my opinion," said an old gentleman of the party, "one of the most unaccountable neglects in the world. Beside sending them about the streets alone, and trusting infants with children who stand in need of protection themselves; I think that, in most cases, the neglect of mothers who send their little ones to the hired care of nurses is very reprehensible. Their own neglected duties might teach them not to rely on others for that care and attention which they are bound to bestow on their offspring: and I make no doubt that half the cripples which we behold, and half the puny sickly

constitutions which we deplore, owe their accidents and their calamities to that sad practice. I knew a lady once, who, to be sure, lived in a very confined part of the city, and gave that as a reason for sending her child away; who put her infant to be nursed with a woman at Greenwich. Though she thus removed her child from a mother's watchfulness, she loved it, and often went to the nurse's house to see it. However, it happened that she was seldom gratified, for the child was almost always out when she went there, and she returned home disappointed. It occurred so frequently, that one day she determined to wait til the little dear was brought home. The nurse appeared much annoyed by her stay, and often went to the door to look out, and thus time passed on til the dusk of evening was far advanced, and both mother and nurse became very uneasy. 'Such a thing never happened before,' said the nurse. At length there was a tap at the door, and the mother, in spite of the endeavours of the nurse to keep her back, opened it, and received her baby from a woman, who saying, 'Here is little Emma,' went away. A ribband was round the child's waist, from which was suspended a little bag, in which was six-pence. The astonished, alarmed, and detected nurse made a full confession that she

let out the child for six-pence a day to the woman who had just brought her back, in order to excite the compassion of those from whom she asked charity. The child was not dressed in her own cloaths, but in tattered garments to render her appearance more pitiable. The mother instantly took her child home, who refused every kind of food that was offered to her. The physician who was consulted, when he beheld the wasted child, and heard the story, was of opinion that the miserable little creature had been accustomed to some sort of strong drink, and advised that different spirits should be tried. Brandy was offered, she would not touch it: she turned in like manner from rum; but when gin was produced, she acknowledged what she had been accustomed to take by swallowing it freely. Many months elapsed ere the child began to put on an appearance of health, which was produced by mixing gin in every thing she ate, and gradually decreasing the quantity til she could eat pure food."

How one story brings on another!

"The neglect and the loss of children," said another gentleman, "is much to be deplored; but what say you to the loss of a bride?"

"The loss of a bride!" exclaimed the company, in a kind of general shout.

"Yes, the loss of a bride," replied the gentleman. "It is an old story, warranted for truth by the person from whom I heard it, who was an elderly visiter at my father's, when I was a little boy. She said that when she was young, she was acquainted with a lady who was married at so very early an age, that when she returned from church, after the marriage ceremony was performed, she went to play til the bridal feast was ready, with the companions who had been her bride's maids, and who, from their extreme youth, might be called children. The game they fixed upon was hide and seek. I need not describe the game, as we were all children once, we all, no doubt, remember the sports of our childhood. After they had played some time, and they had all in their turns been hidden, the bride was to hide herself. She did so: and was sought by her play-fellows, as they thought, every where; but she could not be found. The dismay of the nuptial guests was great. Not only the young bridal friends, but the father and mother, and other relatives of the concealed damsel were greatly distressed and afflicted: chief of all the bridegroom. Every one joined in the search; but maugre all their researches, her hiding-place was so secret, that it could not be found out.

"Many years afterward, when a kind of rummage was made through the house, in a large chest, which shut with a spring-lock, the mouldering remains of the bride were discovered, adorned in the perishing ornaments which she had put on to grace her nuptials."

This last story was so very dreadful, that nobody was able to comment on it, or to continue the story-telling conversation, which had hitherto gone on without interruption. Every body looked so sorrowful, and dullness seemed to be so diffused over the company, that Mr. Elmsford, whose unlucky delay had given rise to all these melancholy anecdotes, thought that he was in duty bound to raise the drooping spirits of his surrounding friends, and he said, "We have heard a great many stories about losses, I will now relate to you a tale of another description. A tale which was told one day at my father's table by a gentleman, who assured us he had known the person of whom he spoke. He said that he had once a friend who was at Lisbon in the year 1755, when that city was destroyed by a terrible earthquake, and thousands of its inhabitants perished. He was wandering among the ruins, and deploring the calamitous devastation which he contemplated, when

issuing from a crack in the earth, he saw a green ribband: he stooped and took hold of it, and pulling it, with very little difficulty drew up a little girl in leading strings. She was so young that she could not speak; therefore he never knew who she was. She might be the daughter of a nobleman, she might be the child of a cobler. However, he took her to himself; had her baptized by the name of PERDITA, which I suppose was suggested to him by SHAKESPEARE, in the WINTER'S TALE: to which he added LISBON as a surname, in commemoration of the place where she had been lost and found. He brought her with him to England; educated her with the tenderest care; and in process of time married her, and lived happily with her for many years."

Cheerfulness was thus restored, and after a few glasses of wine had circulated, the ladies retired and left us to ourselves. We heard them very merry over-head, and when we joined them in the drawing-room, Mr. Grimshaw said to them, "What have you been so merry about, ladies?"

"O, Sir," said a young lady, "we have been diverting ourselves with riddles and sharrards, and such things. Do you not think that it was very pretty amusement?"

"Yes, for ladies," replied Mr. Grimshaw.

Miss Witly, the young lady who had asked the question, and who had, to my knowledge, a well-stored budget of such inoffensive *bagatelles*, was much nettled by Mr. Grimshaw's observation, and said to him, "I question, Sir, if your conversation below has been much more edifying than ours."

Mr. Grimshaw was in his turn nettled, and pettishly answered, "May be not, Madam; but, even in your own way, I dare say I can outdo you. Pray, can you tell me, why a bad wife is better than a good one?"

"That is impossible, Sir," said Miss Whitly. "How can what is bad, be better than what is good?"

"So it is, I assure you," said Mr. Grimshaw; "I knew that I should puzzle you."

She guessed this thing, and that thing, and was always wrong. "Tell me how you make it out," said she.

"No," said Mr. Grimshaw, "I shall leave it to be found out by your profound erudition."

Miss Witly, nettled again by the sneer with which he spoke of her erudition, said, "I dare say it is not worth knowing, therefore....."

Here the note book ceased, and the conun
remains unsolved.

If any of the readers of this transcript can
descend to any thing so frivolous as the solutio
a conundrum, they may take Miss Witly's p
and make the discovery for themselves.

THE PETITION.

To any LADY of HIGH RANK, who knows what the Rules of Good-breeding, and the settled Forms of Politeness are,

The PETITION of the Females of a Country Market Town,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners, anxious to behave in the visitings which they occasionally fulfil, as Ladies should behave, and being unwilling to derogate from the consequence which each assumeth to herself; and finding that when his Majesty King Henry VIII. settled the ceremonies of precedence among his courtiers, he omitted to mention that class to which your Petitioners presume that they belong, for they cannot find that they are among those whom he has described, they are reduced to the necessity of acknowledging that they do not know how to behave: which

ignorance of theirs is the cause of many airs, and head-tossings, and heart-burnings, to the destruction of all good neighbourhood and sociability, insomuch that each withdraweth from friendship, lest she should appear as OMEGA, when she feeleth that she ought to be acknowledged ALPHA. Your Petitioners, therefore, earnestly entreat that some one will teach them to know themselves, and settle what they are, in order that when they meet or separate, it may be known who ought to speak first, and who has a right to the last word:

AND, furthermore, your Petitioners beg to be instructed whether a message of inquiry sent by a servant be, or be not, tantamount to a visit:

AND whether, when a lady of a Country Market Town, who has been an absentee, returneth to her Domicil, it behoveth her to apprize the Town of her arrival; or whether the Town is to discover such her return, and pay congratulatory or inquiring compliments to the returner.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

JANE HIGHTOSS,
ANNE STILTS,
BARBARA BOUNCE,
HANNAH FLOUNCE,

With many more too numerous for insertion.

THE MINOR.

THERE are few things which society has so much cause to lament as the depredations of sharpers on the inexperience and unwariness of youth. SHARPER is a word almost infinite in the applications to which it serves: but among all who deserve to be denominated by that hateful appellation, none are so ruinous as the dishonourable gamblers, who entice young men to the gaming-table; and then by loaded dice, and other nefarious practices, rob them, and drive them to those usurious harpies, who supply them with cash for future plunder.

Notwithstanding that our legislators have in their wisdom enacted various laws to protect the young, and punish the guilty spoilers, yet artful villains ever find some method to evade those laws, and continue their ravages. They generally seize their prey by such a sure spring, that they

rarely overleap the mark; and victim after victim gluts their rapacity.

In the early part of my life I was acquainted with a young gentleman, whom I will call Sir Ferdinand Belmour. He lost his father when he was only ten years old; and was left under the care of his mother, who was an amiable, sensible prudent woman; and of his uncle, Mr. Belmour, a man of strict honor and integrity. He received an excellent education at a public school, and the University of Cambridge; and with his tutor visited many courts on the continent. When he was twenty years of age he returned to England, expecting in the course of a few months to be put in possession of a large unincumbered fortune, and the accumulations of a long minority.

He was open, generous, unsuspicious, and unhackneyed in the ways of the world; and on his return was thrown upon it for the rapacious and crafty to make their prey.

Unfortunately for him, on his first arrival in London, he became acquainted with Mr. Theophilus Bevil, a gay profligate young man *of ton*; whose free, easy, and insinuating manners soon gained the entire confidence of his friend.

Bevil knew that he had a very liberal allowance, which he spent in the same liberal manner

it was given; in the elegant pursuits of a gentleman, and the benevolent gratifications of a charitable heart. His first care was to introduce him among a set of wild bucks, who led him into various expences, and often introduced the dice. They allowed him to win for some time, that he might acquire a relish for play, and then they put forth all their knowledge and skill, and stripped him of the skin with the wool. Bevil, to keep up the farce, never played, though he shared the profits of the plan.

At last, in the utmost distress, the young baronet applied to his friend Bevil for advice. "To what a situation," said he, "has my folly brought me; I have not only lost all my ready money, but I have played upon credit, til I am afraid I have lost that also. I dare not apply to my uncle; I should be ashamed to confess my weakness; and a false account of my situation, I cannot condescend to give. To whom shall I fly for help?"

Bevil said that he was unacquainted with the modes of procedure in raising money; he knew that many young gentlemen did raise money while they were minors, but he thought that it was dishonourable to those who borrowed, and to those who lent. Yet, he continued, "What is to be done? It saves a youth from being exposed to

his connexions, and to the world; and enables him to disentangle himself from difficulties, with which perhaps his friends would leave him to struggle, even if application were made to them."

"Enquire, Bevil," said Sir Ferdinand; "let me not appear so fallen among my associates as to have no resource."

Bevil said he was unknown to that class of men, who live upon the needy and inexperienced, but he would endeavour to find them out.

He applied to Mr. Shears, an usurious man, who had acquired immense wealth by every dirty means which could add a guinea to his hoard. Without one motive to accumulate, but the desire of gain, he sprang on the distressed, and fattened on their miseries. He promised to advance a sum of money, provided an annuity on Sir Ferdinand's life could be properly secured: and he took care that the annuity should be large enough to indemnify him for a present which he made to Bevil for bringing him such an advantageous job.

The instant Sir Ferdinand received the money, he discharged his debts, and would have quitted town; but the gang to which Bevil belonged, unwilling to lose such a rich dupe, laughed at his prudence, and called him a coward who was afraid

of a hood-winked old woman; and with many ridiculous appellations and impertinent sarcasms provoked him to try his luck once more. Again he was unsuccessful, and again he begged his friend Bevil to procure the money. Another application was made to another infamous money-lender, and a large sum was again raised by annuity; and Bevil received another present for making the bargain.

The infatuated youth ventured again to throw the dice; and was a third time stripped of all. In this aggravated distress he vented his repentant grief to Bevil, and swore that if he would now assist him, he would never throw the dice again while he lived. Bevil raised many difficulties, and kept the unhappy youth a long time in suspense, in order to enhance the value of what he meant to propose. The share he had had of the money Sir Ferdinand lost, and the two presents he had received from the usurers, amounted to a good round sum; and this he offered to lend him upon the same terms he had borrowed before. "It is not," said he, "to gain by the distress of my friend, that I make this offer, but to save him from the disgrace of being so frequently exposed."

The youth was overpowered by this generous proof of friendship, closed eagerly with the pro-

posal, and saying that his whole life should be employed in endeavouring to prove his gratitude; he discharged his debts, and set out for the country, in spite of all the attempts of his spoilers to keep him among them.

He had not long been in retirement, when his vexation, shame, and remorse occasioned a violent fever, which in the space of ten days brought him to the tomb of his ancestors, six weeks before he came of age.

He died a melancholy example of the mischiefs arising from imprudent friendships, and the sorrow of a generous mind for the unwary folly which led to destruction.

His worthless annuitants were thus deprived of the wages of their iniquity before they had received one payment.

He was succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, a boy who was born four months after the death of his father, whose youth quite destroyed all the hopes of Sir Ferdinand's plunderers.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

It is a very common thing in the country, to report that mansions are haunted. Indeed there is hardly an ancient seat, particularly among those whose large bounds are more extensive than their present owners can occupy, which has not the misfortune to be so stigmatized. Some are said to be haunted by uncouth noises: while others have flitting shades, which glide nightly through the chambers: and goblins and hobgoblins enjoy unmolested the privilege of molesting heir after heir in his inheritance. How many stories have I heard from men, women, and children in the country, about night tripping, or night flying elves: and how many simple souls have I known, who would not at certain hours, on certain nights, go into certain places. It is true that their ghostship's possession of the places they seize upon, and their appearances with bows and

arrows, and swords, and daggers, and bowls, are generally received upon the credit of the narrator, who "had it from one, who had it from one, who had it from one," ad infinitum. Few are hardy enough to run the risk of conviction.

There was a castle in the county of Durham, concerning which the good folks in the vicinity told many tales of wonder. They asserted that it was haunted by a woman, who used to walk the length of one of the long galleries almost every night in the year, and go into one of the rooms; which room none ventured to approach after dark.

The owner of the castle was a man of large fortune, who lived in that free hospitable style of magnificence and good neighbourhood, which was carried to a greater extent a hundred and fifty years ago than it is now. In the hunting season, his hounds were not only followed by sportsmen who came many distant miles to partake of the sport, but his mansion received and entertained the merry hunters who had hallooed the dogs.

Once, when the weather was uncommonly fine, the sport uncommonly good, and the guests uncommonly numerous, it was found on arranging the sleeping rooms, that without making use of the haunted chamber, they had a bed too few. After

the matter was well talked over by the mistress of the castle, the housekeeper, and the house-maids, it was settled that into the dismal, long forsaken and neglected haunted apartment, some one must be put.

Though all the female servants of the house mustered in a body to enter the dreadful chamber, in order to make it fit for occupation, yet when they drew near the door, their hearts failed them, and they one and all declared that they dared not go in, unless the men would go in with them, to attack the ghost in case she should make her appearance among them. Must I write it down? The men were as faint hearted as the women, and were not easily induced to venture. "They were not afraid," they said, "of what mortal man could do; but as to spirits and ghosts, how were they to be resisted!"

"Why, you know," said the females, "it is only the ghost of one woman who hovers about the gallery and the tapestry room, and against so many men what can one woman do?"

More for fear that the maids should think that they were cowardly, than being courageous, they at last consented to go into the room, and they united their efforts to put all in proper order with

the utmost expedition; and every thing was duly arranged without interruption.

When they had informed their mistress that she was obeyed, the next thing to do was to acquaint the hospitable master that some one among the guests must call up all his courage, and consent to lay in the haunted chamber.

It was a matter of great difficulty to make known the dilemma to which they were reduced; and a still greater difficulty to know how to ask any one to occupy the nightly visited chamber. The story was so widely circulated, that when he mentioned the haunted room, he only mentioned what every one knew before: but when he went on to say, that some one must sleep therein, he saw many countenances drop: for, like the servants, none seemed willing to encounter a ghost. Nevertheless, every one was ashamed to acknowledge his pusillanimity, and no one ventured to say, "I will not sleep there." A general silence followed the information; and his honor the squire, as Mr. Elphinstone was called in the neighbourhood, began to surmise that every one would sit up all night, because no one would volunteer to lay in the haunted room. He was unwilling to call particularly on any one, lest he should expose the

timidity which would be ridiculed by the others, though each was equally fearful. At length a young man said that he had no objection to run the risk of meeting the ghostly lady; and he marched to the scene of peril in a kind of triumphant manner. Nevertheless, he felt something like fear, though he could not bear to think that he was afraid; and sleep did not "shed the balm of his forgetfulness" over him. He kept his light burning, that he might not be seized on by surprize; and he often fancied that he heard a noise, and often rose in his bed to see if any "unreal mockery" were near. He had started up, and lain down many times, and began to hope that he should pass an undisturbed night, when the door opened, and in walked a lady. She turned round to the right, and she turned round to the left several times, and looked straight forward, and then looked behind her, and then walked quietly out of the room without looking at the somewhat terrified youth, who lay in something like dread of her approach. As anxious expectation had kept him awake a long while after he went to bed, so conviction prevented him from going to sleep after what he had beheld.

He ruminated on the lady's visit, which he was

convinced had taken place, and as she had been very peaceable, he resolved to conceal what had occurred from his companions, and once more run the risk of her entrance.

When he was asked in the morning if the woman had made her appearance, he avoided giving the enquirers the satisfaction they solicited, by equivocally answering that he had seen nothing to alarm him, and that he had no reason to object to lay in the haunted chamber during his stay at the castle.

The second night he did not go to bed, but sat himself down in an old fashioned easy chair, which stood in one corner of the room, and thus awaited the return of the ghost.

About the same hour that she had appeared on the preceding night, in she came again. She stopt at the same place where she had stopt before, turned about and looked about, as she had done before, and then again quietly walked away, without noticing the person who very minutely watched her.

The moment she made her exit, he took up his lamp, and quickly re-opened the door, and followed her along the gallery, and saw her open a door at the other end of it, and disappear. He

then returned to his own apartment, where, though he went to bed, he again lay awake til it was time to rise.

The next morning he again told his inquiring friends that he had been as little alarmed as on the preceding night, and again repeated his intention to keep possession of the haunted room. He however took an opportunity to inform Mr. Elphinstone of what he had seen; who said, that he would also pass the next night in the haunted chamber, and endeavour to convince himself what it was that thus infested his castle.

He communicated his intention to Mrs. Elphinstone, desiring her to say nothing about it to any one: and at the usual time of going to bed he went with his young friend, Mr. Henley, to await the return of the ghost.

At the same hour they both saw the door open, and the lady walk in. She went to the same place again, turned about and about again, looked before her, and looked behind her, and then again walked away. The two gentlemen followed her, and saw her again disappear at the same door.

Mr. Elphinstone was much more agitated than Henley had expected that he would have been, and he was much surprized when at breakfast he said, "Well, Henley, as you have slept three

nights in the haunted room, without seeing any thing that has alarmed you, a convincing proof has been given that no mischievous woman haunts it: yet, as I cannot prevail on my friend Artledine to stay longer with us, you shall be spared the risk of what may occur hereafter, and you shall remove into his room."

"Nay," said Henley, "I beg that I may not be turned out of my tenement, I am most willing to remain."

"No, no;" said Mrs. Elphinstone, "you had better change your quarters."

"I assure you, Madam," resumed Henley, "that I prefer that room."

Mr. Elphinstone, in a peremptory kind of half joking manner, replied, "You have been put to a sufficient test; and I insist upon it that you shall be removed to a place of undoubted security."

Henley bowed a silent assent, and at night he was shewn to the apartment which Mr. Artledine had occupied on the three preceding nights.

When he found that his room was in the same gallery, he could not forbear peeping to see if the lady would appear again; and at the customary hour saw her issue from the room into which he had twice seen her vanish. He was going to follow her, but just as he left his chamber, he saw

Mr. Elphinstone in the gallery, with a lamp in his hand, who, the moment she had passed him, followed her; and he saw them both enter the room, out of which he had been, against his will, turned. They staid there the usual time, and then he saw them both come forth. The ghost disappeared, where she always vanished, and Mr. Elphinstone, having witnessed her departure, retired to his own room.

Mr. Elphinstone appeared at breakfast the next morning with such a sorrowful countenance, that Henley fancied that the ghost must have spoken to him; and he was much mortified that he had been driven from the room before her secret had been disclosed.

The guests quitted the breakfast parlour one after another, til none remained but Henley, to whom Mr. Elphinstone said, "I shall esteem it a very particular favour, Henley, if you will conceal from every one what has occurred. Ghostly reports are unpleasant; but ghostly confirmations are terrible."

"You may rely on my secrecy, Sir," said Henley.

That the room was haunted, was now to Henley past all doubt: and that the ghost had made some discovery to the master of the castle, appeared to

him to be equally indubitable. Therefore, to discover what had been revealed, became a matter of very great interest to him. In the first place, he took every opportunity to go into the gallery during the day, to discover how the various rooms which opened into it were allotted. He already knew in which Mr. Elphinstone slept; and he observed into which the many visiters occasionally retired: but he watched a long time ere he found out who occupied the room wherein the ghost always vanished. At length, he one day saw Miss Elphinstone go into it.

Having made this discovery, he said to her father, "I have a notion, Mr. Elphinstone, that your fair daughter knows more of the ghost than any body."

"Sir," said Mr. Elphinstone, "I am inclined to think that Harriet knows less of the matter than any body."

"It is into her room that it always glides after having paid a visit to the tapestry chamber."

"Sir," said Mr. Elphinstone, with great emotion, "that is no proof of her knowledge!" and he instantly turned away.

At dinner time Henley looked at Miss Elphinstone til he put her to the blush. When he saw her change colour, he was confirmed in his opi-

tion, and he eyed her so watchfully and so steadily, that he seemed quite to awe her. He read her features till he could have drawn her picture, and he began to fancy that she was very like the ghost.

"Sir," said he to Mr. Elphinstone, "the lady who visits your castle nightly, is, I am sure, a relation of the family, for Miss Elphinstone is wonderfully like her."

"What would you insinuate?" said Mr. Elphinstone.

"The relationship of the ghost," replied Henley.

"Is that all?" said Mr. Elphinstone.

The tone in which Mr. Elphinstone asked, *is that all?* made Henley still more indefatigable in his endeavours to fathom the mystery. At last he became almost sure that he had found the secret out.

"Miss Elphinstone is so very like the ghost," said he to her father, "that I am half tempted to say that the ghost is no shadow."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Elphinstone.

"Promise to forgive me if I am wrong" said Henley, "and I will explain myself."

"I will forgive you," said Mr. Elphinstone.

"Then, Sir, upon the strength of that promise,

I venture to say, that I am of opinion that Miss Elphinstone and the ghost are one."

"What then, Sir?" said Mr. Elphinstone.

"Then, Sir," said Henley, "I have, you know, detected the sprite." In saying which he looked very steadfastly at Mr. Elphinstone.

"Henley," said Mr. Elphinstone, "I perceive that you cannot be imposed on. You are right. It is my poor girl, whom I have watched nightly ever since we saw her together, and I find that she rises in her sleep, and, for some cause, which we never can discover, for she knows not what she does, invariably goes to the room which every one calls the HAUNTED CHAMBER. It is my intention, as soon as all the visiters are gone, to lock the door of that room, and watch her behaviour when she is checked. I defer it til their departure, for fear of what may ensue. As you know the sad cause of the alarm in my family, stay and watch with me. I shall be better pleased to have you with me, than to be attended by a servant, and I shall not like to be alone."

"I am highly flattered by your permission to accompany you," said Henley, "and I will remain the last of the guests."

When all were gone but Henley, Mr. Elphinstone locked the door himself, and took away the

Henley. At night he and Henley watched in the gallery, and as usual saw Harriet Elphinstone leave her apartment, and go to the locked door. The check she received waked her. When she found herself at the entrance of the haunted room, she uttered a wild shriek, and fell. The alarmed father ran toward her, as did Henley; and in a state of senselessness, they carried her back to her bed. Mr. Elphinstone then said, "now, my good friend, leave us. Go and knock at our chamber door, and tell my wife, who is anxiously waiting the result of this experiment, that I beg she will come to me."

Henley did as he was requested, and the anxious mother went to her daughter.

A severe illness was the consequence of her fright, but her youth got the better of the shock, and after a confinement of many weeks, she once more became one of the party at her father's table.

Henley, whose courage in venturing to lay in the haunted chamber, first led to the lamentable discovery of the reality of the ghost, was a very frequent inquirer after the recovery of the afflicted damsel; and when she was again able to mix in society, he received an invitation to the castle. While he was there, her father told him, that he and her mother had often watched through the whole

night, and that she had never attempted to walk in the gallery since her check at the locked door. He again requested the young gentleman to bury what he knew in his own bosom; and Henley renewed his promise of secrecy.

After this he became one of the most intimate visiters at the castle.

When the bustle of the hunting season was over, and quiet domestic amusements succeeded to the riot of the chace, he discovered so many amiable qualities in *his honor the squire*, so many virtues in Mrs. Elphinstone, and so many charms in Harriet, that he revealed the impression they had each made on his heart, and declared how highly he should be blessed, if he might be deemed worthy to be received as a son-in-law into the family.

Before the return of the hunting season, whose hilarity first brought him to the castle, he led Harriet Elphinstone to the altar, and received her from the hand of her father.

If I may be allowed to use such a homely saying, I will conclude by observing, that

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

THE DEAD LIVING WIFE.

A FRENCH gentleman once recounted to me an occurrence, which I thought so very much out of the common course of events, that I was somewhat unwilling to credit what he said, and was going to shew my knowledge and learning by saying, "surely it cannot be, because according to law....." but he prevented my learned disquisition by saying, "I believe that if the case had been argued in an English court of law, the affair would have been differently decided. It was litigated in a French court, and according to the laws then existing in France, which was previous to the Revolution, the termination of the suit was as I tell you."

The circumstances were, that a gentleman of ancient family, near Tours, had a daughter who was solicited in marriage by the son of a neighbouring gentleman. His addresses received

every sanction which her father's approbation could bestow on them; and his frequent visits and tender assiduities, awakened in the bosom of the young Adeline a passion as ardent as his own.

Though Mons. de la Surmartelle was desirous that Arnaud de Valmont should marry Adeline, he could not reconcile himself to the departure of his child from his chateau, where she had long been the comfort of his widowhood, and the companion of his quiet retreat. For that reason, he long withstood the rapturous wishes of Arnaud, and the modestly expressed inclinations of Adeline. Yet, while he delayed from time to time to permit their marriage, he continued to fan the flame of their love.

Thus stood matters, when a young man of better hopes, and greater fortune than De Valmont, met Adeline at a ball, and became instantly enamoured of her charms. He made proposals to her father; who, induced by ambition and avarice to overcome his unwillingness to be separated from his daughter, immediately consented to such an advantageous union; and Arnaud was given to understand that other prospects would for ever prevent his marriage with Adeline. The young man remonstrated, his long beloved Adeline implored, but all in vain. Mons. de la Surmarte

was peremptory, and Arnaud was forbidden the house. He could not bear to behold the marriage of Adeline with another, and therefore he quitted France. He procured a commission in a regiment then going to one of the French West India Islands, and marched away with the troops without seeing Adeline, or apprising her of his departure.

After he was gone, Mons. de la Surmartelle renewed his commands to Adeline to accept the husband of his choice; and in less than a year after Arnaud de Valmont sailed away, she yielded, and gave her hand to Mons. de Briontin.

She became very melancholy, very unhappy, and very ill: and after pining and drooping for three years, she sunk, the victim of sorrow and disappointment, to an early grave.

About this time Arnaud de Valmont's regiment was ordered home, and the first thing he met when he entered Tours was the funeral of Adeline, proceeding in slow solemnity to the church of St. Martin. He was so overcome when he ascertained who was thus mournfully borne to the last mansion of mortality, that he could with difficulty accompany his troops to the place of their destination.

When he had fulfilled all the duties which his military situation demanded, he sought the sexton,

and by the help of a bribe, induced him to go into the church during the night, and to open the vault wherein his beloved Adeline reposed in death.

When he beheld the coffin in which the lifeless object of his fond affection was enclosed, he gazed on it in silent anguish. All the hopes which had been once encouraged; and all the regret which had imbittered his absence, agitated his bosom, and he asked the sexton to raise the lid.

"O, no! O, no!" said the sexton, "it would be sacrilege!"

Arnaud de Valmont used all the arguments he could devise to induce the sexton to comply with his wishes, but all in vain. "He could not—he dared not——he must not——"

"Let me gaze on her for one short moment," said De Valmont, "and we will replace it, and restore all that I loved on earth to the sepulchre, to whose darkness she is consigned."

"I cannot——I dare not——I must not——" repeated the sexton.

"I will well reward your indulgence," continued De Valmont, putting a purse into his hand. The *Louis d'ors* chinked as De Valmont passed them into the sexton's palm, and their rhetoric was more powerful than the young man's solicita-

tions. He fetched a wrenching iron, and the lid was raised.

When Arnaud beheld the pallid form of Adeline, he was overcome by his emotions. He stared wildly on her, and in an agony of distraction caught her to his bosom. While he pressed her to his heart, he thought he felt a gentle throbbing against his breast. "She lives!" he exclaimed.

The terrified sexton thought that the sight of his beloved was more than he could endure, and that he had lost his reason. "Let us return her to the place whence we have sacrilegiously drawn her forth," said he.

"Never!" said De Valmont.

"Sir," said the sexton, "I shall be ruined; I shall be undone; I shall be punished; I shall be killed."

"Audifan," said De Valmont, "I tell you she is alive. You must assist me to bear her hence."

"What, Sir!" said the alarmed Audifan, "rob the grave! It must not be."

"I tell you, honest Audifan, that it is a greater crime to keep the living within the tomb, than to rob the grave: therefore fasten down the lid upon the empty coffin, and replace it in the vault; and help me to bear away my Adeline."

"Impossible," replied the sexton.

"I say," said De Valmont, "that she shall be removed. Help me therefore, or I must seek other aid."

"The sexton, who knew that what he had already consented to do was punishable; and that procuring other assistance would be the means of discovering his delinquency, consented to the removal.

"We must be expeditious," said he, "or we shall be discovered when the priests repair to matins. How must we manage it?"

"Fetch a mattrass, and let us carry her to your house."

Audifan looked aghast, "To my house!"

"Aye; you have a wife who can attend on her: and I will procure a physician in whom I can confide. Run—be quick."

The sexton, who began to think that there was less danger in compliance than in refusal, went as requested, and soon returned with a mattrass, on which they placed Adeline, and conveyed her to Audifan's dwelling.

Having given her in charge to Antoinette, the sexton's wife, De Valmont went in search of a physician; and Audifan returned to the church to replace the coffin and to close the vault.

"Alive! and buried!" exclaimed the physician, whom, in conformity with the English custom I will call *Doctor* Maceau. "Alive! say you?"

"Alive," replied de Valmont. "There is not a moment to lose.——Come!——Come with me."

Dr. Maceau instantly accompanied the impatient de Valmont to the sexton's dwelling, where they found Adeline on the mattrass, which had been her litter from the grave.

When Dr. Maceau approached Adeline, he put his finger on her wrist, and said, "there certainly is a low pulsation. Life is not extinct."

"Delightful sound!" said Arnaud.

"Though life be not extinct," resumed Dr. Maceau, "it is so near expiring, that it is very doubtful if it can be preserved. We must proceed by means so gentle, consequently so slow, that it will be long ere I can bid you hope."

Notwithstanding the little reason the Doctor had to expect success, he had immediate recourse to those methods of recovery which his profound medical knowledge suggested; and his unremitting attention to his patient kept pace with the anxiety of Arnaud.

Adeline lay many days in a state of torpor, and

d no sustenance but by moistening her
frequently with a feather dipped in a res-
e mixture. When her strength was in a
degree encreased, the strength of the mix-
was also encreased in the same small propor-
: and thus, from time to time, little additions
e made to what was given her, til she was so
recovered, as to open her eyes, and make a
nt attempt to change her posture.

Arnaud, who was watching by the side of her
ouch, instantly rose from his seat, and was going
o assist her. Fortunately Dr. Maceau was there
also, and prevented him. "She must not be
moved," said he. "The feeble effort she has
made convinces us our labours will not be in vain
but we must not agitate her."

Her recovery was now almost assured; it was
however so slow, that Arnaud's hopes were less san-
guine than when it was doubtful. Dr. Maceau con-
tinued his visits, and Antoinette her care; and
the expiration of four months she began to shew
symptoms of recollection. Arnaud was then for-
bidden to approach her. "She must not see
you," said Dr. Maceau. "I will reveal to her
what has occurred, as I find her able to bear the
recital."

When time and strength had brought about the

full relation of her interment; of the return of Arnaud; of his visit to the vault wherein she had been deposited; and of her removal and recovery; the recollection of all the misery which had followed her marriage with Mons. de Briontin, made her almost wish that she had been left to perish undiscovered; "for," said she, "the dreary grave is not so dreadful as the house of Briontin."

A hope he scarcely understood glowed in the bosom of Arnaud de Valmont, and after indulging it a long time, he ventured to propose to Adeline to become his wife. She was long unwilling to comply; but at length she yielded to his wishes; and they were united at the altar, where she had formerly been married to Mons. de Briontin, and in the church where she had been consigned to the grave.

Dr. Maceau, honest Audifan, and Antoinette had been so faithful to the secrecy required of them, that the events in the church of St. Martin, and at the sexton's house, had never been suspected: and Arnaud de Valmont introduced Adeline as his wife to his family, while she was supposed to be mouldering in the tomb.

Mons. de la Surmartelle and Mons. de Briontin were so astonished at what they beheld, that they

were inclined to fancy that an illusion deceived their senses. When they were informed of all the circumstances, they instituted a suit at law against de Valmont.

Mons. de Briontin claimed Adeline as his wife; and produced the priest who had married them; the friends who had witnessed their marriage; and the book which contained the register.

Arnaud de Valmont produced the priest who had performed the funeral service when she had been consigned to the grave; the friends who had followed her to the church of St. Martin, and seen her deposited within the tomb; and the book wherein the register of death was written: and argued, that the grave had dissolved the union between Alphonse de Briontin and Adeline de la Surmartelle.

Such was the decision of the court. The obituary register had banished Adeline de Briontin from the face of the earth; and the tenant of the tomb was ceded to Arnaud de Valmont.

The confidence I have in the undoubted veracity of the gentleman from whom I heard the above-written anecdote, gives me assurance that I may vouch it as a fact. The circumstance is, nevertheless, so very extraordinary, and the decision is so very contrary to what my feelings and

ideas of propriety deem right, that absolutely I dare not comment on either. Every one will form an opinion for himself; and I am inclined to think that more will agree with me, than with the decision of the French court of law, by which, no doubt Arnaud de Valmont and Adeline thought themselves completely justified.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THERE is scarcely any calamity which operates so powerfully on the tenderest feelings of the human heart as shipwreck. It is one of those terrible events which more frequently occur where no aid can be given to the sufferers, than where they are within the reach of assistance. Yet, it sometimes happens so near the shore, that the appalled spectators behold the dreadful destruction: and while the desperate sympathy of the truly brave, the truly generous strives to save; the same wind which tears the sails, and rives the planks of the noble vessel on the boisterous main, drives back the boat which tender hardihood in vain attempts to launch amid the foaming waves.

Some friends of mine once witnessed at Holyhead a scene of such deep distress. A vessel bound for Ireland, had completed her lading, taken on board her crew and passengers, and was

waiting at anchor for the favourable wind which was to waft her over. It was in the midst of summer, and the inhabitants of the town had assembled to see the sails unfurled, and to behold the swelling canvass fill. The busy sailors could be seen from shore as they worked gaily; and the song by which they pulled together could be heard. Many were on deck conspicuous to the friends who gazed for a last look, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and other indications of separation and farewell had commenced; when suddenly the sky changed its hue; the loud winds roared, and violently brought forward the rolling waves, which in quick succession beat against the ship. Those who stood on shore beheld her as she reeled to and fro; they saw the boat lowered, and many jump from the vessel to the hoped for preservation. The boat was often hidden by the mounting surge, and then again she rose above the foam. While thus they watched, they beheld an infant brought to the ship's side, and a woman standing in the boat, with out-stretched arms to take it. Instead of which, they saw her re-ascend the vessel, and the full charged boat was cut away. Long the rowers struggled with the rough wildness of the storm, and often were they sent

back when they seemed assured of safety. While the boatmen were contending with the waves, they heard the shrieks of those whom they had left behind, and saw the vessel sink. Many sunk with her in the salt abyss, and found a watery grave.

Short as the distance was from the vessel, many hours elapsed ere the drenched and exhausted men reached the shore. When all were safely landed, and the recognized friends were welcomed, and the missed victims of the storm were wailed, inquiry was made for why the woman left the boat, and gave up her only chance of safety to meet inevitable death.

Their own peril had made all who had gained the boat forget what had occurred; but reminded thus, they seemed to be recalled anew to horror. They faltered in giving utterance to the tale they had to tell; and with difficulty proceeded to inform the surrounding croud of her desperate determination.

To facilitate her descent into the boat, she had given her child to a by-stander, and turned to receive again her infant from the man who attempted to follow with his little charge: but the fear of sinking made them refuse to take another in the boat: and they were going to cut the rope, when

the distracted mother said, " if you will not allow the child to be brought to me, I will return to him."

O! self preservation checks every feeling but the strong power of maternal love. Fearing to overcharge the boat, the passengers were deaf to her entreaties, and having helped her to return, they saw her snatch her little son, and press him to her fond heart; and then left her to perish with him.

Dearer to a mother's heart than life is the infant she has borne; and though instances rarely occur where such fondness can be shown as sinking with it beneath the waters, rather than live without it: yet, daily observation must convince all who can perceive as well as see, that if put to the test, few are the mothers who would hesitate in their choice.

This universal love of mothers for their offspring, pervades all nature. Those who never know their young, but lay their eggs and quit them, are nevertheless careful so to deposit them, that when with strength and life their young shall burst the shell, the new emerging progeny shall be sustained and sheltered. Thus we see butterflies of every kind repair to that leaf on which the

caterpillar loves to feed: and moths within the warmth of wool and fur, provide a bed and food for the grubs which will replace them; thus leaving them in safety though they do not protect their growth. Such as hatch the eggs they lay, guard the young they bring to life, and love them; feed them, and fight for them. In vivarious animals, the birth awakens all the tenderness of a parent, which lasts as long as it is needed; and when complete growth gives the due strength, parental fondness ceases, for

"Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain."

It is not so with us. The instinctive feelings which prompt the brute creation to the fulfilment of parental duties are refined and purified by reason; and the parents whose tender fondness protected the helplessness of childhood, glow with expanded rapture on the nervous power, the ripened mind, and full improvement of those whom they have trained from infancy to maturity; and as hope rises in prospective views, we retrospectively review the past, and pay back the fondness we have received; and in return for benefits yield kindness; and the feeble step of

age is upheld by the arm to which it gave its strength.

Thus generation after generation shall pass away, til

> " ——————— the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like the baseless fabrick of a vision
> Leave not a wreck behind!*"———

* The above quotation is not in exact conformity with the original text; but, to the best of my memory, it is so changed on Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey.

THE BED OF DEATH.

In the course and intercourse of life, people of different ranks, of different faiths, of different politics, of different virtues and vices, of different hopes and fears; in short of every difference which can distinguish man from man, and woman from woman, are thrown together; and sympathies, antipathies, friendships, and animosities arise, nobody knows wherefore, and every body wonders how.

My mother, whom it is the pride of my heart to remember, and the delight of my heart to mention, was, in the progress of some business into which it is needless to enter, brought acquainted with a young woman whom I will call Auburn. She lived in a good house in Cumberland Place, had many servants, and kept a carriage. She called herself *Mrs.* Auburn, and was therefore

pposed to be a widow. Though many messages, d some few letters passed between her and my ther, they were personally unknown to each ler. My mother had never seen her but once, d that was as she passed in her carriage, and s pointed out as Mrs. Auburn. Soon after, lo! house in Cumberland Place was shut up, and one knew whither Mrs. Auburn had retired.

It might be after the lapse of two, or perhaps ee years, that my mother received a message m her to call according to the direction sent. went, not to Cumberland Place, but to a ne in an obscure street. She was shewn up irs, where in bed lay a person who could no ger be recognised as the beautiful Mrs. Auburn, o had, so short a time ago, been the admiration every beholder. She was nearly at life's close. e was on the bed of death.

I have solicited you to come to me, in these last moments, she said, that I may explain to why I have withdrawn myself to this obscu-y; knowing, from all that I have heard of you, t you will palliate my conduct, and not be id in the pending business. She entered into my particulars, which it would be tedious to re-e, but the sum of her story is as follows.

Her father was the vicar of a small village, and

she was the eldest of five daughters. She had received an excellent education from her father, who had himself superintended it; and she had been instructed in all ornamental accomplishments by the best masters in the neighbourhood of the vicarage: and, as the vicar's daughter, had visited among the surrounding gentry. Imagine her disappointment when her father told her that he was thus careful to educate and accomplish her and her sisters that they might be able to gain their own livelihood by some means more eligible than millinery or servitude. She drooped in grief, and happiness vanished from her hopes.

While she was thus desponding, her malignant stars brought a dissipated gay young man of large fortune into the village. Smitten by her exceeding beauty, he proposed an elopement to her. In an evil hour she listened to his proposals, fled from the protection of her father, and accompanied Mr. Dorton to London. Either in the excess of his passion, or the artfulness of his foresight, he took the house in Cumberland Place in her name: and though he supplied the money every thing was purchased, and all the servants were hired in her name.

Thus she lived three years, when his presents began to be sparingly given; his visits became

less frequent: and while she continued to live in the same splendour, he married and forsook her; leaving her answerable for all debts, without a guinea to discharge them. Thus reduced, she wrote to her family, but they disowned her. She then left her sumptuous habitation; and pining with grief and remorse, in poverty and in want, without friendship or attendance, she died the day after she had seen my mother; one among hundreds of the wretched victims of seduction and desertion.

I will not enter into the greater or less degree of crime attached to Mr. Dorton and Mrs. Auburn: but, I would to heaven that I could be the means of convincing young women how great, as a matter of mere worldly consideration, their folly is when they yield to the persuasions of men, who cannot be supposed to love those whom they wantonly reduce to shame.

While the rapture of passion remains, they may perhaps be treated with kindness; but when that has cooled, the same contempt which they have met with from the world, will be shewn by their sated paramours: and unless the stroke of death release them early, as it did Mrs. Auburn, from the wretchedness which must attend their future life, they have no resource but in continued crime.

They may perhaps drag on a few years in the same guilty splendour, but the end of their career will generally be in the purlieus of public shame: and riot and disease will bring to premature dissolution, the shattered frame of former loveliness: and those who were once the boast and pride of their families, will die in loathsome penury, the degraded, and despised scorn of their betrayers.

OBSERVATIONS ON EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is of so much importance to society, that in all ages legislators have thought it incumbent on them to provide for the due training of youth: and a *good education* has ever been esteemed the best legacy a man can leave his child: but the term *good education* is so vague that it is almost indefinite. If I may venture to attempt to define the phrase, I will say that it is that education which qualifies a man for the situation in which he is placed. If he be not sufficiently educated for his station, he cannot perform the duties which that station demands. If he be over educated he cannot submit to the humiliation of them.

The education of the higher ranks should be to the utmost extent it can be enlarged; but the education of the subordinate classes should be limited to what they are.

There is no proverb so full of meaning as that which is handed down to us from very remote antiquity.

Let the Cobler stick to his last.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago the learned mania of the day was so rife upon me, that I would have made every man a scholar; but as observation and reflection have corrected my error, I am become convinced that a learned populace would be a very great evil, both to individuals and to the community. The refinements of education never can meliorate the condition of the lowly labourer: on the contrary they teach him to find hardships, which but for his refinements he would not have discovered: and labour becomes irksome to him who has been taught to seek after the acquirements of knowledge. In the gradations of rank, from the king to the cobler, there are many degrees. If every man be taught to aspire, and take the place of the next above him, what will become of the highest? It should ever be remembered, that, as the subordinate notes of harmony acquire their perfection from their agreement with the master key; So doth society acquire perfection from the modulated agreement of its mem-

bers. A virtuous ruler always considers the humblest members of the community; but a wise ruler never consults them.

To diffuse learning as a general acquirement, is the commencement of the levelling system, and the ground-work of what is termed *radical.*

Now and then a great genius will break forth, and then there is a hue and cry against *shutting the gates of knowledge:* but genius is very rare; almost as rare as a comet; as the paucity of genius among the highly educated proves. How do boys fag through all the labyrinths of syntax and prosody; and yet how few good writers appear. How do they puzzle over dactyls and spondees, and how few poets are produced. Yet, without knowing any thing about dactyls or spondees, some poetic geniuses have occasionally astonished the world. Shall we therefore strive to make every man,

"Build the lofty rhyme."

A great genius will overcome difficulties, but in proof that going to school will sometimes fail in making a man clever, I beg leave to transcribe some poetry written by a D.D. who though he

must previously have been A.M. certainly knew very little of arts or sciences either.

DR. GREENWOOD'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

Ah! Death! Ah! Death! thou hast cut down,
The fairest GREEN WOOD in all this town;
Her virtues and her good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a Lord or a Judge,
Yet such was her condescension, and such her humility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor in Divinity.
For this heroic deed she stands confest,
Above all others the phœnix of her sex;
And like that bird one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her sex disconsolate.
My grief for her loss is so very sore,
I can only write two lines more,
For this, and every other good woman's sake,
Never let a blister be put on a lying-in woman's back.

By general learning we should gain a few whose knowledge would be of no use either to themselves or society, and lose many whose manual labours would be greatly beneficial to both. It is vain to say that they shall learn no more than what is necessary, for it is difficult to know where to stop. All that is necessary for the lowly to know, they

are best taught at church by their pastors, who have the care of souls. Whose bounden duty it is to teach them what is right, and to watch over them as their spiritual flock, with the same tender care that a shepherd watches over the sheep of his fold.

The paths of learning are already overstocked. There is not employment for the learned who yearly swarm from school and from the universities. We hear of the few who come forward; but belief would stagger if it saw the list of those who fail.

There is not perhaps a situation so mortifying, or which awakens such keen sensations, as a neglected worthy learned man, who has no fortune, no patron, and no means of introduction to notice.

Many are the men who pine in learned poverty and grief, who would have been happy and prosperous traders, and many are now the happy labourers, whose sons will be made unhappy readers.

I may further observe in proof of the little benefit society derives from the education of the lowly, which is now so generally promoted, that moral virtue has greatly declined among them. There never was a period when childhood and

The indication of propensities is so early manifested in children, that they require watching almost as soon as they are born; certainly long before they can speak. According to the old saying, "as you bend the twig the tree will grow;" so, as you allow the mind to veer will the actions point.

If I may dare to make such an assertion, I will say that it appears to me that the teachers of youth in general pay too little attention to the mind. I do not mean to depreciate the care of the head, but I fear that the heart is too frequently forgotten. The boy who is ready with his task, and answers the call of the monitor, does all that is required of him; and the ill-natured play-fellow, the surly companion, and the harsh fagmaster, pass on uncorrected and unpunished, except that they now and then get a drubbing from a stouter and stronger boy than themselves.

The same unwatchfulness of the mind frequently also attends female education, and while girls are trained diligently in the externals of politeness, the best feelings of the heart are suffered to run to waste: and among their playmates they evince the same bad propensities as boys; and a

often guilty of crimes which give cause to fear, that if in future life, they could, as women, be called into action, as the vocations of men call them, they would be as mischievous: but the more retired situations in which they are placed, and the more domestic duties which they are called on to fulfil, save them from the commission of many foul deeds, to which man's enlarged sphere of action gives full scope. Therefore, in the instruction given both to boys and girls, care should be taken to guide the heart to what is right, as well as to direct the head to what is skilful.

In proof that both need to be watched, and that both have passions which need to be controuled and overcome, I will mention two sad effects of malevolence.

It was the custom at a girl's school, in the neighbourhood where I once lived, to have a public day, whereon the children either displayed their skill in musical performances, or exhibited their little persons in the graces of the dance. For these gala days, the particular exhibition was long the fag of preparation, and many things of customary routine were neglected, in order to bring to perfection the difficult concerto, and melodious

song; or the airs and graces of the new figures and steps which were to shew the sprightly activity and elegant movements of the dancing school.

For these occasions too, all the ornaments which fond fathers and mothers think will beautify the little competitors, are bestowed in lavish abundance, and infantine vanity is stimulated and fed.

As all parents are not equally rich, all children are not made equally fine; and infantine envy, on one occasion, led to infantine malice. All the finery had been looked over and admired, and put in readiness to attire the young dancers, for public dancing. Two sisters were, far beyond all others, handsomely furnished with all the pretty things which could decorate children; and it was evident that they would eclipse all their school-fellows. They were the envy of all. One child, who probably fell more below their display than others, could not bear to be so outdone, and the night before the public day, she opened the drawer where the finery was deposited, and tore it in such a terrible manner, that it could not be put to rights: and when the finest cloaths in the school were produced, their tattered shreds were a sight of horror, not only to the disappointed little belles,

but to the whole school. The mistress was distressed beyond expression.

When the parents saw their children in the old cloaths which had been worn and faded through the previous half year, an explanation was obliged to be given in the hearing of all the assembled company.

Detection did not immediately take place; it was an action of such deep laid, spiteful malignity, that no one was sufficiently ill thought of to be suspected. Suspicion first fell on the culprit on account of the little interest she seemed to take in the discovery; for while every innocent child exerted every means which children could devise, in order to find out who had been so atrociously mischievous, she alone, in sullen quiet, strove not to detect the offender.

It was a very difficult matter to fix the crime upon her, but examination and interrogation brought it all to light, and she was ignominiously expelled the school.

What followed I know not; but how distressingly keen must have been the feelings of the parents when they received their expelled child, who had in the first place acted like a thief, in opening a drawer whereto she had no business to

go, and, in the next place, had given proofs of a greater degree of malignance than it is easy to believe that a child's mind could prompt, or a child's imagination devise; and all those who read the story will, probably, think with me, that had her early propensities been watched, they must have been corrected before they could have attained that high degree of malignity, which it would be a very hard task, when grown to such a height, to correct: and for which no advance in the various branches of female education could make amends.

The malice prepense in the girl's action, makes her, when it is duly considered, more culpable than the boy of whom I am about to speak; though the consequence of his bad disposition is more to be deplored. The circumstance occurred at the school whereto my father and Horne Tooke both went; and I have heard them both tell the story.

A boy was eating gingerbread, which he cut slice after slice, and ate greedily, without offering any to the boys who surrounded him. A lad, who eyed him as he went on, asked him for a slice, which was refused. The other asked him again and again, and was always answered, "No; I

will not give you any." At last the little fellow snatched a bit; on which the other pushed at him with his knife; and the thrust being enforced by rage, unfortunately reached his heart. The boy fell, and soon expired.

I am willing to believe that to kill his schoolfellow was not the intention of the young murderer; but the blow was certainly struck with feelings of vengeance; and trifling as refusing a slice of gingerbread may appear, a selfish disposition was manifested, and proofs of a sordid mind were exhibited: and in the blow a ferocious nature was displayed. From such traits in a boy we may anticipate the future man; and the passionate malicious blow of a child, is an earnest of future hurt.

How his after life atoned for the crime of his early years, I know not. At the time, he escaped, on account of his youth, the punishment which would have been inflicted on a person farther advanced in years. Every charitably disposed person will hope that so dreadful a circumstance would have its due weight, and that whenever the impulse of passion arose in his mind, he would be suddenly checked by the painful recollection of the fatal catastrophe which I have related.

I make no doubt but many of my young readers will be conscious that they have often been hurried by the irritation of passion to the commission of actions which they have deplored; though I hope that such a dreadful consequence of anger as that which happened at my father's school, is a very rare occurrence.

It is a very poor excuse for injury to say that it was not intended to be so great; and it is a very small palliation of rage to say that it is soon over. Mischief done in a moment is as fatally pernicious as premeditated injury; though premeditation blackens the dye of guilt.

As it cannot be expected that an unchecked child will controul himself, admonition must be to parents and teachers; and I do not think that I go too far, when I say, that in the estimate of comparative calculation, a very large amount of crime may be charged to their neglect. To parents therefore I observe, that they are not only bound to provide for and to place properly in the world the children whom they have brought into it; but they are imperiously called upon to be careful that due instruction shall purify the heart, as well as that due culture shall refine the head: that we may not, in contemplating the malevolence

of uncorrected bad propensities, say of the mind, as Hamlet says of the world,

" Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely."———

END OF VOLUME I.

Printed by R. Gilbert, St. John's Square, London.

THE

SCRINIUM,

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

BY

REBECCA EDRIDGE.

As the bee stops on every flower, collecting sweets, and stores
a hive with honey; so should meditation rest on each event,
llecting wisdom, to store the mind with virtue.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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THE

SCRINIUM.

MAN AND WIFE.

THERE is no observation so true as that marriage constitutes the happiness or the misery of life. I do not speak of the remote consequences which depend on children, but the immediate and absolute happiness or misery resulting to husband and wife from each other.

Much is said against wedlock by many witty sisters, and much against women. The vixen, the slut, the amazon, are themes for satire; while the nurse in sickness, the comforter in sorrow, or the helpmate in industry is rarely praised. Is it not that like the zephyrs of the Spring, from whose mild and cheering influence every thing that is lovely proceeds, she pursues her course in

quietness and peace: while the termagant, or otherwise unfeminine wife, like the scaring wintry storm, marks her way by desolation.

BROOKE, in his prologue to *The Foundling*, speaking of marriage, says,

" There live the home-felt sweets, the near delight,
There peace reposes, and there joys unite;
And female virtue was by heav'n design'd
To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind."

Yet, notwithstanding the truism of what he says, I must concede that all women are not amiable; but that sometimes they are the causers of domestic unhappiness and woe: nevertheless, I think that domestic misery arises much more frequently from the manner in which a man treats his wife; and that many women are induced by unkindness to do various things secretly, or as it may be said by stealth, which a kind husband would be asked to allow, and which from a kind husband would be received as an indulgence.

Some author, if I remember rightly, David Garrick, says,

" The lordly husband takes a diff'rent tone,
Whence once sweet Miss becomes bone of his bone;
The tender epithet, the dying leer,
Is chang'd to —— you, madam, can't you hear?"

As one proof of what I assert, I will recount a little anecdote of an inn-keeper and his wife, at whose house my father always put up when he travelled the road whereon their inn stood. He described the man as a low, rude, rough, boisterous fellow, before whom all dependent on him trembled. His wife, on the contrary, was a civilized, mild, little woman, who, according to the report of the neighbourhood, did not dare to say that her soul was her own. He kept her short of money, short of cloaths, and dreadfully short of happiness and comfort. She however sometimes took money at the bar, and sometimes received a customer's bill. In order to procure some few indulgences, and petty luxuries which were denied her, she was sometimes tempted not to give a very faithful account of her stewardship; but to withhold now a little, and then a little, to make a little purse for herself. In this way she put by more than she dared spend; for her husband would have observed much extravagance; and many gratifications would have awakened suspicion. Thus by accumulating secret deposits, she became so rich that she purchased a Lottery-ticket. She bought it, paid for it, registered it, and locked it up.

One unfortunate day she left the key in her

bureau, when her husband, who thought that he had a just right to look over his wife's papers, searched every drawer, and found the ticket. He instantly seized it as his own lawful property; and having a bad opinion of all such *taking-in cheatery*, as he called lotteries, sold the ticket he found; and in the delight of outwitting the cunning of his wife, forbore, for once, to upbraid her.

Time went on, and at length time brought on the drawing of the lottery. Day after day the little woman watched the postman as the letters were delivered, and day after day the postman passed the inn and did not call. At last a letter was brought to her. She received it into her own hand: she opened it: she read it. Her number had been drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds.

Overjoyed, she ran with eagerness to tell her husband what had chanced. She was obliged to confess what she had done: "but I hope you will forgive me," she said, "because of our good luck."

The man heard all she had to say, and then replied, "aye, I know what you have done well enough; I found you out; but you need not be so glad, for I took and sold the ticket long ago."

The sudden transition from her exceeding joy

to such keen disappointment was so severe, that without uttering a complaint, she fell lifeless at his feet.

I remember that whenever my father told the tale, I always saw a tear glisten in his eye, for he respected and pitied the well-behaved little landlady, who had often told him *that she was glad to see him well.*

Her unfeeling husband often told the story to his guests, and wondered how his wife could be such a fool as to die for such nonsense.

HUMBLE GRATITUDE AND HUMBLE HONOR.

THERE is no class of people so unkindly traduced as the Poor. I do not speak of those vagrants who infest the streets of the metropolis, but of those industrious lowly people who strive against poverty, and endeavour to avoid the humiliation of receiving eleemosynary aid, by exerting all their powers of labour and industry.

It is one of the pleasures of a country life, that all such worthy industrious individuals are known in the neighbourhood of their little dwellings; and at moments of unavoidable calamity, the surrounding more opulent inhabitants can come forward with those kind assistances which endear each to each.

Two great charges against the poor are ingratitude, and a want of that feeling which the upper ranks of society term *honor*. Now I assert from experience, that both these charges are false.

My mother, who was the most excellent among women, was charitable and bounteous to the full extent of her means, and often sent me into the abodes of distress to administer relief; and I never met with ingratitude from any who shared her bounty. It is true that when they had said *thank you*, they did not say much more; they did not understand fine speeches; but many little proofs of gratitude have been offered to us, which demonstrated that they felt what they were too unpolished to talk about. I could fill a volume with accounts of the many little simple offerings of the grateful hearts of the poor. Pardon me, gentle reader, if I mention one or two.

It happened once, that during a very heavy fall of snow, the spring which supplied our pump, from some cause, for which I am too unscientific to account, became salt. It was a great event in the country, and the story spread. In this our perplexity, a poor woman, who was a sort of pensioner on my mother, came to our house, and with her duty and kind love to me, whom she knew to be a water drinker, she begged that I would not offer to go to drink bad water, for she would *graciously*, by which word she meant, *without fee or reward*, fetch water from any pump in the world, at any hour it was wanted by night or by day.

Another poor woman came with a few little fish, saying that her husband had been on the canal with a gentleman who went a fishing, and had given him a few fish for himself: "as soon as ever he came home," said the good woman, "he ordered me to bring them directly to you, ma'am, because you had been so kind to us." Be sure the humble gift was not taken. The poor woman was thanked in such a manner as gratified the good people's feelings, and told to dress the fish for her husband's supper.

Were I to mention all such endearing little anecdotes, I should never have done; but I must intrude one more on the patience of the reader, because it proves how well some poor people train their children.

After the death of my mother, a poor woman brought her little boy to me, expecting that I should be an hereditary Lady Bountiful, and said that he was very bad. "I dares to say," she went on, "that you can tell me what to do for him, and doctoring is so dear." My medical skill goes a very little way: but I had once known my mother perform a cure on a child so afflicted, and I prescribed what I remembered that she had prescribed before. The woman followed my directions, and the child was cured. A few months

after, on the fair-day, she called on me with her boy. "I have brought Charley to see you," she said; "he is quite well, and you have so won his heart by curing him, that he has brought you a fairing. His father gave him a penny to spend in the fair, and as we came along the lane, "Mother," said he, "I will buy a penny-worth of nuts and give them to Miss Edridge." She then presented me with six walnuts, and the blushing child, while I received them, hid his little head under his mother's apron.

It so happened, that in honor of the Fair, I had invited a few friends to dine with me. I put my fairing on some moss in a pretty basket, and placed it in the middle of my table. Nothing in the dessert was so pleasing as little Charley's gift. The nuts were cracked, and peeled, and divided and subdivided, and every body had a taste.

If all these little things do not prove gratitude, I know not how the feeling can be evinced.

In regard to the *honor* of the poor, I will recount two instances, wherein the nicest sense of honor is displayed.

Among the many kind things which my mother's charitable heart prompted her to do, was giving baby cloaths to poor women when they lay in. There was one poor woman who had been

thus assisted two or three times, who, the last time she applied for the comfortable gift, had the misfortune to have a still-born child. More than a twelvemonth after she called one day to tell us that her eldest daughter was married, and would *thank us mortally*, if we would give her a few things against she lay in. You need not, she said, give her so and so, for I can let her have those you gave me when I lost my last baby: but so and so she will be glad to have. The unencroaching honesty which would not let her ask for more than was really wanted, deserves most strictly the name of *honor*; and is as strong a proof of the innate sense of what constitutes *honor*, as any act of forbearance that was ever recorded of any hero; for she might have had, and she knew that she might have had, a full supply of every thing usually given on such occasions.

The other instance of humble *honor* which I have to relate, is that of a poor man, who was very industrious, and gained his livelihood by various employments, which at different seasons of the year occupy the poor in the country; while his wife superintended the management of a chandler's shop. What I have to say redounds so much to his credit, that I shall speak of him by name, Robert Deane, of Uxbridge. Among the

many commodities to be found in the little shop was bacon. At a certain time of the year he bought a certain number of pigs, which he made into bacon to supply the demand of his trade. One year that he had as usual salted his flitches, and hung them in an out-house to dry, he was robbed. When he and his wife rose in the morning they found the out-house broken open, and all their store gone. They were driven to despair: to replace it was impossible. They were ruined! they were undone! To alleviate their distress, the poor fellow was advised to draw up a petition, and carry it round the neighbourhood. Every body knew Robert Deane; and every body to whom he applied gave him something; but he did not apply to every body. One person to whom he did not apply, was very indignant at what he termed a slight; and the first time he met him, with no little anger he asked him why he had not called at his house, "Do you think, Robert, that I should not have been ready with my mite as well as my neighbours?" The noble reply the man made ought to be written in letters of gold. "Sir," said he, "I do not doubt your good will; I am sure that you would have assisted me if I had asked you; but, Sir, I took an account of what I thought I had lost; and when I had ga-

thered that much, I could not in conscience ask any body for another farthing." Is not that *honor*? Among all those who slander the lowly, is there any one who would have been more magnanimous? At that time Robert Deane was the father of eight children, who had been born to him in such rapid succession, that the eldest of the five youngest was unable to dress herself.

I record these

"Short and simple annals of the Poor,"

with as much satisfaction, and as much pride, as I should describe the pomp of battle and the rush of arms: and he who cannot appreciate the worth of the characters which I have brought forward, is as Shakespeare says of him who

"Is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
"Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

"Let no such man be trusted."

THE GENEROUS PEASANT.

THERE is a well attested story of an Italian peasant, which so strongly corroborates the opinion which I entertain of the humble classes of society in the country, that I cannot refuse myself the gratification of inserting it here. It occurred when a violent overflowing of the Adige carried away the bridge at Verona.

The Adige is always rapid, and the impetuous torrent of its overflow carries destruction as it scours along. The force of its current at the time of which I speak was like the raging of a troubled sea: and arch after arch of the bridge was washed away by the turbulence of its flow. At each end, as it tore every thing that checked its course, it had destroyed the communication with the shore; and the inhabitants of a house on the centre arch stood vainly imploring aid, and trembling as they contemplated the mighty gush of

aters, which beat against the props that still
upheld their tenement. The father, leading in
each hand a child, advanced to the perilous verge,
piteously presenting them to the spectators on the
shore. The mother, with an infant in her arms,
lifted it aloft in agonized entreaty: and the ve-
nerable grandsire on his knees implored assistance
for the group by which he was surrounded. Yet,
none dared venture mid the eddies of the enchafed
stream.

While the terrified inhabitants of the insulated
dwelling stood thus calling on the commiseration
of the lookers-on, the violent shock of a tremen-
dous gush tore away one of the pillars of that only
remaining arch, and it was feared that the next
wave would plunge the helpless dwellers in the
tottering edifice to the watery gulph below. In
that alarming moment the Count di Spolverini
offered a purse containing a hundred ducats to any
one who would venture in a boat to the assistance
of the despairing family.

The danger of being carried headlong by th
torrent, or of being crushed beneath the falli
arch, deterred every one from the hazardous
tempt. Even gold failed to lure; and not on
the surrounding multitude dared to risk his li
gain the purse.

While all refused the proffered boon, a young peasant joined the throng. They told him of the great reward held forth to him who boldly dared to stem the flood, and rescue the wretched supplicants. At the word he leaped into a boat, and exerting all his strength and all his skill, in spite of the rapidity which coiled the stream in waves, and of the wind which often shifted its point, and drove him from the mark, he gained the middle of the river, approached the arch, and fastening to the boat a cord thrown to him from above, he received them all in safety.

The fond parents first sent their children to glide on the slender string to the hardy peasant, who with difficulty kept the boat where she was tied. When they were safely seated, the mother, giving her infant to his father's care, followed her elder boys. When she had also reached the boat, there was a contest between the father and the grandfather which should be the last to stay. At length the grey-haired sire yielded, and slid down the rope. Then followed the rejoicing husband of the anxious Angelina. He clasped his little one to his heart, and in safety joined his family. The boat was instantly loosened from the crumbling arch, and amid the shouts and acclamations of the admiring croud reached the shore.

When the intrepid peasant had landed all whom he had saved, the Count di Spolverini offered him the purse which he had gained.

"No," said the generous young man, "I do not sell my life at any price. My labour suffices for the maintenance of my wife and children. Give the ducats to the unfortunate family who have lost their all."

Such behaviour does not stand in need of comment. Its own impressive language speaks more forcibly than any words which I can find for observation.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

I AM one of those old-fashioned people, who love old-fashioned customs. I even love old sayings, though Lord Chesterfield inveighs against the vulgarity of using them. I love old authors, old musicians, and above all old friends: but, with grief I observe that old friendships, like old sayings, are growing vulgar. Nay the claims of kindred are ungenteel. To say *uncle John*, or *aunt Anne*, or *cousin Tom*, is shocking to a refined ear. I have been much puzzled to account for such refinements, and I have at last been made acquainted with one of the causes by an old gentleman, who says that the first interruption to family love was, certainly, making good roads, whereby every body was enabled to gallop to London, and find new pleasures, independent of old connexions. There is another cause which appears to me more probable, and that is the

means which commerce has put into the hands of the diligent to become rich, and to affect greatness. Persons who, knowing nothing of dignity, substitute insolence in it stead.

"They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame."

They remind me of the Roman Emperor Maximin, who was so ashamed of his low origin, that he caused every body to be put to death who had known his father.

In my opinion, the exclusion of these old-fashioned feelings from the circles of the polite is no credit to modern breeding, and as far as the apathy of *modernism* allows me to indulge in the old ways of the days of yore, I gratify myself in those luxuries of the heart which I imbibed from my mother; who was a great observer of days, as rallying seasons of love, kindred, and friendship.

There is one day of family union, unknown, I believe in England; and going fast into oblivion, I am sorry to say, in Wales; of which ancient principality my mother was a native. The church calls it Mid-lent Sunday, but the observers of it, as a day of family union, call it *Mothering Sunday*. On that day all the members of the same family

go to visit the oldest female of their line. It is generally a visit to the grandmother; but when the dart of death has spared a great-grandmother, the day is thrice hallowed. The venerable matron on that day sits enthroned, the Queen of the festival; every heart glows with love, and all look up with reverence to the sacred fountain of their lives. She hears herself called by the endearing name of mother by her grey-headed children, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the little progeny who frolic around her. She directs their sports, and teaches them the games at which she fondly remembers that she used to play, when she went *a-mothering*, perhaps to her great-grandmother, and thus by retrospect remembrance, and present joy, stands the central link of seven generations. The feast of the day is a cake of certain ingredients, which her own maternal hands have helped to knead, and cowslip wine, which her own skill has helped to brew. She doles out the cake and the sweet beverage, and every gift is accompanied by a kiss and a blessing. It is a scene of rapture: every one contributes to the joy of the meeting. Tales of the olden times are recounted by the aged; and the little prattlers are allowed to lisp their almost unintelligible stories of young remark.

The full rapture of the *mothering* meeting I

have never enjoyed: for, to use an old saying, *the black ox has trodden on the foot of my family* *: and we are lost in the multitude, as the waters of a mighty river are lost amid the waves of the ocean: but for many years I partook of the *mothering cake* and *wine*, though it was rarely *cowslip*; and neither the cake nor the wine were prepared by the hand of the old lady who distributed them. It was nothing but the shadow of *mothering*, a faint attempt to keep up a custom which was dear to memory.

There was an old lady who had known my mother from infancy. She was not even akin to us: but she had been one of the guests at my mother's christening, and of that circumstance she made a plea to call my mother and me to the *mothering*. Alas! it dwindled away so sadly, that at last none but my mother and I were left to be called. The reduced party went through all the ceremonies of the *mothering*, except the kiss. The lips of the old lady not being maternal, were not sufficiently holy to impress it: but we always received the blessing, which every pious heart may invoke. She had an old servant, who, after we had feasted, was always called in, and

* Ben Jonson uses the adage.

received a slice of cake and a glass of wine. It was always given with the same words, "come, Nanny, you must mother with us." The cake was always received with a curtesy, and the wine always taken with the same thankfulness; "Here's my duty to you, ma'am, and thank you." That last humble *mothering gift* given, we drew round the fire, and the *mothering* garrulity began. Old tales were told, and I must confess that I have often shuddered, yea, my blood has absolutely run cold as I have listened to the deeds of horror which good Mrs. Belin remembered to have been committed in the days of her youth. She was of opinion that however long guilt might be concealed, some how or other it was sure to be found out in the long run. She thought with Hamlet, that

"Foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the world o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

She ransacked her memory, and on *Mothering Sunday* recounted all she could recollect, not only to entertain her guests, but as a warning to me.

Among many tales, which all tended to justify her opinion, she more than once told me of a dream which had been dreamed by one of her aunts. A

mode to detect crimes in which the ancient Britons have great faith.

She had an uncle, a man of large fortune, whose property was entailed on the male heir. As he was unhappily childless, he had brought up the son of his younger brother, who was looked up to by all the tenantry as the future squire. In the course of time the old gentleman died. He was found dead, and as there were no marks of violence on his body, he was supposed to have died in a fit. He died and was buried. On the night of the day of the funeral, his widow dreamed that her husband came to the foot of her bed, and undrawing the curtain stood before her in the dress of the grave. On his left breast was a drop of blood. While she gazed on the stain which sullied the whiteness of his shroud, he vanished. Her friends to whom she recounted her dream, strove to dissipate her terror, by saying it was only the effect of the great grief with which she deplored her loss. When night returned, again her husband appeared, again he stood before her, and again the spot of blood upon his shroud was visible. The same consolation was attempted by her friends, and she was a second time appeased. He came a third time. Nothing could then console or quiet her. She would have the grave of her husband opened,

she would burst the cerements of his coffin. When lo! on the crape which covered the mouldering corse was seen the drop of blood. It was enough; the body was carried to the mansion whence it had been solemnly removed, and beneath the spot of blood on the breast of the dead was a small morbid wound. He was opened; through his breast had been driven the finest of all fine knitting needles. The aperture was so small that no blood had issued from the orifice: the bleeding had been within: but it was the first place on which the ravages of death appeared.——Must I go on with the tale?——His nephew, impatient for his inheritance, and thinking that the old man lived too long, had thus wickedly destroyed the kind kinsman who had reared his youth with fondness.

Struck by the strange, and as he had deemed, impossible discovery, he confessed his crime, and yielded life for life on the scaffold.

This tale told on *Mothering Sunday*, though often repeated always harrowed my terrified imagination, and may perhaps have had the good effect on me which induced the narrator to tell it so often. It may perhaps, added to my mother's good precepts, and better example, have been a warning to me.

She always concluded by saying that the murderer was not her cousin, for the old gentleman was only her uncle in law, but his widow was her own aunt.

ANECDOTES OF A COUNTRY VILLAGE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE certainly is nothing so delightful as a little English village when the great folks about the place do their duty among their poor neighbours, and behave with urbanity to each other. The seldom failing charm of verdure, and generally speaking, the luxuriant abundance of trees, make the scenery beautiful; and the cottagers who are kindly noticed always take a pride in making their humble dwellings pretty: But contests for superiority too frequently destroy the pleasures of village delight; and people live unhappily because they cannot find the place where they might live happy.

One of the loveliest of the lovely is a little village in Devonshire, not far from the coast. Let the name be concealed; travellers will find the

spot. In the centre stands the church, and on one side of the church-yard is the vicarage. Allow me to call the vicar Mr. Shepherd: he was a widower, with an only daughter, whom he dearly loved, and duly brought up. In the village were Mr. Recipe, the apothecary, and his wife; Mr. Parchment, the attorney, a crusty old bachelor; Mr. Scruple, the justice, with his wife and daughter. The justice was never seen but officially: and his wife and daughter only visited among the neighbours at Christmas, when they called to pay the customary compliments of the season by wishing every body a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Mine host of the Blue Boar; a few shop-keepers and labouring poor: but round about were scattered many great folks who lived in great style. There was Captain Skiff who had made a fortune in the Newfoundland trade. There was Sir Marmaduke Paddle, who had been dubbed when he went up with an address to his Majesty on the success of his arms, and also his wife Lady Paddle, and their son, Mr. Caleb Paddle. There was a widow lady, Mrs. Mowbray, who had two daughters, Miss Mowbray and Miss Wilhelmina Mowbray. They were a branch of a noble family, but so far from the root that the sap hardly crept far enough to reach them; however, they thought

so highly of themselves because they bore my lord's name, that in their own estimation they were the top of the place, and they behaved accordingly. There was also Mr. Deputy Grains, a great brewer in Lothbury. He was a very rich man, and had a very fine wife. She was always the finest drest woman in the room. She always took care to let every one know that one day Mr. Grains dined with my lord such a thing; and that lady such a one, stood godmother to one of her children. She was very fond of the Mowbray family, and with the young ladies always made a point to quiz the company wherever they went.

Perhaps every one may not know what quizzing is.

To quiz a person is to hold him up to ridicule. In order to quiz well, good sense, good nature, and good manners must be laid aside; for it is not only necessary that the quizzee should be laughed at, but he should also be made to feel the laugh which is raised at his expence: therefore, whoever says the unkindest or the rudest things is the best quizzer: But what cannot be described is the significant wink or nod which sometimes is far more quizzical than what is said, and has this advantage over it, that although it be felt it cannot be re-

pented. Personal defects or family misfortunes are never failing sources of merriment to a thorough quizzer.

Not far from the village was a town, where once a year there were races, and on the last day of the races, a race-ball. *All the world*, as the villagers say, attends the ball.

When the gala night arrived, brimfull of all the ungentle requisites for quizzing Mrs. Grains and the two Misses Mowbray went to meet *all the world*, which consisted of the above-named grandees surrounding the little village, and the great and little grandees surrounding the town in every direction.

Soon after their arrival in came Lieutenant Freegale and his sister. The moment they appeared, Mr. Shepherd and his daughter joined them. As they were walking about the room before the dancing commenced, the above-mentioned three ladies ran rudely against them, and burst into a loud laugh. Miss Shepherd concluding that it was an accident, said when they met again, "Do you not remember Miss Freegale?" "O yes," said Miss Mowbray, "we remember her;" "and her gown too," said Mrs. Grains. Emma Freegale dropped a tear; but it was not for a new gown. Ah no!——She instantly felt the change in her cir-

cumstances with additional severity, for she was aware that was the object of their contempt.

Her father Captain Freegale, had commanded a frigate, and in an action where he distinguished himself as a good officer and a brave man, he lost his life. His son, who was one of the lieutenants on board his father's ship, had the misfortune to lose his leg in the same engagement; he continued in his situation till the ship was paid off, when he retired on half pay. The death of Captain Freegale was severely felt by his children. Emma was left without any provision, and Francis Freegale, who loved his sister very tenderly, being unwilling to expose her youth and inexperience to the insults of the world, took her with him into Devonshire, where he was obliged to observe the most rigid œconomy to make the half pay hold out from January to December. Few were the gaieties of which they partook. Now and then an assembly, and sometimes the race-ball tempted Francis to indulge his sister.

When Mrs. Grains had so very unfeelingly displayed what she thought wit, with a nod to her two friends, and a sneer at Emma, she marched off in triumph, for the object of her derision drooped and retired to a seat.

Mr. Grains, proud of his full purse, and the

rest of the company, proud of their parks, their great houses, and their carriages, neglected the Lieutenant, who had nothing of which to be proud but his sister and his wooden leg. No one but Mr. Shepherd spoke to him: no one asked his sister to dance.

While they were frisking about, a carriage drove into the inn-yard, and out jumped Lord Aubrey. When he appeared in the ball-room, all whose feet were disengaged, ran to bus round my lord. He paid his compliments to all, and then drawing Mr. Shepherd aside, inquired who the gentleman and lady were who sat unnoticed at the bottom of the room. Mr. Shepherd said, they were Lieutenant Freegale and his sister: he then related their little story, and how they had been treated by the company. Lord Aubrey coloured with indignation. "Let us go to them," said he, and instantly advanced. "I have a very great respect, Sir," said his Lordship, "for every gentleman of your profession, and a particular one for the memory of Captain Freegale; therefore I have requested the favour of my friend Mr. Shepherd to introduce me to his son." The lieutenant rose, he bowed: he put his hand upon his breast: he would have replied—his tongue faltered, and he turned away his face. His emotion was per-

fectly understood by his Lordship. He took him by the hand, and gently forcing him to his seat, sat down by him, and began to chat with him: he also drew Emma into the conversation; and asked her to do him the honor to dance with him. He said his lady was not well enough to venture from home, or he should have been happy to have introduced them to each other. "You must come and see us at Wharton Abbey," said he to the lieutenant, "and I hope your sister will do us the favour to accompany you." Emma blushed, and said that she should think herself highly honored.

The same littleness of mind which had induced the company to scorn Francis Freegale and the unassuming Emma, now induced them to pay great attention to both. Lady Paddle introduced her son to Miss Freegale, and said, "I begs Miss to ax the favour of you to give leaf to my son here, to have the pleasure to take a dance along of you. It would make him vast happy. Hey, Caleb?"

Mr. Caleb was a little ashamed of his mother's speech, and was going to mend it, but the young lady stopt him, by saying, that she was engaged: for, lo! Sir Marmaduke himself had sought her for a partner; and she had the honor to dance with the knight who had so lately *made his Joan a lady.*

Mr. Grains then asked her to do him the honor to dance with him, which she refused, being again engaged to dance with Lord Aubrey.

"I suppose, Sir," said Miss Wilhelmina Mowbray to him, "that the little thing is so set up now she has been led about the room by my Lord, that she thinks no untitled hand worthy to take her out."

"She need not turn up her nose at the Deputy," said Mrs. Grains, "for though Lord Aubrey does not take much notice of us, I assure you that as great men as he, are very intimate at our house in Lothbury: and he sometimes dines at meetings where Dukes sit at the same table." So saying, she sailed up the room with Sir Marmaduke Paddle, who, when he had led Emma to her seat, had engaged her for his next partner.

Miss Mowbray, who by some accident or other had been overlooked in the changes of the evening, was induced to dance with Captain Skiff. Poor young lady! I pity her; for the good man her partner not being accustomed, as he said, "to all the fine new fangled twirlabouts which were introduced by the *parley woo* dancing masters," put every body out in the figure, and was never found in the right place. When he got to the bottom, "Well, Miss," said he, "we have

weathered the point at last. I hope, if ever I pilot you again, that I shall not so often lay you by the lee." This apology, for such it was meant, disconcerted Miss Mowbray as much as his awkwardness.

The hour for departure now arrived: every one hurried away, and Lord Aubrey took the lieutenant and Emma in his carriage.

The acquaintance between Lord Aubrey and Lieutenant Freegale, which had commenced at the ball, was so agreeable to his Lordship, that he soon renewed the invitation he had given him and his sister: and having been introduced to them by Mr. Shepherd, he requested that the worthy clergyman and his daughter would meet them.

Nothing could be so pleasant as a visit to Wharton Abbey. Lord Aubrey was perfectly the nobleman: and, may I venture to use the phrase, he was also a good man. Lady Aubrey was worthy of her Lord.

The Abbey was about two miles from the little village of which Mr. Shepherd was the vicar. It stood upon a hill, surrounded by a large park, and commanded a very extensive prospect both by land and sea; and the elegant and kind hospitality of the master and mistress of the mansion made it the seat of delight.

One evening as they sat listening to the soft melody of Lady Aubrey's voice, they saw a man advance with difficulty by the support of a stick toward the house. With a slow pace he reached the hall, where a servant would have put him back. "I must see Lord Aubrey," said he.

"My lord has company, and cannot be interrupted," said the servant.

The room in which the company were, opened into the hall, and with a feeble effort he rushed in. "Aubrey," said he, and held out his hand. The exertion he had made to gain admittance, had quite exhausted him, and he would have sunk, had not Lord Aubrey sprung forward, and catching hold of his extended hand, kindly supported him with his arm. "Put a chair," said his Lordship, to the servant who had followed him into the room; on which the poor fellow dropped. When he had set some time to recover himself, still holding Lord Aubrey's hand, "do you not recollect me?" said he, looking up, while the tears trickled down his cheeks.

Lord Aubrey gazed attentively on his countenance; "I am sorry to say I do not know you," said his Lordship.

"Have you quite forgotten your brother George?" asked the other, rising.

Lord Aubrey clasped him in his arms, prest him with a forceful embrace, and then led him to the company. Lady Aubrey held out her hand, which he raised to his lips, and a tear which fell on it spoke for him. "I rejoice to see you," she said, and a smile completed the welcome. They then offered him refreshments, of which he partook sparingly, and being very weak, and much overcome by the tenderness of his reception, he retired to rest.

The next morning, when the family met in the breakfast parlour, every one looked at Mr. Aubrey with a countenance so full of anxiety, that he led the discourse to his adventures by saying, "the pleasure I feel while I sit surrounded by my family, is very much heightened by the recollection of the many difficulties and dangers which I have experienced since I left them. When I sailed from England, full of hope, the prospects to which I looked forward checked the sorrow of our separation; nor did I know how much my happiness depended on my friends, til I stood in need of friendship. Then as I wandered through trackless woods, or trod the desart heath, I became sensible of the blessings of society, and the tenderness of my connexions."

"It is a common thing," said Mr. Shepherd, "many are the blessings which are only prized when we can no longer enjoy them: and I make no doubt that we are often deprived of comforts, not only that we may learn their value, but also to open our hearts to the distress of those who have no comforts to enjoy."

"I hope," said Lady Aubrey, "that we shall always profit by the lesson."

"If it will not fatigue you too much," said Lord Aubrey, "it will give us much satisfaction to hear an account of your adventures, and the circumstances which have restored you to us."

"Though I suffered long and endured much," replied his brother, "the same calamities were so often repeated, and the same difficulties were so often overcome, that they will appear short in recital.

"We had a prosperous voyage for near three months, when having crossed the line, a sudden and terrible tempest threatened us with destruction. All our efforts were ineffectual. We were driven impetuously toward the coast on a desart part of Africa, where we split upon a rock."

"The coast of Africa," said Freegale, "is always difficult of approach, but in tempestuous weather it is dangerous beyond imagination."

"You are acquainted with that part of the world, Sir," said Aubrey.

"I have been there," said the lieutenant, "more than once, and I have experienced there the horrors of a storm."

"You can then," said Aubrey, "form some judgment of my sufferings, when I relate that the greater part of the crew were lost. I saw some of my companions sink in the rough sea, unable to reach the shore, and others washed by the rude waves from off the rocks as they hung upon them in despair. The captain and myself, a young midshipman, and two sailors, were all who escaped alive. Poor Barclay, our midshipman, lived but til the next morning, when, as we hung over him to cheer his drooping heart, he grasped my hand, and with a convulsive shriek expired. We had not the means to bury him; therefore, having watched him through the day, and guarded him through the night, cheerless and sorrowful, we committed his cold body to the sea."

"What! threw him into the sea!" said Miss Shepherd.

"It is of no consequence to the body," said Mr. Shepherd, "what becomes of it, when the soul is fled. It cannot be injured by neglect; it cannot be advantaged by respect. The costly tomb of

greatness, the lowly grave of poverty, and the fathomless ocean, alike must yield their dead. All; all shall rise, from the dark caverns of the earth, and the secret coverts of the water. A day will arrive, when the tear shall be wiped from the eye of virtue, and the guilty shall stand appalled. He who leads a righteous life shall rejoice in the glories of that day, though his body should corrupt on the strand, and his bones be scattered by the wind. Though vultures devour him, or the monsters of the deep make him their prey."

The account of his friend Barclay had overcome Mr. Aubrey, and when Mr. Shepherd ceased speaking, he could not proceed with his narration. The story also brought his father strongly to the recollection of lieutenant Freegale, and he walked to the window. Emma dropped a tear in silence, and no one interrupted the pause. After a little time the lieutenant drew his hand across his brow, and returned to the party. He bowed as he seated himself, as he would say, "I beg pardon for my interruption;" and Mr. Aubrey, having recovered his serenity, proceeded. "We turned from the shore," said he, "and pursued our way with no guide but the sun, which often set, leaving us to the horrors of a stormy night, and rose to lead us on to desolation. We had no calendar;

but a stick we notched when we awoke; and no food but wild herbs and berries. At length we reached a small community of negroes: among whom, one who presided as chief, received from the rest the honors of a king. Let not the unfeeling brand them as barbarians: they received us with hospitality, relieved our wants, and gave us food. They exerted themselves to cheer us; they danced before us, and led us to their groves. Yet their simplicity was blended with roughness, and their tenderness with ferocity. They were excessive like their climate; they loved with ardour, and they hated with rancour. What would you think, ladies, of a man who should kill his friend or his mistress to save the object of his love from the insults of an enemy?"

"The thought makes me shudder," said Lady Aubrey.

"Yet so it is," continued he. "I saw an instance of it: but before I relate it, I must inform you that the inhuman custom which the Europeans have introduced of buying negroes to make them slaves, induces the most powerful chiefs among them, to encroach on the territories of their neighbours; and forcing them from their peaceful habitations, to sell them for a few insignificant baubles, to those who disgracefully traffic in the lives of

their fellow-creatures. During our stay among the friends who had so kindly received us, a haughty chieftain advanced with a large retinue to carry off our generous entertainers. Their king became a captive, and as many miserable men and women as could be guarded, were seized. We escaped; our complexion saved us; we were not marketable. Among the wretches who bewailed their captivity, were Lipto and Yaldoo. They had been brought up together, and the pleasures of their childhood and joys of their growing years had been mutually heightened by participation. 'Shall I never more view the sun with joy, nor gaze with delight on the bright stars,' said Lipto, as he hung upon the arm of Yaldoo. 'Can nothing save us, Yaldoo, from this misery.' The conquerors were satisfied with the persons of their captives, and had not rifled them. Yaldoo had still his rudely hewn dagger in his girdle, and as his friend uttered the last word of the sentence, he drew it forth, and plunged it into the bosom of Lipto. He fell: and as Yaldoo stooped over him, he drew the reeking poignard from his breast, and thrust it in the heart of his destroyer. Yaldoo sank beside him, and the blood from their wounds mingled in the same stream. 'We will look down upon you, from yon blue sky,' said

Lipto, to his astonished companions, and bring you comfort in the still hour of night.' So saying, he cast a dying glance on his friend, and expired. Yaldoo uttered a groan as the spirit of Lipto fled, and throwing himself across his body, died smiling."

"Horrid!" exclaimed the ladies.

"It is so," said Mr. Shepherd. "Yet while the action makes me tremble, I must admire the heart which prompted it. The idea of slavery was to them, as it is to us, repugnant: and the same noble freedom of mind, if it had been directed by education, would have withstood the encroachments of tyrannic power, and devoted itself with patriotic enthusiasm for the service of its country."

"We had now," said Mr. Aubrey, "been upward of six months with the natives; at first we staid to recruit our strength; we were afterward detained by the periodical rains, during which time we acquired some knowledge of their language, enough to understand their meaning, and to make ourselves understood by them. We were preparing to depart when they were so cruelly disturbed by their successful enemies. As almost every one among those who escaped had some dear friend or mistress to lament, we put off our

departure and endeavoured in our turn to administer consolation to those who had so kindly afforded comfort to us. In a few weeks they became reconciled to the calamity, though they were not forgetful of the injury. We did not part from them without regret, nor did they see us set forward without evident signs of sorrow. They gave us fishing tackle, some bows and arrows, and many other things which we found useful during our journey; and steering by their directions, we arrived, after undergoing innumerable difficulties, at an European settlement."

He was here interrupted by the arrival of some ladies, who called to pay their compliments to Lady Aubrey. He took that opportunity to retire, and as the ladies staid the whole day at the Abbey, the history of his distresses was not renewed during the course of it.

On the following morning, the *How do you do?* being over, Mr. Aubrey resumed thus:

"When we reached the settlement, to which I led you yesterday, the wary traders received us with caution. The claims we had upon their bounty were looked into; the accounts we gave of ourselves and our misfortunes were scrutinized; and though I cannot say, that after we had been examined and interrogated, assistance was admi-

nistered sparingly, yet we did not find that genuine hearty welcome which the negroes had given us, and which cried aloud, 'Come, stranger, eat of my bread, and drink of my cup.' Our two sailors soon found employment in a trading vessel, and Capt. Finley and myself, after having staid some time in the colony, went on board an English ship bound for Plymouth; but before we reached the place of our destination, another storm drove us against the rocks of Cornwall. With difficulty we were brought to shore; but the kind and ready assistance of our countrymen saved us all. After a short refreshment we all set out for the habitations of our various friends. I hope that all my companions have been as fondly and as tenderly received as I have been by you, Aubrey; and then I am sure they may rejoice in the termination of their afflictions."

Every eye looked kindly on him as he concluded, and every breast sympathized with his happiness.

When breakfast was over they separated, and at dinner Mr. Shepherd, judging that after Mr. Aubrey's long absence, the brothers would find company intrusive, proposed returning to the vicarage. Lord Aubrey, though he had too much good sense not to perceive the motive of the pro-

posal, was with difficulty prevailed on to allow his guests to depart.

Mr. Aubrey was highly pleased with the gentle, unassuming manners of Emma Freegale, whom he found at his brother's on his return from Africa, and during a second visit which she paid at the Abbey, she shot him quite through the heart.

The Parliament, which met in November, called Lord and Lady Aubrey to London, but the newly returned sailor remained in Devonshire; and as the winter came on, and the evenings grew long, he often went to the lieutenant's snug cottage, where the little attentions she paid him, and the great attention he paid her, soon expanded into absolutely making love; and after billing and cooing for about five months, when the peer and his lady returned into the country, with the approbation of all parties they took each other for better for worse; and the nuptials were celebrated at Wharton Abbey with very great splendour.

On Sunday, when the bride appeared at church, it almost interrupted the devotion of the Mowbrays, when they enviously beheld the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey assisted by her husband and brother from her own carriage, and afterward take her place in Lord Aubrey's pew.

GENUINE CHARITY.

THE little tale which I am about to tell, is one among the many anecdotes which I heard from my old friend, the late Mr. Hull. It is a circumstance which I always relate with pleasure, because it redounds to the credit of every one concerning whom I speak. No doubt many are already acquainted with the fact, but many more certainly are not, and as I am sure that every body will read it with satisfaction, I am happy to have this opportunity to record it.

Before I begin my narrative it is necessary to inform the reader, that the whole of Oxford-street is not in one parish. The north side is entirely in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone. The south side is in three parishes. The upper end next Hyde Park is in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, the middle is in St. James's parish, and the bottom in St. Anne's.

In one of the back courts or alleys near the bottom there once dwelt a cobler, whose custom it was to go every night to fetch a pint of porter from a public house, which stood on the opposite side of the street. One night, when he had been as usual to fetch his humble regale, he stumbled as he was returning home, over something which crossed his path. He stooped to ascertain what it was, and found it to be a man. He thought that he was in a fit, and in the charitable impulse of the moment, he lifted him up quietly, and carried him to his obscure dwelling, where he put him into his bed, warmed the porter, and attempted to make him drink some of it; but it gurgled in his throat, and the greater part returned dribbling from his mouth. Failing in his kind intention of sharing his cup with him, he let him lie in peace til morning, for he had nothing else to offer. He entirely resigned his bed, and took his nap in a chair; and every time his uneasy noddling waked him, he went to the sick man, who was always warm, and whose heart still beat in his bosom.

When day returned, he went to the overseer of the parish in which he dwelt, and recounted his adventure. The overseer told him, that as the man had fallen in the opposite parish he must apply there. Away he went, and again told what

had occurred. Here again he was disappointed. The overseer said, that as the man had been taken out of the parish where he fell, he had nothing to do with the matter; he must apply to the overseer of the parish into which he had been carried. The poor cobler told him, that the overseer of the other parish had sent him to him. "He made a mistake: I have nothing to do with it," said the overseer.

"The other overseer said the same thing," replied the cobler; "and now what is to be done?"

"That is your affair," replied the man; "you had no business to meddle with him."

"I could not let him die in the street."——

"Why did you not call for help?"

"There was nobody by, and I did not think of it, so I carried him home."

"Well, there you must keep him."

"Well, so I will, if nobody else will look to him."

So he went home, and cobbled his shoes by the bed-side, and every now and then peeped at his patient. After he had watched a long time, the poor fellow began to move, and he strove to speak; but his sounds were so inarticulate, that Crispin could make out nothing he said. At last,

after great attention, and much striving to find out his meaning, he fancied that he heard the name of Holman. The name of Holman at that day stood high, and it was a sound intelligible to every one. Away ran the cobler to Mr. Holman, whom he found at home. He recounted his little adventure, and said that he fancied the poor fellow had been talking something about Mr. Holman; "but, Sir," he modestly added, "I am not sure that he did so: I do not wish to impose on you, I only say, that I fancied what he tried to say sounded like Holman." Mr. Holman was not very willing to give ear to the cobler's fancies, and was evading the business, when fortunately in came Charles Kemble. When the circumstances were made known to him, "Nay, Holman, this must be seen into, we must help out this poor good man." So urged there was no refusing, and off they all three set to look at the dying man. When they approached the bed on which he lay senseless, though not lifeless, they recognised Middleton, their brother comedian, who in the depth of misery and distress had dropped from absolute want. They instantly left money to procure all that was needful for the wretched sufferer, and Charles Kemble devoted every moment of his lei-

sure to the care of his friend; but he was insensible of his kindness, and though he lived a few days, he never recovered his recollection.

There was a collection made in the theatre for his family and funeral: and the noble minded charitable cobler, who had acted the part of the good Samaritan, received a present. No doubt he deserved it; but he sought for no reward; the innate goodness, and genuine charity of his heart prompted what he did: and he has left a great example of real philanthropy and charity, and a convincing proof, that none are so humble in life, that they cannot in some degree assist the distressed.

THE ELOPEMENT.

AMONG the many imprudent things which young inexperienced females are sometimes induced to do, there is none so baneful in its consequences as an elopement, in as much as they influence the whole of the subsequent lives of those who thus deviate from decency and decorum. Nothing can be more evident than that a man is aware of the impropriety of what he proposes; for it is obvious that he never would attempt to persuade a young lady to elope, unless he were convinced that either his own friends or hers would object to a marriage in the respectable and honorable manner in which such connexions ought to be formed: and the very first step of compliance to which a young woman yields, degrades her in the eyes of him for whom she thus lays aside duty, obedience, and discretion. In some instances I have known him the first to

reproach her with the indecorous fault she has committed. In no instance have I ever known it productive of happiness: but in some instances it brings on calamities of such deep aggravation, that it becomes the instigator of crimes for which there is no atonement. In proof of what I say, I will recount an event which occurred in Radnorshire many years before I was born, nay, before my father and mother were born: but it happened in a family with which we were all acquainted, and in which the direful misfortune was handed down from father to son, through all the generations which have passed away since that time; and it was told to me by one of the descendents.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Presteign had among other children a daughter, whom the son of another Welch gentleman requested in marriage. There was every reason to justify her father in refusing his consent to the alliance: But the greatest objections were the licentious riot in which the young man wasted his days, and the dissipated idleness which destroyed all hope of domestic happiness. He however continued his visits and attentions to the young lady, on whose affection, notwithstanding her father's remonstrances and representations, he had a very powerful sway. He was at length peremptorily for-

bidden the house: yet, though the girl was watched, she contrived to correspond with him, and they agreed that on a certain night he should come attended by some of his friends and carry her off.

When the time arrived, the youth with his assistants came according to appointment, determined that nothing should prevent the accomplishment of their scheme. The signal was given, and heard, not only by the young lady, but by the family. She came forth at that gate of her father's mansion whence it had been settled that she should escape, and the young man received her. They were immediately followed by the father and his eldest son, attended by several servants. When there appeared to be no chance of bearing away his prize, he turned upon his pursuers, and saying "I am armed, and none shall make a rescue," fired. The victim of his rashness was her father. He fell and instantly expired. A dreadful shriek from his son, and the wild exclamation, "O he has killed my father," compelled them all to flee; and quitting the wretched cause of all his woes, whom he had taken in his arms the moment after he had fired, the desperate young man left her alone to weep for ever over the ashes of a parent whom her folly had brought to an untimely grave.

She was taken home by her brother. Though the cause, not the perpetrator of the fatal act, it may well be supposed that remorse embittered all her days, and that she must ever have considered herself to be a parricide. To add to the anguish of her mind, and encrease the poignancy of her sufferings, the hapless youth was pursued and overtaken; confined, tried, condemned, and executed; and according to the barbarous custom then in practice, hung in chains near the spot where he committed the rash deed. He perished piecemeal, and his bones whitened in the blast; a hideous spectacle to all around, and chiefly to his mistress. To her aching and weeping eyes he was a perpetual remembrancer of despair and grief; and to her terrified ears the rattling chains sounded a perpetual knell.

LASTING BENEVOLENCE.

THERE is an old story, so old indeed, that perhaps I ought not to introduce it here. Yet, as it is probable, that although it may have been long known to many, there are still many to whom it may be new, I hope that I shall be pardoned for drawing it forth from among the collection of anecdotes and transcriptions, which almost ever since I could guide a pen, I have been in the habit of adding to the stores of my *Scrinium*.

It occurred at the time when the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi was supposed to be the voice of Futurity; and was therefore consulted by all nations as the never-failing Truth of Prophecy.

Among others who resorted thither, two friends, who were carrying their offerings to the Delphic God, had advanced so far on their anxious journey, that from afar they beheld the lofty temple rise toward the azure skies from amid the laurel

grove with which it was surrounded. The blazing sun of noon shone full upon them; and the hot sands scorched their feet; at every step the rising dust scalded their eyes, and stuck to their parched lips. Overpowered by the heat of the dreary way, they with difficulty dragged their weary limbs along the dry path; when, after toiling many hours, they reached a plantation of high and tufted trees. They entered the deep gloom, and seated themselves on the green turf beneath their embowering shade. The loaded branches sunk to the very ground, surcharged with fruits of various kinds, and in the middle of the grove was a basin of the purest water. The stream from the spring passed near a tomb which was placed beneath many willows, whose drooping branches were entwined by the circling honeysuckle, and the clasping ivy. Their hearts blessed the benefactor who had planted the delightful retreat; and with feelings of religious awe they approached the tomb, wherein, as they imagined, his ashes reposed. They gently removed some of the balmy branches of the honeysuckle, and engraven on a stone they read the following lines:

" Here rest the ashes of Amyntas,
Whose life was one continued course of kindness,

Desirous that his benefits should endure beyond himself,
He brought the water to this cool retreat,
And planted these shading trees."

"May thy ashes be blessed, generous man!" they exclaimed, "and may thy posterity be blessed for ever."

Every good action deserves our praise, and calls for our imitation: But such benefits as endure when we ourselves are snatched away, remain to speak to future generations, and embalm our memories, when we are mingled with the dust of the valley.

To raise a seat by the road side to rest the weary traveller; to lead the waters of a spring to fertilize the plains, and quench the thirst of the panting cattle, and the labouring swain, are among the benefits which may cheer for ages. Many have been the men of sympathizing feeling hearts, who from the fountains which ornament their groves and gardens, have led the stream beyond the limits of their spacious boundaries, and given comfort unto thousands. How frequently we see the pail, the cup, the pitcher, near a rich man's walls, receive the wholesome gift. The royal gardens at Kensington present one instance of the beneficence which I am desirous to inculcate.

From behind the large alcove within the walls issues the guggling flow.

While generation after generation continues to enjoy the benefit so easily bestowed, and so widely diffused, what shall we say of the sordid wretch, who, inheriting the riches of his forefathers, cuts off the bountiful supply of their philanthropy, and shuts all who cannot pay for the refreshing and absolutely necessary comfort, from access to its salutary aid?

I know a man who succeeded to a large estate, who dwells in pomp in the spacious mansion of his ancestors, who has enlarged the circuit of his pleasure-grounds, encreased the number of his fish ponds, and brought water to form a lake within his park, and yet denies the poor cottager the waste of their overflow. He has dammed up the issue where his forefathers heard themselves blessed by the industrious peasant, and the careful housewife; and unless they pay for what I think he may be said to steal from the poor, he compels them to go nearly a mile to a streamlet which in the summer is often dry.

What does such a man deserve? Not the blessing of those who blessed his father. What then? ——He deserves a fever which no medicine can allay, and a thirst which no beverage can asswage.

O, may he relent! May he recollect what is said of the gift, *even of a cup of water:* and unlock the gate which now bars in the means of diffusing health and comfort; and makes him an object of contempt to the rich, and of hatred to the poor.

THE MISTAKEN MEDICINES.

AMONG the many good things of which England has to boast, is the salubrious, or perhaps better said, restorative properties of her mineral springs. Among those springs none is so famous as the spring at Bath. Thither the sick and the lame resort from all parts of the kingdom, not only to drink the water, but to wash therein. Previous however, to the draught or the dip, it is customary to consult some of the medical men of the place, who are supposed to have more knowledge of the due proportion of its use in the variety of cases which seek relief from its application, than the medical senders from distant counties, can, for want of experience acquire: and the Bath sons of Esculapius generally find it necessary to give preparatory medicines to the patients, that the constitution may be made fit to receive properly, and digest efficaciously the qualities of the spring.

Not many years ago, a gentleman who was not very well, was advised to go to Bath, and try what Bath water would do for him. Travelling is become so very easy and expeditious, that the day after he was so advised, he reached Bath by dinner time.

On his arrival he hired apartments in a lodging-house, and sent for the apothecary who had been recommended to him by his medical adviser in London. The apothecary after making all necessary inquiries about this that and the other, and receiving as explanatory answers as Mr. Malcombe knew how to give, told him that he had a very much overcharged habit, and that it would be necessary to relieve him before he ventured to drink the Bath water. "I will send you, Sir," said he, "an emetic. After you have swallowed it, if you find it slow in its operation, you will walk about the room: and you will use camomile; and do all that is usually done with such a medicine." He then took leave.

In the same house where Mr. Malcombe had fixed himself, the good apothecary had another patient, a lady who had been a long time under his care, whose malady baffled all his skill; and who daily grew worse. Though it was not his usual hour of visiting her; yet, being in the house,

he thought that it would save him the trouble of returning if he saw her then; so he paid a visit also to her. He found her exhausted, and almost dying away, laying on a sofa. "Well, my good lady, how go we on?" said he.

"Sadly, sadly, Sir," she replied, "I have no rest by night, no ease by day."

"Did not the draught I sent you, procure any sleep?"

"O No——I counted the clock, hour after hour, from the time I went to bed til I arose."

"I will change the medicine," said he, "I will send you a little soporific mixture, and I trust that you will have a good night's rest."

"Do Sir," said Mrs. Sandby.

"I will——good day to you."

When he went home he ordered the two medicines, and left them to their operations.

Mr. Malcombe received his little bottle; and Mrs. Sandby received hers. Mr. Malcombe put on his dressing gown——took off his cravat——made his camomile tea——surrounded himself with every thing that he thought would be necessary; and then swallowed his dose. He swallowed it in vain. He rose from the elbow chair, in which he had deemed it prudent to seat himself, and walked up and down the room, as he had been

ordered to do. All to no purpose. While he was thus parading with long strides from corner to corner, in order to lengthen his walk, he grew very tired, and somewhat sleepy, and threw himself on the bed, where he fell fast asleep.

Mrs. Sandby also swallowed her potion, and went to bed, hoping to have a good night's rest. Instead of which she was almost convulsed by a pain here, and a pain there; and her shrieks verily alarmed the house. Every one thought that she was about to expire; and every one was clamorous for better advice than that of the man who had so ignorantly mistaken her case, as to kill her by such a violent experiment. However, they all said, "send for the brute, and let him see what he has done."

Away went the servant, and roused the sleeping apothecary from his bed. "Mrs. Sandby is dying, Sir,——Your physic has absolutely killed her—— She has swallowed her death Sir," said the servant.

Poor man! he rose; followed the servant, and went into Mrs. Sandby's room.

"O, Sir!" said the nurse——"O, Sir!" said the maid——"See what a condition she is in," said the landlady. "Here was a medicine truly, to give to a woman in Mrs. Sandby's weak state."

The poor apothecary was a little alarmed. The good lady had been so bad——I cannot say how bad——He looked at her with a very long face; that lengthened all the faces round her; and that lengthened hers. "O Sir! I shall die! I shall die, Sir!" said she.

"No, no," said he, "not so bad as that, I assure you, my dear Madam——Depend upon it, the worst is over: and I will send you another soporific draught which will, I make no doubt, set all to rights very shortly."

By the way, he found on putting the phial to his mouth, and tasting the dregs, that what she had swallowed was not very soporific. However, he kept that to himself, and was careful to put the empty bottle in his pocket. "Now I am here," thought he to himself, "I will visit my patient up stairs, and see how he goes on with his emetic." He knocked at Mr. Malcombe's door; nobody said, "come in." He knocked again; no one spoke. He knocked a third time; no answer; so in he went. There lay Mr. Malcombe in a fine composed sleep. His empty bottle lay on the table, and explained all that had happened. The two patients being in the same house, the wrong bottles had been taken into their respective apartments; and each, without reading the label, drank

off the contents. Fortunately they both did well. The gentleman's long nap did no harm to his overcharged habit: and the violent rummage, by mistake given to Mrs. Sandby, and which the apothecary had been afraid to order her, entirely carried off all her complaints. The gossips nevertheless, all said that it would have been less hard hearted to let her die, than to save her by such rough means.

As for Mr. Malcombe, who was let into the secret, he is thoroughly convinced that physic is physic, be it what it may, and now, instead of sending for advice, if by chance he happen to be sick, he walks into the first apothecary's shop he comes to, lays down eighteen pence, and takes a phial of any mixture which he finds ready prepared: and he says that it always answers the purpose.

THE CHANGELING.

SOME years ago two tradesmen in Paris had each a daughter born to him on the same day. They both sent their child into the country to be nursed, and both happened to fix on the same woman to undertake the charge of bringing them up.

The one, named Prideaux, was a grocer in no very affluent circumstances. The other, named Malport, was a silk-mercer, in a very flourishing trade, and likely to become a rich man. About six months after the infants had been sent away, the silk-mercer's daughter died. As his means of payment were larger than those of poor Prideaux, and the woman was unwilling to lose the best bargain of the two, she sent word to the grocer that his little Lucette was dead; and dressing the real Lucette in the cloaths belonging to Louisa Malport, brought her up as the silk-mercer's daughter.

After the customary time of leaving children with their foster mothers was expired, Malport took home the little changeling, and both he and his wife attended to her, and loved her with all the care and fondness of parents. She grew up to be a very good little girl, and repaid all their kindness with obedience and dutifulness.

Thus time went on til she attained her sixteenth year, when Annette the nurse was taken ill. She lingered a long time, one day better, one day worse, til at length it was revealed to her that there was no hope of her recovery. She then said to her husband, " O Gregoire! send for a holy man to hear my last confession, that I may receive absolution at his hands; and die in peace: for, O, Gregoire! I have a crime which lays heavy on my conscience. I have something to communicate, which I have concealed even from you, and which I have reserved for these last moments. Haste then ere it be too late, and let me unburthen my mind."

Away ran Gregoire, eager to hear what his wife had to tell, and anxious that she should be absolved. He went to a near convent, and soon returned, bringing with him a holy father: to whom the good woman made a full confession of the tale which I have related. Having so done, the good

monk gave her absolution, and remained with her to comfort her at her last hour, which he saw was fast approaching. He prayed by her untill midnight, when she expired.

The next day Gregoire buried his wife, and then set off for Paris to let Malport and Prideaux know what his wife had confessed concerning the two children.

He went first to Malport, with whom the child was. When he had communicated to him what had occurred, so many years had elapsed since his Louisa had died, and he had seen so very little of her, that he could not bring himself to be sorry for her loss: but he had had Lucette Prideaux so long as an inmate in his family, had so long considered her as his daughter, and so long cherished her with the feelings of a father, that he could not bear the thought of having her taken from him. "I will pay your silence," said he to Gregoire, "if you will conceal what has happened, and let me keep Lucette as my own Louisa."

"That cannot be," said Gregoire, "for beside that the holy father Timon has heard the secret, my wife, poor soul, for expiation, atonement, and penance, had all the neighbours called in to hear her confession, and every inhabitant of the village knows all about it."

"I must in that case submit," said Malport.

Gregoire having made Malport acquainted with the confession which would leave him childless, went in the next place to Prideaux, and gave him the information which he had already given to his neighbour Malport. Prideaux and Josephine his wife were so delighted when they heard that their dear Lucette, whom they had never ceased to lament, was still alive, that they did not know what to do to express their joy. They shouted, they danced, they sang, and seemed, as it is sometimes said, to be mad with joy and rapture.

"We will have her home directly," said Prideaux.

"Aye, this very instant," said Josephine; and they went without delay to Malport.

"O, Malport!" said they, "O, Malport! where is she? Where is Lucette? We are come to take her away with us."

"Have patience," said Malport.

"Patience!" said Prideaux." "Patience!" repeated his wife. "We have waited long enough. Do not dispute about it; we will have her this very minute."

"I do not mean to dispute about it," said Mulport. "I cannot doubt the last solemn confession of the dying: but it is such a sudden sur-

prize, such an unlooked for privation, that I cannot so quickly reconcile myself to it, and be satisfied to lose a child, as you can reconcile yourself to the pleasure and satisfaction of having found one."

"Let us go to her, let us go to her," said they.

"You shall."

So saying, Malport led Prideaux and Josephine into a back room, and there he, and his wife, who had heard all that Gregoire had said, revealed to Lucette who she was. Lucette wept. She did not know, however, whether her tears flowed from joy or grief.

Malport talked——his wife talked——Prideaux talked —— Josephine talked. —— At last they agreed that Prideaux, in consequence of Annette's confession to Father Timon, must have his child restored to him; but it was covenanted between them, that she should reside six months every year with her father and mother, and six months with the kind friends who had so parentally brought her up.

Not long after this Lucette married with the approbation of all her friends; and Prideaux and Malport both gave her a portion according to their means; and when they died, they both left her all they had to bequeath.

It was an event which excited much interest at the time it occurred, and was told to me by a gentleman who happened to be at Paris while it was the general theme of conversation.

I hardly know if it may be called a lucky event for Lucette: for though it encreased her store, it lessened the best feelings which she had been taught to cherish. It took her from those whom she had long loved, and restored her to those for whom her love, as a child, must have been almost ideal: and it checked in a great degree many of those affections which contribute eminently to the happiness of life.

THE DAGGER.

THE *wind blew and the rain fell!* The foaming billows raged! Alvarez started, and his wife trembled beside him.—"Hush!—hark!" he said, "a voice speaks in the storm!"—A voice did indeed cry aloud, "open the door," it said, "and admit me."

Alvarez, who never turned a deaf ear to the voice of supplication, rose from his couch, and opened the door of his hovel. Instantly a sack was thrown in, and the man who brought it fled. It fell heavily on the floor, and the terrified old pair gazed first on the sack, and then on each other, without daring to examine it.

"What may this mean?" said Alvarez.

"Do not touch it," said Camilla, "you may rest assured that it is some unlawful thing or other: it would not else have been so thrown to us."

" It must not remain where it lays," said Alvarez, " it stops the passage to the door." He stooped to raise it—" Come," he said, " come, help me to take it up."

" St. Iago defend me," she said, " as sure as I am a living woman it is a body. O, husband! husband! O, Alvarez! here has been murder."

" Murder!" exclaimed Alvarez, " murder! and brought to us!"

Alvarez attempted to opon the sack, but he recoiled in horror. He made two or three attempts, and always retreated as if afraid of what he might chance to discover. At length he untied the string, pushed down the sack, and beheld the lifeless form of a young gentleman. He was superbly dressed; and as he proceeded to examine further, he found a costly dagger of curious workmanship.

" What must we do?" said Alvarez.

" We must bury the poor fellow," said Camilla.

" Where?"

That was a question not easily answered. " I think," said Camilla, after a long pause, " that we must dig a pit behind our house, and lay him in it."

"What, if we should be seen at work?" asked Alvarez.

That observation caused another long silence. "Suppose," said Alvarez, "we dig a hole in the floor, and hide him here in the room."

"Aye," said Camilla, "let us bury him here, dagger and all."

"No, no;" replied Alvarez, "we will keep that, it may serve us on some future day. We will also keep these fine garments."

"You had better hide it all," said Camilla.

"Nay, it would be a sin and a shame, to throw away things so valuable," said Alvarez.

"Do as you please," resumed Camilla.

After they had possessed themselves of his cloaths, a ring which he had on his finger, the money he had about him, and the dagger, they tied him again in the sack; and having with much difficulty dug a hole under their bed, they laid the dead man within it, replaced the earth, and covered their work with their couch.

Meanwhile Bilboa among its hills echoed nothing but the voice of vengeance; and no one was seen but in pursuit. Don Pedro de Saratona was missing, and no traces could be discovered of his evasion. The noise and tumult of the alarm

reached not the hovel of Alvarez, which stood in silent loneliness on the banks of the Nervi.

Alvarez and Camilla were a very poor couple, who earned a scanty pittance by their occasional labour, and dragged on a penurious life, without any one comfort on the face of the earth, but the kindness each had for the other. They had two sons, who were both gone to Mexico as sailors in a trading ship, and when the pierced corse was thrown into their hovel, nobody was there but themselves. They were known to be honest poor people, and therefore no one thought of applying to them about Don Pedro, for no one suspected them of having any hand in a wicked action. Nevertheless, when Alvarez was often seen going to Bilboa, and returning with provisions, and some few other things, which it was thought that his finances could not purchase, suspicion began to glance toward him.

The idea which the wretched pair, amid the poverty in which they had been bred, could form of luxury, was so very small, that the money which they had found in the pockets of the dead man, lasted them a long time: but when it was all spent, they found that they wanted those few indulgences which they had never enjoyed til they were thus unexpectedly supplied with cash.

"I think," said Alvarez, "that we shall do well, to dispose of some of the fine things which we took from the dead Cavalier; and by that means continue to procure for ourselves a few of the necessary comforts of life. How much happier, and heartier, and healthier, we are since we have lived a little better than we used to do. I dare say our store will keep us comfortably til our boys come from America."

"It is a dangerous risk," said Camilla. "People will wonder how such poor folks, as we are, could come by such fine things."

"Why, you know, we found them."

"We shall not be believed," said his wife.

Camilla's caution prevented Alvarez for the present, from venturing to take the valuables to market; but Camilla was taken ill, and her good man was determined, let what would follow, he would sell the ring, and get something to cheer her; so without saying any thing to her, for fear of her preventive caution, he took the ring to a jeweller.

The jeweller was greatly surprized when such a poor fellow as Alvarez appeared to be, brought so valuable a ring for sale. However he purchased it: and when Alvarez quitted the shop, he gave information of what had occurred to the

proper magistrate. He described the miserable appearance of the man who sold it to him: said he was a perfect stranger; and that in his eagerness to give his information, he had allowed him to depart without watching which road he followed when he went away. "No doubt," said he, "he is a robber, and will come again with other plunder, and then I will detain him."

On examination, the ring was known to be the ring of Don Pedro de Saratona: and no one doubted that the man who sold it to the jeweller, was the murderer of the unhappy youth.

The money raised by selling the ring, lasted a long while; and as no bad consequences had followed the sale of it, Alvarez and Camilla both thought that there would be no danger in offering the dagger at the same shop, and the simple fellow went gaily to the jeweller.

The crafty jeweller haggled about the purchase, and kept Alvarez chaffering while he gave notice of his being there; and while the poor fellow was making his bargain, he was seized by a couple of Alguazils, and carried before an Alcade.

The wish to discover all the accomplices who must have assisted him in the horrid crime of which he was suspected, made the Alcade very minute in the many questions which he put to the

prisoner. With the artlessness of innocence, he gave an account of what had happened. The next thing was to arrest his wife: and bring her also for examinatiou. The tale she told so exactly corroborated all that had been said by Alvarez, that the Alcade and the two Alguazils accompanied them to their miserable dwelling, where the cloaths in which Don Pedro had been attired were produced; and then the grave was opened; where, within the sack, was found the body. It was however so disfigured, that it could not be recognized; and that it was Don Pedro de Saratona, was only known by the ring and cloathing which had been produced.

The body was fetched away, and with due solemnity conveyed to consecrated ground; and buried with all religious rites.

The next thing was to discover the owner of the dagger; and by methods, which the officers of justice always know how to pursue, it was soon traced to Don Hippolito de Merida. He was instantly arrested. In the most solemn manner he denied all knowledge of what had happened; but when the dagger was produced, he became violently agitated, and then fainted in the court.

His recovery was anxiously awaited, and every one expected that he would make a full confes-

sion of his guilt: but no; when he came to himself he again denied the charge, and persisted in his declarations of innocence. His papers were then all seized. Nothing there insinuated in the most distant manner any quarrel or animosity between him and the murdered Pedro; and it began to be surmised that some one had used his dagger in order to conceal himself, and cast the guilt on Don Hippolito.

In consequence of that surmise, his valet was arrested. When the dagger was shewn to him, and he was asked if he knew to whom it belonged, he instantly replied, "to my master Don Hippolito de Merida. It is a dagger which he prizes highly, as having belonged to his grandfather; and he deems the ruby in the handle to be beyond all price. He generally carries it about him. Farther I know not."

"Had you ever any cause to think that he had used it in a deed of death?"

"Never."

"Had you ever cause to think that he had been concerned in any fray?"

Diego made no answer. The question was repeated; and then, with much hesitation, he said, "One night when he came home, there was blood upon his stocking. It was no affair of mine.

I asked no questions. My master gave no hint."

"When was it? Can you recollect the time?"

"To an hour. It was upon the feast of St. Iago de Compostella: and he came home at midnight."

"It is enough. Let him be strictly guarded!"

Alvarez was then again brought forward, and asked if he could recollect exactly when the body of Don Pedro had been thrown into his hovel.

"To be sure I can," said Alvarez; "the feast of St. Iago de Compostella is too important to be forgotten."

"Was it on that day?"

"On the night of that day."

"At what hour?"

"Nay, I know not. In the dead of night: during the storm which kept us waking."

On this presumptive evidence Don Hippolito di Merida was condemned. He was instantly conveyed to prison; and no one was allowed to visit him but his Confessor.

The good old man, the venerable Father Guzman entered the dismal chamber, where by the faint glimmering of a small lamp which hung from the ceiling, sat the condemned Hippolito in chains. In sullen silence he was seated on the stone bench,

with his eyes fixed on the floor. He did not raise them when Guzman entered: and when the holy man spoke he made no answer.

"My son," said Guzman, as he placed himself beside Hippolito, "by the permission of the judges who have condemned you, I come to prepare you for the great change that you will shortly undergo; and to comfort you in your last moments, by the exhortations of penitence and confession.'

He waited some time, expecting that the condemned man would begin his *Confiteor;* but he continued silent. The Confessor went on with all the exhortations which were likely to awaken contrition, and produce confession; but all in vain. The venerable man, who had confessed him ever since he was old enough to go to a confessional, and had also confessed his father, could not refrain from tears, when he found him so obdurate. Hippolito was as insensible to his tears as to his exhortations.

An hour had elapsed in this manner, when all the passages and areas of the prison resounded with the rapid steps of bustle and business.

"My son," said Guzman, "all this commotion which you hear, all this running to and fro, is the preparation of to-morrow's tragedy. At five

o'clock to-morrow morning the dreadful sentence of the law is to be put in force on all who have been condemned; on you among the rest."

Hippolito started. "To-morrow! say you? To-morrow!"

"My son," said Guzman; "the sun has set for the last time on your devoted head. His early rising shall behold your death; and when next he sinks beneath the wave, his parting orb shall cast a lengthened shadow on your grave."

The miserable Hippolito eagerly caught the hand of Guzman. "I hoped," he said, "that the great name of Merida, and the high character which I have ever borne, would have given weight to the assertions I have made. Could I think my word would have been doubted in a court at Bilboa, near the castle where my family has resided nearly two centuries."

"My son," said Guzman, "your dagger, found with the murdered body, too strongly speaks in contradiction to what you have asserted."

"The dagger!——aye——the dagger speaks ——It doth——It is a strong proof——O! had I been wise, it never would have witnessed thus against me! Had I retained the dagger, I should have been secure——I threw it where I thought it never would be sought——But my caution has

betrayed me——Had I been less careful, I might have laughed at Pedro's disappearance, and been secure in vengeance."

"In the course of my long ministry," said Guzman, "it has been my melancholy fate frequently to hear confession made of heinous crimes. Assassination has many times, alas! been perpetrated: and I have often found that in the commission of the deed, some circumstance of caution or neglect has led to the discovery; and the criminal himself has been the means of bringing his own guilt to light. Had you taken your dagger home, and worn it about your person, according to your custom, it would not have been the guide which led suspicion to your castle, nor the accuser which brought conviction on yourself. Yet, had you been hidden from detection now, some other time would have made evident your guilt; for there is a Power who punishes the guilty, even in this world which we inhabit. From that Power, the arm of earthly power can never save. However skreened, however sheltered, however encouraged, the torturing mind punishes with unabating pain: and at the dread moment whereto the dawn shall lead you, deals the blow of retribution. It is my part, my son, to soothe the horrors of that moment, and yours to hear the voice of

admonition. Atonement is beyond your reach. Review the past and be penitent; that so you may not, like the murdered Pedro, be cut off unprepared."

"Father, he insulted me. He dared to think that at the table where we played, I played him false."

"Nothing can justify your crime. Let us proceed as best befits the duties which we both have to fulfill."

The holy man proceeded in the performance of the duties of his sacred function; and by the arguments of his pious zeal, brought the ireful Hippolito to repentance.

He attended him to the scaffold, where he atoned to the community for his offence against society; and where every charitable heart must hope that he found his only punishment.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT STORY.

TRAVELLING was formerly a very different thing from what travelling is at present. The roads were bad, and the inns worse. To take a journey was a perilous attempt; and if a man were compelled to go a hundred miles from home, he took leave of his family, and made his will. As few people ventured, unless constrained to do so by necessity, to undergo the fatigue, and run the risk of what might occur by the way, inns however bad, were scarce, and provisions often scarcer. For which reason travellers were obliged to make the best of what they found, lest by going further they might fare worse. Nevertheless, under all these circumstances of difficulty, some men were sometimes so hardy as to brave, even uncompelled, the dangers they might encounter, allured by some pleasure which beckoned from afar.

Among others, two friends set off from Caernar-

vonshire for the metropolis. Their mode of travelling was on horseback, and on the evening of their second day's journey, they arrived at a solitary inn, and took up their quarters for the night. Having seen to the feeding of their horses, they inquired what they could have for supper. "Gentlemen," said the landlord, "you have taken me somewhat unprovided. There has been a most uncommon run on the road, and I have a very scanty larder."

Scanty indeed it was. There was nothing in it but bread and cheese.

"My masters," said the host, "I have been obliged, in consequence of the great run I told you about just now, to kill all my fowls but one. I have none left but an old hen, and I will kill her and cook her for your supper."

The poor old hen's neck was soon wrung, she was then dangled by a string to the fire, and in little more than an hour smoked on the board.

When the young men saw the lean hen, they did not anticipate a savory or a satisfactory supper; and nothing but hunger could have tempted them to make a meal on such a fowl: but as, according to the old saying, *a good appetite is the best sauce*, they sat down to regale themselves without grumbling or finding fault.

Said Owen Morgan to David Parry, "Happy, while I cut up this tough old bird, tell me how your good father died: I have heard that he suffered greatly."

David Parry, who had been a very dutiful son, and had loved his father very dearly, instantly became very sad. "It is a melancholy recollection," said he. "My father was very ill many months, and we were all very unhappy when we saw him grow daily worse. My poor mother was ready to break her heart. He had a most dreadful pain in his side, and also at his chest, and also in his back; and his legs swelled so much that he could not walk. He was therefore obliged to keep his room, and we all spent our time with him there, to attend on him, and to make him well; but all would not do, and we sent to Bangor for a doctor. When the doctor arrived, he went to the bed-side, and put on a very dismal countenance. He asked such a number of questions about this that and the other, that we thought he would never have done. When he came from the bed-side, 'My good Madam Parry,' said he to my mother, 'the squire's complaint is on his lungs. He must be bled, and we must put on a blister, and he must take some strengthening medicines, to keep him up as we go on.' My mother, who thought that

nobody could bear to be ill, and to be cured too, without they were well strengthened, in order to undergo both, gave Doctor Meredith full credit for all that he had said; and my father very patiently underwent all to which he was required to submit; yet all would not do. Though the doctor poured in the physic, and my mother forced down the food, my father gained no ground; but, in spite of them both, grew weaker and weaker; and we thought that it was all over. In this dilemma, said my mother, 'It is of no use, Davy, for us to go on so. Doctor Meredith must make a mistake; and if there be another doctor in the Principality, another doctor shall see your father!' So Numps was put upon one of the cart-horses, and my father's own horse was saddled to fetch Doctor Apshenkin from Caernarvon; when Doctor Apshenkin came, he asked all the questions which had been previously asked by Doctor Meredith, and although he received the same answers, he said to my mother, 'Madam Parry, your good man's complaint is on his liver. I must bleed him!' 'Doctor,' said my mother, 'he has been bled almost to death.' 'That is no matter,' said Doctor Apshenkin, 'I must see his blood, that I may judge of the state of inflammation.' My father again gave his arm, and the operation was again

performed. 'He must be kept very low,' said Doctor Apshenkin; 'he must eat no meat: he must drink no ale. I will see him again to-morrow.' When Doctor Apshenkin was gone; 'Davy,' said my mother, 'this same Doctor Apshenkin must be an ignoramus to talk in this manner. No meat! no ale! that will never do. Doctor Meredith must be the wisest man of the two, for he does allow meat and ale, to keep up your father's strength, whatever else he may fail in.' Next day the two doctors met. Doctor Meredith came first, and heard the lamentable privations which Doctor Apshenkin had ordered. My mother had just told him what had been said on the subject, when in came Doctor Apshenkin. They looked very much askew at each other. At last Meredith said, 'I am very greatly surprized, Doctor Apshenkin, that you should have changed our good squire Parry's diet in this manner.' 'I am more surprized,' said Apshenkin, 'that you should have allowed such high feeding: for in all cases of the liver.....' 'Cases of the liver!' said Doctor Meredith, 'this is a complaint on the lungs. Pulmonary, as we say. The patient is in danger of a consumption: and he must live well to recruit his stamina.' 'Recruit his stamina!' said Apshenkin, with a sneer, 'Doctor, Doctor, over-

charging the system thus will produce.....' He made use of a very hard word, which I forget; and Meredith made use of other hard words, which I forget also; and now and then a scrap of Latin was brought in, which, you know, I do not understand. The dispute ended in an agreement to ask my father what he had to say of his sufferings. For that purpose one doctor went to one side of his bed, and the other doctor to the other side. 'Where is your pain, Mr. Parry?' said both together. 'All over me,' said my father. Nothing could be discovered from that answer. 'The greatest pain is at the chest; is it not?' said Meredith. 'Yes,' said my father. 'You have also a pain in your side; have you not?' continued Meredith. 'Yes,' said my father. 'Nothing can more plainly demonstrate that the pleura is affected,' said Doctor Meredith. 'Pardon me, doctor,' said Apshenkin, 'a pain in the side, and a pain at the pit of the stomach, and a pain under the blades, which I dare say Mr. Parry feels, do you not, Sir?' said he to my father. 'Yes,' said my father. 'All these symptoms,' resumed Doctor Apshenkin, 'betoken a diseased liver.' 'Let Mr. Parry put his hand on his side at the very place where he feels the pain,' said Doctor Meredith. My father put his hands on both sides. 'That is

too high for the liver,' said Doctor Meredith. 'It is too low for the pleura,' said Apshenkin.

"As my mother was dreadfully perplexed by these contradictory opinions, she resolved to send for a third physician to decide between them. Doctor Lewin was accordingly sent for. Doctor Lewin was of opinion, that Doctor Meredith and Doctor Apshenkin were both in the wrong: 'for, it is evident,' said he, 'that the complaint is in the heart. Hence the difficulty of breathing; hence the pain in both sides; indeed, hence the pains every where: for you know, Madam Parry, that when the heart is affected, nothing else can go on as it should do.' By this third opinion we were more perplexed than ever; and we were quite at a loss to know how to proceed. When my father was the worse for taking Doctor Meredith's prescriptions, we tried Doctor Apshenkin's; and when they failed we tried Dr. Lewin's; and when they failed we began again with Doctor Meredith's, and so on; for we were willing to give them all a fair trial. I know not how to account for it; but it all failed, and my father died. O! his sufferings at the last were so severe, that it almost broke our hearts to witness them; and his groans were so dreadful, that he frightened all the family. At last, after the most terrible night that any mortal

could possibly endure, in the agonies of strong convulsions he expired."

Here David Parry was so overcome, that he burst into tears, and covered his face with his handkerchief. After sobbing a little while, he became more composed, and wiping his eyes, which had been surcharged with tears, he returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and looked at the old hen, which his companion had nearly devoured while he had recounted the long story of his father's death.

Desirous to come in for a share of what remained, he said, "Well, Owen, now I have told you how my father died, tell me how you lost yours."

"My father," replied Owen Morgan, holding a loaded fork half way between his plate and his mouth, "died suddenly."

By which laconic reply, David Parry lost the greatest part of what still remained of the hen.

THE GRAND ALARM.

Before the buildings in the parish of St. Marylebone were extended as they now are, to the foot of Primrose Hill; when living in the New Road was living in the country, a man, who was become a great man, retired to what he called a villa, on the North side of the said road. He built a house and walled in a garden, which he divided into alleys and parterres, and adorned it with many statues after the antique. There were Cupids, and Venuses, and Jupiters, and Junos, and Apollos, and half the heathen mythology displayed with all their attributes. There were in his garden weeping willows hanging their drooping branches over the wall, and sweeping the dusty path, proving, beyond all contradiction, that it was not absolutely necessary to plant them, as many people imagine, by the side of a purling stream.

The good man loved rurality, and conviviality, and he often invited his friends to partake of both in his garden. In short, honest Sam Marley, who had toiled all his best days within the sound of Bow bell, was determined to enjoy himself in his old age, and be comfortable. His breakfasts, and *petits soupés*, were very much talked about; indeed descriptions of them were sometimes put in the newspapers. By these means he became a man of great notoriety, and the neighbourhood resounded with the grand doings at Mr. Marley's villa. All the world, good, bad, and indifferent, heard of Sam Marley and his *fêtes*. He was the happiest man alive, and loved to hear all these things about himself; and over and above that, he loved to talk about himself, which he did to every one in his turn, as occasion gave him opportunity.

Alas! the far-spread fame of his greatness brought depredators to his villa: and one night, when all were quietly gone to bed, the watchman's rattle was heard, and all the neighbourhood was in alarm. Some peeped out at the window; some, more daring, ran into the road: and they all brought back the most lamentable accounts of the affair. Poor Sam Marley's house and garden had been robbed, and he and all his family were murdered, and cut to pieces. Limbs were picked up

in every direction. Nothing was heard, but here is a leg, and here is an arm! One person said that a man had picked up a hand with a fine ring on the fore finger. "Ah! poor Sam!" said the gossips, "he was a good fellow; but he was so vain! He could not go to bed, you see, without a ring. Then he was always talking about his money, and his silver mugs, and waiters, and all that. If he had not been such a boaster, thieves would not have come after him in this shocking manner."

This was hardly talked over, when news was spread that a head had been found, which every body knew to be poor Sam's.

When day appeared, lo! Sam was seen walking about his garden.

"If it were in the night, I should vow and declare," said every one, "that it was his ghost; but as ghosts never walk in open day, it must be himself."

Every body called to hear the rights of it, and to condole with Marley.

"How was it, my good Sir," said every body.

"Why, behold you, they came after my gods and goddesses."

It was so truly; the leaden deities had attracted the wicked spoilers, by the weight of their

inticements, and they were detected in the very act of plunder.

They made their escape in the best manner they were able, and dropt the mutilated limbs as they scrambled over the walls: and the scattered divinities never could regain their former footing.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE AND DAYS O' LANG SYNE.

WHEN the meridian of life is past, and a man's lot has been long decided; when hope has ceased to lure, and the phantoms which she raised have vanished; when he looks on a longer retrospect than he dares look forward; how dear to memory is the recollection of past enjoyments. The remembrance of young love, the cherished friend, even the pastimes of childhood, how delightful! Yet how is it counterbalanced by unkindness! The neglect of relatives who have run a brighter course; the contempt of companions, whose career has been more prosperous; how keen!

Shakespeare, that master of the human heart, has truly and touchingly expressed the sentiments which are awakened by such griefs.

" Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.

" Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not."

I have made these few remarks in order to introduce a list of the boys at Harrow school as far back as the year 1778. I am inclined to believe that it is what few persons have preserved.

Dowglas
Lord Euston
Mr. St. John, sen^r.
Mr. Dawson
Chute
Athill, sen^r.

Snow
Rumbold, sen^r.

Mr. Conway, sen^r.
Cooke, major
Blenman
Buckley
Lord Feilding
Maddocks, sen^r.
Ashton
Richardson
Rowley, sen^r.
Jones

Leigh, sen^r.
Andrews
Payne
Leigh, jun^r.
Fomblangue
Mr. Rider
Harvey

Pemberton
Cooke, sen^r.
Cooke, jun^r.
Bradshaw
Mr. Feilding
Mr. Strangeways
Broadbelt
Fairfield
Royds
Craufurd, sen^r.
Paxton
Drury
Donne
Wickham, sen^r.
Hutton, sen^r.
Ramsden

Mr. Perceval

Shutz
Plumtre
Calvert, major
Talbot
Clerke, sen^r.
Walpole
Farrant
Drummond, se
Thompkins
Rose
Mr. Powlett
Haggitt
Hope
Shergold
Hughes
Biscoe
Ryves
Rycroft, sen^r.
Gregory, sen^r.
Gregory, jun^r.
Woodley, sen^r.
Vachell
Berney
Manningham
Noguir
Ingle, sen^r.
Mr. Edgcumbe

ncis	Hempson
rthington	Buckridge
ıng	
Conway, jun^{r}.	
son, sen^{r}.	Dorville
ɔn	Farr
ke, jun^{r}.	Stevenson
ɔbs	Thomas
er	Peryn
el	Nettleship
ıgfield	Buller, jun^{r}.
idge	Lascelles
k	Lord Fitzroy
g	Calvert, sen^{r}.
er, sen^{r}.	East
ling	Rowley, jun^{r}.
ıfurd, jun^{r}.	Mr. St. John, jun^{r}.
ide	Rumbold, jun^{r}.
I. Reade	Martin
de, jun^{r}.	Griggs
ıs	Mr. Monson
ll, jun^{r}.	Brigstocke
dleton, sen^{r}.	Nesbitt
al	Dodsworth
h	Robinson, sen^{r}.
ıer,	Herbert

Jenkinson	Lewis
Smith, sen^{r}.	Morris
Hutton, jun^{r}.	Woolfrys
Floyer, sen^{r}.	Pybus
Chambers, sen^{r}.	White
Methold	Singleton
Douglas, jun^{r}.	Clerke, min
Grant, sen^{r}.	Jackson
Woodley, jun^{r}.	Sabb
Thelluson	Hornby
Cooke, minor	Cleaver, sen
Littlehales	Ridout
Simpson	Lord Elgin
Leyborne	Bowyer, sen
Sharpe, sen^{r}.	Bowyer, jun^{r}
Purling	Ingle, jun^{r}.
Maddocks, jun^{r}.	Smith, jun^{r}.
Wilson, jun^{r}.	Calvert, min
Middleton, jun^{r}.	Chalmer
Gordon	Sharpe, jun^{r}.
Grant, jun^{r}.	Winkly
Copley	Beecher, sen
Manners, sen^{r}.	Powel
Calvert, jun^{r}.	Codrington
	Vaughan
	Yarde
Newton, sen^{r}.	Beecher, jun^{r}

ıer, minor	Townsend
ıce, senr.	Drummond, junr.
ɜs, junr.	Floyer, junr.
well	Tucker
ıg	Astle, senr.
son	Pitcarn
senr.	Mills
ıms	Leith
leton, minor	Astle, junr.
	Shugborough
r, minor	Mr. Tourner
en	Roberts
ıson, junr.	Moore, junr.
ı	Rycroft, junr.
t	Gott, junr.
ey	Chambers, junr.
asse	Blackburn
	Stewart
r	Crofts, junr.
ham, junr.	Sawbridge
es, minor	Woodcock
e, senr.	Blackman
s, senr.	Thursby
e, mins.	Wynne
ɔerbatch	Graham, senr.
ace, junr.	Gott, minor
ɔon, junr.	Walker

Mr. Vaughan	Levy, jun^{r}.
Currie	Manners, ju
Graham, jun^{r}.	Emery
Calvert, minor	Lane
Green	Hamilton, s
Burton, sen^{r}.	Hamilton, j
Burton, jun^{r}.	Cleaver, jun
Lord Hay	Lister.
Levy, sen^{r}.	

What an interesting list! How many registered have risen in the State, the the Law, the Army! How many have st with adversity, and sunk beneath the pre misfortune! What a wide sweep has the of Death taken among them!

I have so high an opinion of human that I assure myself that no man who fi own name can read it without emotion: exquisite is the tenderness of the young uncontaminated by the world, that I will to assert, that no boy now in the school wi it without pleasure. He will trace back ther, his grandfather, his uncles, and all the ties which endear life. He will turn to his

panions, and say, "Frank, that is your father—Harry, that is yours:" and the reciprocal intimacies which have linked man to man, must make it pleasurable to the intervening multitudes who in succession have passed through the forms, and filed off to their various pursuits.

For me, I so dearly love *auld acquaintance and days o' lang syne*, that I do not desire to know, or I am sure that I can never esteem the person whose heart does not bound when he hears an anecdote of an old schoolfellow: and I would not possess the apathy of such a STOIC as he may wish himself to inherit millions.

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

DEATH is one of those events which occur to all mankind. It finds the monarch clad in ermine, and the beggar cloathed in rags. In an instant earthquakes bury their thousands: the hand of the assassin slays those who are pursuing their career of glory, and lays their lofty projects in the dust: while disease and old age creep on and destroy millions. The horror of an earthquake in its multifarious slaughter, checks individual grief; and he who falls by the assassin is seldom recorded unless his exaltation makes him in life conspicuous.

Of that astounding sudden expiration, there is no instance which history has handed down to us, which ever made so strong an impression on me, as the death of Philip of Macedon. Many tyrants have been slain, but it has been when tyranny

seemed to call the dagger by which they fell: but Philip at the moment when the murderer struck him, was leading the nations to conquest. He had raised a numerous army, of which he was unanimously made generalissimo: he was on the road to Persia: He stopped to celebrate the marriage of his daughter; and while the nuptial festival was at the height of hilarity and glee; while surrounded by all the officers of his vast army, the single arm of one man struck him and he fell; while the assassin escaped and never could be traced.

How many ages have rolled away since thus the Macedonian King was slain! yet, at this hour his fate appals reflection, and we pause over the volume to contemplate the unexpected blow.

The hourly stroke of death which destroys in the silent chamber of sickness is hurled unnoticed, and none but a few surrounding friends know that a spirit has departed; yet few die unwept; few without some kind hand to smooth the pillow, and to close the eye. How agonizing those last duties are, let the parent who beholds his child expire; or the child who witnesses the last struggles of a parent's pangs, declare.

How many are arrested in the quiet hour of domestic bliss, and without a moment's notice pass

away! How many infants who never heard of death, die scarce knowing that they have lived!

I knew a gentleman once who had an only child, a daughter. She was a beautiful child: and in his eyes, lovely as the morning star. It was his custom whenever he went out to bring home a toy, or a cake, or some other present for his darling. One day on his return she came jumping to him, *Welt Papa*, she said, "*what have you brought for Betsy?*"

"*My Love*, he replied, *I have brought you a cake.*" He took her on his knee to receive her gift, when she laid her head on his fond breast, as her last support, and instantly expired, while the distracted father clasped a corse.

None but a father can conceive his woe. I dare not attempt to describe it. Yet, however keen, it is not a solitary instance. The tender bud is oftener nipt than the full blown flower; and the unconscious babe departs more frequently, than time strews silver on the head of age.

Death has been severe to me. I have lost many friends, and both my parents. The last sad stroke which rent my heart, was the death of my mother. She died full of age and honor, after a life of piety: and was buried in a spot which she had long selected for her last mansion: and

was conveyed to it according to the manner she had herself directed. "Let not my remains," she said, "be carried in pomp. Let no ostentatious ornaments be lavished on my funeral. Let me be borne by poor men of my neighbourhood, and let each bearer have a guinea. Let me be followed by poor women, and let each follower have a crown. Do not you attend, nor your brother; for if ye feel my loss as ye ought to feel it; it will be a scene of distress which I do not wish ye to endure: if ye do not so feel it, ye are better away." So borne and so followed she was conveyed to the sacred place of interment; the mourning procession headed by one friend as chief mourner.

Though I did not follow her to her last home, I had a melancholy satisfaction in visiting her grave; and I often sped to the retired place where her earthly remains were deposited.

By the side of a mother's grave, surrounded by the mouldering dead, who, like her, had paid their last debt to nature, it may well be imagined that every thought was serious, and every reflection adapted to the solemn scene around. I cannot say that I wrote the following lines in Hillingdon Church-yard, but the feelings I there experienced,

assuredly inspired them, and they may truly be named lines indited in that village cemetery:

Now twilight, glimm'ring through the sober glade,
Delays awhile the dreariness of night!
O catch the gleam! O seize it ere it fade;
And turn thy footsteps where the Dead invite!

Within the pale which circumscribes this ground
The proud and meek in equal dust repose:
Unconscious here united friends are found,
And here, their anger quell'd, vindictive foes.

Behold the sculptur'd tomb which Greatness rears,
And the low grave beneath the humble sod:
Pomp now no more the mould'ring Tenant cheers;
Fearless the Simple mingles with the clod.

Nought here avails the mighty arm of Pow'r;
Sunk like the Wretch he scourg'd, the Tyrant lies:
No more shall flatt'ry soothe the languid hour,
Nor Sorrow mark each moment as it flies.

Here his long course the rev'rend Sage hath clos'd,
The tongue which utter'd Wisdom speaks no more.
Youth's brightest hopes by darkness are oppos'd,
And the soft charm of Beauty's blush is o'er.

So the tall oak which stood the forest's pride,
And stretch'd its spreading branches far around,
Though long its strength the tempest could deride,
By light'ning scath'd falls blighted to the ground.

And thus the flow'r which open'd to the view,
In all the loveliness of vernal bloom,
Shrinks from the blast, and its gay glitt'ring hue,
And balmy fragrance wither in the gloom.

From scenes like these can ruthless guilt retire,
And dare again the paths of vice pursue?
Shall the dead fail instruction to inspire?
Or heaving graves repentance to embue?

Stay, Passenger! here pause, and smite thy breast;
Here let reflection trace the day o'erpast:
Let contemplation to a solemn test
Bring thy intentions ere the die be cast.

Whoe'er thou art, whatever thy degree,
List the still voice which whispers from the tomb;
If vice or virtue urge thy destiny,
Lo! here an index points thee out thy doom.

Arrest thine arm for murder rais'd on high,
And spare the victim now within thy toils!
Stop thy predations, though no mortal eye
Behold thy theft, or intercept thy spoils!

O pause! and think, amid this mournful scene,
Perhaps to-morrow's dawn may see thee laid;
Thy fierce demeanour, and thy dauntless mien,
Cannot the gen'ral dole of man evade!

Nor thou on whom magnificence hath beam'd,
Whose state from such temptations seems to bound;
Presume the dirk alone is murd'rous deem'd,
Or desp'rate bravo only nocent found!

To friendship false hast thou thy friend betray'd,
Destroy'd the hopes his trust in thee repos'd:
From innocence allur'd the simple maid,
And left her to distress and scorn expos'd:

Smite thy sad breast, pour forth repentant sighs,
Ere yet the grave upon thy guilt shall close.
His murder'd peace, her murder'd fame will rise,
And betwixt thee and mercy interpose!

Pause also thou, who with a breast serene,
This awful spot canst undisturb'd survey;
For ah! the victims of this awful scene
Mark out to thee thy last and fated way!

Stoop o'er the grassy grave, where sleeps in death
The mould'ring form of yonder matron pure;
Who at life's close in hope resign'd her breath,
And liv'd in guise hope's blessings to secure.

O Friend belov'd! O Parent long rever'd!
Guardian and guide of my impatient youth!
E'en from the grave to me thou hast appear'd,
To check my errors, and to shew forth Truth.

O! when my lonely day shall set in night,
When earthly hope shall vanish from my eye;
May I with thee in heav'nly regions bright,
Find certainty of bliss, and everlasting joy!

THE SORROWS OF PHILIPPINE HEITLENBERG.

PHILIPPINE Heitlenberg was returning from the groves which surrounded her castle, and leading her son, the young Baron, when as she advanced to the flight of steps which ascended to the great hall, Leopold trod on the flowing train of her sable robe and stopped her progress.——She turned——Leopold sunk on his knee. " Let the noble Baroness of Heitlenberg pardon the lowest of her vassals, he said, as he seized her hand between both his. In doing which he cautiously insinuated a small folded paper into her palm, and gently pressed her fingers upon it. He dropped her hand, and bowed to the ground. The numerous attendants thronged to seize him, but the Baroness in a gentle voice bad him arise; and turning to her followers, said, " hurt him not, his humility atones for the slight accident which has

occurred." She then pursued her way to the saloon, and concealed the paper in her bosom.

Otho, Baron of Heitlenberg had been dead five months, and his widow mourned his loss with unaffected sorrow. Her son Philip was the sole comfort of her afflicted heart, and the only solace of her melancholy hours. He was all a mother could desire: beautiful, amiable, sprightly, gentle, and of quick parts. As she gazed she smiled, she wept, and blessed the hour that he was born.

Otho by his last will had bequeathed a princely income to his widow, and left to his son an unencumbered estate far exceeding that of any other nobleman throughout the German empire. He appointed his brother Ernest guardian to them, and after taking an affectionate leave of his family, calmly resigned his breath. He was buried with due pomp in the tomb of his ancestors, and was followed to his last mansion by the mourning peasantry of his domains.

In the gloomy retirement of the ancient castle Philippine remained with her child. Ernest was her constant guest, and the director of all her actions. His mild interference gained her unbounded confidence; and his kindness to his nephew procured him the artless love of the young heir.

Thus passed the hours at Heitlenberg Castle,

in the uninterrupted calm of domestic friendship. The first circumstance which Philippine concealed from her brother-in-law was the note she received from Leopold.

It was not til she retired to rest, and had dismissed her attendants that she had an opportunity to read it. To her very great surprize she found the few following words. *Be cautious: be watchful: let suspicion wake.*

Suspicion was a guest the amiable Philippine had never cherished. Thus aroused her scrutinizing thoughts reverted to every person in the castle, and to every word and every action: but in vain she sought a cause for the conduct recommended to her. In her estimation every one was kind, was good, was virtuous; and every thing she saw was right. Cautious she thought that she had always been; watchful she determined to be; but suspicious she found it impossible to become, for she knew not whom to suspect.

Thus ruminating it was long ere she closed her eyes in slumber: toward morning she fell into a deep sleep, during which the following dream flitted before her disturbed imagination. She thought that she was benighted in a remote part of a thick wood, and seated on the root of an old tree. While she sat anxiously waiting the return

of day, a dark cloud descended slowly to the earth, and gradually opened, displaying the brightness of the mid-day sun. Within it lay, apparently sleeping, a venerable monk. While she gazed the mist rose suddenly, and blowing aside the grey robe in which the father was arrayed, she beheld her son concealed beneath the skirts of his garment. She started at the sight and awoke.

To be superstitious was Philippine's greatest weakness. Her dream was, she doubted not, a warning of some event concerning her boy. She instantly arose, and hastily sought his apartment; he was still asleep, innocent, calm, and undisturbed. While she hung over him in silent rapture, he suddenly started, cried "Mother," and awoke. She took his hand and pressed it to her bosom; and raising her eyes she beheld her father confessor at that moment enter the court of the castle in the grey robe of his order. Suspicion instantly found a place in the gentle heart of Philippine, and Father Albert became the object she suspected. His grey robe floated in the breeze, and she pressed her son with energy to her heart, as though she feared that Albert came to seize him. From that hour happiness fled from the Bareness of Heitlenberg; fear for her child became her ruling passion, and she never thought

that he was safe but in her presence. Ernest endeavoured to discover the cause of her encreasing uneasiness, but she sedulously concealed her fears within her own breast, and by brooding constantly over them, she suffered them to entwine with her existence.

Philip meanwhile grew in stature and in strength, and frequently accompanied his uncle when he hawked and when he hunted. One evening, as she sat watching his return, Sigismund, the favourite servant of her brother Ernest, rushed dismayed and trembling to her presence. "O! most excellent lady, he cried, the hand of fate pursues us!" The Baroness instantly exclaimed, "Say, what of my boy!" "Gone," said the man. Philippine fell to the ground. When she recovered she found herself on her bed, and Rosamond her waiting woman weeping over her. Her first inquiry was for her boy. "Is he returned," she earnestly inquired. Rosamond was silent; but her silence assured the wretched Baroness that Philip had not been found. She sunk again upon her pillow. Many hours elapsed, and no tidings of her son arrived. As night advanced her uneasiness encreased, and brought on a violent fever, the next day she became delirious, and in the height of her phrenzy, accused Father Albert of

having stolen and concealed her child. The fever and consequent delirium continued several days, during which time Albert often entered her sick chamber to pray by her bed-side. He strove to calm her disordered spirit, and comfort her afflicted mind, but in vain; for while every other person was unknown, she always recognized the holy father, and always accused him of having destroyed her happiness, and stolen her son. In vain the aged monk declared his innocence, and protested that he was ignorant of the young Baron's disappearance; Philippine's delirium ever encreased when he entered her apartment, and the vehemence of her accusations became more violent, he therefore ceased to visit her; and as the suspicion she had expressed, spread through the family, and every one regarded him with horror and detestation, he forbore going to the castle, and shortly after he was sent on a mission to Rome, on a business which the superior of his convent wished to lay before his holiness the Pope.

Though Philippine had allowed all the bitterness of reproach to fall on her confessor, she had still a high respect for the admonitions which she had for many years received from his paternal care, and she continued to regulate her conduct

by his sage advice: Therefore, as she recovered from her distressing illness, she renewed her former habits; one of which was always at a certain hour, which had been marked out by Albert, to retire to perform some acts of penance and devotion which the holy man had prescribed. One evening, while she was thus employed in her oratory, to which place none ever intruded to interrupt her, she was somewhat startled by a tap at the door. She instantly turned her eyes that way, and saw a slip of paper pushed forward on the floor. On it was written, *Take not the medicine which will be offered you to-night. Yet shew no fear. Bid Rosamond leave it with the cup, and when alone pour the mixture into the cup, that it may shew to have received it, and in the dead of night pour it from the window; the earth beneath will hide it. To-morrow affect drowsiness. You shall be informed further.*

Philippine did as she was directed, and the next day, when Rosamond came to attend on her, she feigned to be unwilling to rise, and was with apparent reluctance almost dragged from her couch, and dressed as if she were an automaton. The terrified waiting maid gave a sad account of her lady, and said she was sure that she was going to die, or that something or other that was cala-

mitous was going to befall her, "for there she sits motionless like a figure on a tomb stone."

When the report of Philippine's stupor was told to Ernest, he said, "I will visit her." The instant he entered her room he eagerly took up the empty cup which was on the toilet, and the Baroness saw him smile as he looked into it. That dreadful moment was keener to the heart of Philippine than the edge of a scimeter. Such a conflict of contending emotions agitated her bosom, that she forgot the caution of her note; and rising suddenly, she darted forward, and seizing the cup, exclaimed, "what is there?" and fixed her eyes on Ernest. He seized her hand, and said, "How now Philippine? newly aroused!" She recollected herself, sunk on a chair, and hung her head. He shook her—She looked up, and gently said, "Ernest, is it you?" She then paused as if sleeping. "Come hither Sigismund," said Ernest to the servant who waited in the anti-chamber, "Help me to convey her to another apartment." Rosamond said, "whither will you carry her?" Ernest had not observed that the anxious girl had followed Sigismund.

Philippine caught her attendant by the hand, as for protection, and then looking at Ernest, said, "Do not remove me from my own apartments; I

shall be well to-morrow." Ernest left the room.

"Lead me to the oratory," said Philippine, "my drowsiness is passing off." Rosamond was delighted to hear her mistress speak so briskly, and having attended her to the door of the oratory, retired. The Baroness vainly endeavoured to perform those acts of devotion for which she had been accustomed to bow in lowly bendings; her eye for ever sought the door at which she had received the note. The usual time of her seclusion was nearly expired, and no tap had again called her attention; and she was doubting whether to remain or quit the place, when a folded paper again glided on the floor. "Why is it put so silently? Is my informer watched? fears he to be heard?" With the timidity which creates its own alarm she let the paper lay some time because it had been introduced without notice: but after a long pause, curiosity prevailed, and she stooped to take it up. It ran thus:—*Swallow not the medicine to night ——If you dare trust the informer, fly——When the castle clock strikes one, he will be at that door of the oratory under which this note is conveyed. Look every door of your apartments, and bring with you the key of that door whence you depart. One tap will be the signal. Consider well—if you fail, I have no more to say. If you resolve to fly,*

it must be the instant you hear the stroke. The Baroness was so alarmed at the proposal of flight, that consideration was impossible; she stood so lost to recollection that every thing appeared like vacancy. Rosamond who feared that her mistress might be ill as she long outstayed the usual time of her devotion, ventured to tap at the door. Danger seemed near to Philippine's fears, and she fancied her unknown informer had returned. Rosamond spoke. The sound was at another door. The Baroness instantly hid the paper, and admitted the girl. "O my lady!" she began. "What!" exclaimed the Baroness.

"O, nothing, my lady, now I find you well; I was afraid you were ill, you have been shut up here so long."

"Has any one else observed it?"

"No to be sure: your prayers are nothing to any one: only you do not often pray so much; so I did not know what to think of it; that is all. O, no; nobody else thought about it; no nobody else at all; no, nobody." Rosamond took so much pains to convince her mistress that no one but herself had been alarmed, that she assured herself that others had noticed her long stay in the oratory.

"Are you sure that no one has observed my long absence?"

"Yes, quite sure—but why should my lady ask! who should observe my lady? May not my lady do her pleasure, and come and go as she pleaseth?"

Philippine recollecting the proposed flight, was alarmed when the poor girl talked about coming and going; and her imagination immediately conjured up the art of a spy in her simple loquacity. Thus her perplexity encreased, and decision became more difficult: she determined nevertheless to obey every preparatory injunction. She dismissed Rosamond, whom she began to fear, and passed the intervening hours til bed time in a dreadful state of anxiety and terror.

When her attendants were dismissed for the night, she took her lamp and made every door of her many apartments secure; she so far prepared for flight, that she concealed many jewels about her person, and took a bag of gold from her escrutoire, and went into the oratory to await the signal. "I can but disregard it when it is given," she said to herself. The clock struck twelve. Alas! another hour of suspense. There never was a woman so perplexed as Philippine. She was convinced that Ernest was her great foe: and she was

in his power. His countenance when he beheld the empty cup, was ever present to her fancy, and she shuddered when she reverted to his smile. On the other hand, she was warned of danger by she knew not whom; and the proposal of escape was from a stranger, and no plan of journeying proposed.—O! he might be another agent of destruction, to make sure the blow. At length the clock struck one! It vibrated in her heart; scarcely had the sound ceased, when she heard the tap at the door: with a desperate resolution she turned the key, and on opening the door beheld a man muffled in a large coat. In a low voice he said, "take the key;" she did so. "Is the door fast?" he whispered. "Yes," said Philippine. He then threw a cloak over her; and putting his left arm round her waist, said in an under tone, "speak not." In his right hand he bore a lamp. He led, or I should better say, he dragged her along: they passed through many passages, and often turned; every door was open wide. After they had walked a long time in silence, he said, "stop." He then slowly and cautiously closed a large door, which he locked and took away the key. They then walked on til he again said, "stop." He did so several times, when at length they felt the air from without: he

instantly extinguished the lamp, and closed the last door, which shut them out from all communication with the castle. He hugged the trembling Philippine closer to him as in silence he encreased his pace.

It was not through the groves they hastened, but over the rough and not frequently trodden wilds of the domain. They at length came to the banks of a large sheet of water, into which the man threw the keys; "lie ye hidden there," he said, and again walked on in silence.

The sky was dark when they left the castle, the frost was keen and nipping; and as they proceeded the dawn slowly advanced. The glimmering light faintly discovered her guide to her anxious eye when they passed the gateway where terminated the southern extremity of the extensive plains of her son's inheritance.

They had not proceeded far into an adjacent wood, when her guide threw off his concealing wrapper, and she beheld Leopold, the man who had first alarmed her fears. He dropped on his knee, and taking her hand said, "let the gentle baroness of Heitlenberg pardon what I have done. What I have to unfold is more than I can now explain. Suffice it to say, that Ernest seeks to destroy the mother, as he has, I fear, already de-

stroyed the son. At the risk of detection, and at the peril of my life, I have brought you hither, and now we must quit Germany. I am armed, and I am determined. No injury shall reach you while I have strength to wield a sabre or to pull a trigger. Rely on me: but as you must not be known, you must change your name, and lay aside your rank. At Munich we shall be met by my wife Amelia, who will with humble duty wait upon my lady. When unobserved, all due attendance, all submissive obedience shall by both be paid her; but in the presence of strangers permit familiarity, for it will be safety." The fidelity of his conduct, and the delicacy of his behaviour in bringing his wife for her attendant, won the unbounded confidence of the baroness, and as she rested on a fallen tree, they began to arrange their mode of going on. "If what I have to propose should meet with the approbation of my lady," said Leopold, "I shall rejoice; if not, any other plan she may prefer I shall endeavour to execute to the utmost of my power. In the first instance we must go to Munich, where I have appointed Amelia."

"When shall we reach Munich?" asked the baroness.

"If my lady, after resting here, and partaking

of the refreshment which I have brought, can renew her journey, and walk on through the day, we may, at the speed which has brought us hither, reach it an hour after sun-set. There if my lady see fit, I will conduct her and Amelia to a convent, where the widow of an officer whose life I saved when the Turks laid siege to Vienna, has retired. Thanks to John Sobieski, they did not succeed. The officer was however killed; though I saved him once. I made bold a few years ago to call and pay my duty to her. She had not forgotten me, nor that this wound had saved her husband." Here Leopold took off his hat, and shewed a scar in his forehead. "Leopold," she said, "if ever you come again this way, remember that Caroline Hantzgaldt will rejoice to see you." "To her I will introduce my lady, where, if she will condescend to let me say she is my sister, she and my wife may be accommodated and lodged, untill rest shall enable us to pursue our journey, from Munich on to Insprach, thence onward to Italy. Thus far have I proposed my arrangement, which waits my lady's approbation."

"I fully approve of all you say," replied the baroness.

"When in Italy, my lady shall direct her vas-

sal," said Leopold, bowing with profound respect. He then produced a bag which hung to his belt, and offered his lady some ham, very nicely folded in a clean linen napkin; and a small flask of wine.

"Sit down and partake," said the baroness.

"When my lady has taken her meal, I will also breakfast," said the respectful Leopold.

"Be seated," said the baroness.

Leopold seated himself on the tree by the side of his mistress, and when she had finished her repast, he took his.

It was with extreme difficulty that the baroness walked on, though supported by the firm strength of a man accustomed to fatigue, and now exerting himself with encreased energy to protect and bear to safety the widow of a beloved master, under whom his youth had been trained. She strove to proceed, and forbore to complain til they had nearly reached the place of their destination, when she said, "O, Leopold! I can no further."

"Bear up a little longer, most honored lady," replied Leopold, "we are near the end of our journey."

"I must halt for a short space," replied Philippine, seizing the branch of a tree.

"O, my lady! fail not now," said the alarmed Leopold, "we are within the sound of the clocks

and bells." At that moment they heard the slow striking of a distant clock, which sounded five: "Hark," said he, "I know the sound, it is from the convent where I mean to lead you."

"I shall not live to reach it," said the baroness."

"Mercy defend me," said Leopold, "talk not so. Not live to reach it! Be not faint hearted."

The baroness heaved a deep sigh, but spoke not. After having remained some time silent, "I will do my best," she said; "come," she continued taking Leopold by the arm, "let us walk." She could not however proceed without stopping frequently, I may almost say for breath; yet by the encouragement of her faithful attendant, and her own earnest wish to go on, they at last found themselves within the city of Munich.

Leopold was so thoroughly acquainted with every part of it, that he had appointed his wife to wait in a spot which he had so truly marked out to her, that exactly where he had said to her, "meet me," he found her waiting. When he drew near he said, "St. Joseph," which was the word he had given her, and she answered by saying, "Leopold, I wait," which was the appointed reply. He took her by the hand, and said, "we will now all three walk on in silence, I know my road." A very short distance brought them to the monastery.

He rang the bell, and asked for Madame Hantzgaldt. They were shewn to the grate, where the grateful Caroline instantly recognized the soldier who had been wounded in defence of her husband. He introduced the baroness as his sister Leopoldine, of whom she had heard him make mention, and then he presented his wife Amelia. He said "that they were hastening into Italy on some very particular business which concerned them all, that they had proceeded thus far with great expedition, that the two females were much fatigued, and that as it was not in his power to procure them comfortable accommodation at the inns, he had presumed to introduce them to her, hoping that through her kindness they would be received for a night or two in the convent."

"Assuredly they will," said Caroline Hantzgaldt; "trust them to my care."

"I humbly thank you," said Leopold. "As for me, the man who has known what it is to live in a camp, will never find his bed too hard, nor his fare too coarse." So saying, he presumed to raise the hand of the baroness to his lips, and imprinted on it a brotherly kiss. He also kissed the hand of his wife: and having paid the compliments of separation for the night, he departed.

Caroline Hantzgaldt had retired from the gaiety

of the world to the seclusion of a convent, when her husband was slain at the attack of the Turkish entrenchments before Vienna, but she had not taken the veil: she was among the boarders of the convent, and she immediately introduced Amelia and Leopoldine Schaurdenwitz as the wife and sister of an old friend, to whom she was under great obligations; and requested that they might be admitted to the boarder's table, and accommodated with sleeping rooms during their stay in Munich. Josepha Frederica Frisbourg, the Abbess, willingly granted the request made by Caroline Hantzgaldt, and they were instantly led to the boarder's parlour. The exceeding fatigue the baroness had undergone, rendered her incapable of expressing a proper sense of the attention that she received; which not a little disconcerted Amelia, who found it absolutely necessary to take upon her to make some apology for what appeared, even to her, to denote insensibility. "My sister," she said, for Leopold had told her to call the baroness so, "is not so strong as I am, and therefore is more fatigued; but I dare say that to-morrow she will be better able to thank you for your kindness."

The baroness felt the propriety of Amelia's remark, and said, "I hope I shall."

When supper was brought in, Caroline was careful to give her guests what she thought most likely to recruit their exhausted strength, and proffered the wine with very tender invitation. They both partook of the refreshments thus kindly recommended, and when the repast was ended, each had a lamp given her, and was shewn to the humble couch in the small chamber where she was to pass the night.

The baroness of Heitlenberg was a woman of an elegant turn of mind, and great delicacy of feeling; alive to the delights and beauties displayed in the various objects which she contemplated, and to her a flower, a shrub, a bird, the sun, the moon, the changing clouds, the roaring storm had charms; and when misfortunes pressed, they could soothe her mind and awaken emotions that only could arise in the sensitive heart which

> " ——— Like the needle true,
> Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
> But turning trembles too."

Though she was fatigued almost to fainting, Philippine could not sleep: the hurry of her departure, and the confused idea she had of the danger from which she had escaped, together with the uncertainty of the course she was to pursue,

kept her waking nearly the whole of the night. She compared the happiness to which she had looked forward from her son's love, care, and duty, and his personal rank in society, with the desolation of her hopes, and the horror of her brother-in-law's conduct; and she was almost tempted to repine at a destiny which had raised them to the state of exaltation which had made them the victims of the avarice and ambition of an aspiring relative, who had sacrificed them both to the accomplishment of his base designs. "What can be so alluring in riches," she said over and over again to herself.

As she lay thus ruminating, her mind, ever active, indited the following Ode, which when she arose she penned.

ODE TO RICHES.

Riches! thou gen'ral Idol of mankind,
O say, what are the pleasures thou dost bring:
What is the mighty joy
Which thy possession gives?

O say, why man to Wealth respect should pay,
Though gain'd by ev'ry crime he should abhor:
While virtuous Poverty
Is left to pine alone!

Lo, HILLAS! See the grandeur he displays;
E'en by his king how honor'd, how caress'd;
Sure he can tell the bliss
Which doth from Riches spring.

Alas! the dazzling jewels we admire,
The blood of thousands tarnishes their blaze;
They glitter not for him,
Each ray presents a thorn.

View ATTICUS! fair Learning's darling child;
Hark to the pleasing tale he graceful tells:
His wisdom charms the old,
His wit delights the young.

Surely on him Gold lavishes his joys;
The smile he wears speaks peace within his breast:
He best of all can tell
The pleasure to be rich.

Ah! no—The orphan's sorrows dim his gold,
The widow's tears mix in the sparkling bowl:
Deceitfully he smiles,
For sure he knows not joy.

View HILLIO then—hereditary wealth
Descends to him—behold his stately Hall,
His horses, hounds, his plate—
See, MYRA yields her charms.

Alas! the many joys his wealth procures
By habit dull'd, unheeded pass away;
Or sad satiety
Makes each enjoyment pall.

Where then; O tell me! does the pleasure lie?
Borne on a radiant cloud the Spirit came.
"Mortal," he cried, "attend!
I will thy doubts remove.

"The bliss of Riches is not to possess;
It is their use alone can e'er bring joy:
'Tis there the pleasure lies—
For O! full well 'tis seen

"That he, whom guilty thirst of Gold provokes
To spurn all laws, both human and divine,
By Riches still is curst,
And makes his bosom Hell.

"While he, who worthily his Wealth employs,
Whose upright heart with gen'rous fervour glows,
Whose ever open hand
Relieves the wretch distress'd;

"Who stills the widow's grief and makes her smile,
Who dries the orphan's tears and guides his youth,
In this world shall rejoice,
And in the next be blest."

Toward morning she fell asleep, for exhausted nature sunk in slumber even beneath the pressure of grief. Nevertheless, when Amelia came to her, she was unable to rise, and desired her to tell

Madame Hantzgaldt, that she was so little recovered that she could not attend the morning devotions, nor be present at the first meal; but that she hoped to be able to appear in the boarder's parlour at dinner time. "For the present," she said, "let me be left alone." Amelia with all respect quitted the room, and the melancholy Philippine again sunk on her pillow.

When the dinner hour was near, Amelia again came to her mistress, whom she assisted to rise, and led to the parlour; the kind Caroline received her with every mark of friendship, and after the repast was ended they went together to attend vespers.

After the service was over, Caroline pointed out a lovely young woman, whose voice had been heard singly in many parts of the hymns, as one who was to take the veil on the morrow, which was a festival. "It is a solemn act," she said, "and if your affairs do not press too much, I would recommend you to stay and witness it." Philippine, however anxious to proceed, was quite incapable of travelling on, and therefore said that she would remain.

When Leopold called, which he did not til the dusk of the evening, he was told of their inten-

tion to be present at the ensuing ceremony, for which Philippine said, that she should not have been induced to wait, had she been sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of the first day's march to be able to go on; "but indeed, Leopold," she said, "I cannot now proceed; but after to-morrow I will follow our settled route."

"I will be here," said Leopold, "after to-morrow exactly when the clock strikes five. Be ready." So saying, he departed.

On the morrow after the matins, the number of officiating priests was encreased, and they ranged themselves round the altar in great solemnity. The sacristan brought in a long veil, and gave it to the superior among them, who blessed it, and laid it on the steps of the altar. The organ immediately sounded, and during the solemnity of its majestic chords, the beautiful novice was led along the middle of the chapel by two supporting nuns. When she had reached half way toward the altar, for the occasion unusually splendid in decoration and light, she stopt, and throwing down some jewels which adorned her hands and wrists, trampled them under her feet. The organ was again heard, and in pathetic strains she sang the following verse:

O all ye scenes of vain deceit, farewell!
No more on me shall all your charms have pow'r;
I fly th' incitements which entrap the mind;
I leave each dazzling lure, each glitt'ring spell,
Which strives to press on some unguarded hour,
And brings destruction on seduc'd mankind.

Having finished the strain of renunciation, she was again led forward; the sisters who attended her took off her cap, and a profusion of bright yellow hair fell in ringlets on her neck and shoulders. The organ again sounded, and she again sang as follows:

Ye sacred walls receive me to your peace;
Here let me dwell in quietness and ease,
Far from the sordid vanities of life.
Here let my soul prepare to take its flight
To realms beyond the earth's perpetual night,
And far remov'd from grov'ling mortal strife.

When she ceased, the whole choir sang the verse, saying,

Ye sacred walls receive *her*, &c.

and so expressing themselves throughout.

While they sang, her hair was cut off, and the priest threw the veil over her. It hung in many

folds over her form, and concealed from view the loveliness which thenceforth would wither in the gloomy cloister.

When the chorus was ended, the priests performed the customary rites, and the young votary of superstition was led back by the two nuns, and from that hour she was for ever devoted to the austere retirement of religious seclusion; and shut out from all the intercourses of society, and a world she had renounced while its mildest sun shone on her early dawn *.

The next evening, punctual to the hour fixed, Leopold came to the convent the very instant after the clock had seconded the last stroke of five. Madame Hantzgaldt attended her two guests to meet him. When they were about to depart, the Baroness took the hand of her kind

* I beg leave to make an observation, which will anticipate observations which, in all probability, will be made by others. It is customary when women take the veil or make professions, as on all other occasions in the Romish church, to select the hymns and anthems from the Psalms, or other parts of holy writ; but as I think it would be indecorous to blend texts of Scripture with tales of amusement, I have taken the liberty to write some lines resembling in purport what is really sung by novices when they take their first vows, and have forborne from the very words used on the occasion.

entertainer, and said to her, "Heaven only knows if we shall ever meet again; if we do, I trust that freed from the unpleasant circumstances which now drag us into Italy, we may be better enabled to express our grateful sense of your goodness: if we never meet, it is now a sad farewell. May every blessing be showered upon you."

Caroline was somewhat surprized at the words of Leopoldine Schaurdenwitz, as she had been taught to call the Baroness, and more so at the manner in which they were spoken. Leopold observed it, and fearful that any questions might bring on answers that would betray them, he took his lady and his wife by the hand, and thanking Madame Hantzgaldt in a less refined speech of acknowledgment, he hastily drew them away. They walked on for four or five hours without stopping, when they came to a little inn by the road side. They stopped there and supped. The Baroness and Amelia were shewn into a small room, where they threw themselves on a bed without taking off their cloaths, and Leopold slept on an old couch which stood in the parlour corner.

At dawn he tapped at the door of the room where his companions slept, and saying it was time to start, left them to prepare for their departure. They were quickly ready. As they

went on, Philippine gave some of her gold to Leopold, and said that she thought that they might venture to hire horses from the next place at which they should stop. Leopold readily gave way to the proposal, therefore at the next little town he hired two horses, on one of which he placed Amelia behind the man who had charge to return with the animals, and on the other the Baroness rode behind him. They thus with less fatigue and more speed travelled to Inspruck. They were compelled to stop twice by the way to rest their horses, and when they reached that populous city, they did not repair to the best inn, but took up their abode at a place where the Baroness might really be supposed to be Leopold's sister. On quitting Inspruck, they began to climb the prodigious mountains which lead to Brixen. They halted at the little village of Gruss, and then proceeded up the steep ascent of *Brennerberg* *, or the *Inflamed Hill:* at the foot of which when they descended they found Brixen. The Baroness was here also represented as Leopold's sister, and partook of her meals at the same table with her attendants. Between the high

* A name given it on account of the thunder storms which are there so frequent.

rocks and the river they proceeded to *Botzen*, or as the Italians call it Balsano. Here they staid a day, and then proceeded through a fruitful and pleasant valley to Trent. "I rejoice," said Leopold, "I may also say that I glory in having thus far brought my lady in safety. From this place my lady shall decide on the future route. If I may presume to recommend a plan, I would with all speed cross the Alps, for security is beyond them."

"Let it be so," said Philippine; "We will immediately set forward and pursue the road to Venice."

The country called Trent is situated among the Alps, whose vast stupendous heights rise in towering majesty covered with the unmelted snows of ages. Yet, even amid their crags, some hardy tenants here and there build huts, and seem to dwell above the world, and soar among the clouds. They halted at the city of Trent, the capital of the district, and Philippine was unwilling to proceed, for she clung to the spot as the last place wherein she seemed to breathe her native air. To-morrow she should quit her country; to-morrow would bring her to the Venetian territories; to the gay, the luxuriant clime of Italy. It was however absolutely necessary to go on. Beyond the Alps

Leopold had said was security. She therefore concealed all she felt, though it was not in her power to dissemble her grief, or to assume any demeanour but sadness.

When she retired to the loneliness of her chamber, in the pensive melancholy with which she looked back on former joy, she wrote the following stanzas :

Ye hours when hope and joy were new,
Swiftly ye pass'd away:
While wing'd with rapture as ye flew,
Gay flow'rs adorn'd the day.

From which I cull'd with nicest care
Each bud of balmy smell;
And wove a garland for my hair,
Methought for aye to dwell.

But from my brow the wreath is torn,
Scatter'd the flow'rets die;
The sun, which cheer'd the smiling morn,
Sets in a stormy sky.

On to Venice is a short journey. There the Baroness resumed her name, and the respectful Leopold withdrew to the humble post of servitude, while Amelia became what we call *lady's maid.*

Venice with her many streams, gay with gon-

dolas, and crossed by innumerable wide expanding one-arched bridges, and adorned with spacious palaces, presented a splendid scene; but all its beauties were incapable to soothe the sorrows of the Baroness. She had looked to it as a place of happiness, because it was a strong contrast to the gloomy castle where she had lived retired; but the luxury of such a voluptuous city could not dispel grief deep rooted in the heart, nor did she ever attempt to join in the masked meetings of dissipation, or the lively assemblies where the nobles meet for conversation. "Alas! Leopold," she said, "I cannot be happy here. Let us travel on; perhaps some other spot may be more congenial to the feelings which I cherish, and in some other place I may find peace, though joy can never dwell within my bosom."

"To whatever place my lady chooses to remove, I and Amelia will cheerfully follow," answered Leopold.

"We will go to Padua," said Philippine.

"As my lady pleases."

She left Venice, and proceeded in a vain pursuit of happiness, which ever fled before her. When she reached Padua, she prostrated herself at the tomb of St. Anthony, imploring his guidance and protection, and rubbed her beads at

the holy clefts of his monument; but all in vain: the perfume they imbibed had no power over her heart, and the air exhaled their inefficacious fragrance.

One evening after a longer absence than usual, Leopold returned aghast. "O, my lady!" he said. "O, my lady, I have witnessed such a scene!"

"Where?" said the Baroness.

"In the Dominican convent, my lady! O! such a confession! such a death! While I was in the chapel, one of the fathers who had been long ill, was brought in the agonies of dissolution, to expire before the altar, in sight of which he wished to breathe his last. Mercy on us what a piteous sight! He was ghastly with disease, and writhing with anguish. When they set him down; 'Avant!' he cried; 'vanish from before me! avaunt! begone!——So—so—so——I am better now Antonio is not here.' He then crossed himself with great devotion, and began to confess. O what a tale he told!"

"Do you remember what you heard?" said Philippine.

"Do I remember it! Aye, that I do: and were I to live for ever I never should forget it.

"What said he?"

"Father, he said to the superior, Can such

a wretch have absolution! O, how shall I declare my crimes? Crimes so vast, they are incapable of aggravation. I was the youngest son of the celebrated Signor Vezzorilio: my elder brother stood between me and happiness. He was my father's heir; and the favoured lover of the virtuous Serina——'Look! see where they stand to blast me!' he exclaimed. 'Will ye not have pity? Strike then! Behold my naked breast!' said he, tearing away his garments. 'What! dare ye not? Have ye so much mercy? O, Father,' he continued, 'with what gentleness they look upon me. That Antonio, who now points to his bleeding bosom, fell by my hand. I wished to be the heir. O! I watched him, as he returned alone from his Serina, and stabbed him to the heart. He knew me not; but as he fell, "Villain," he said, "my brother Gonzalo will revenge me." Yea, thou art indeed revenged. O! I have lived in agony. The young Serina, after my brother fell, told her sad tale to me, his unsuspected murderer. I strove so cunningly to soothe her sorrow, that she sought at all times my society. I stole imperceptibly upon her heart; and, wretch that I was, I took advantage of her soft confidence to rob her of her honour. Sweet victim of my guilt! she never upbraided me, but

avoiding me as the viper who had stung her, she pined in secret over her shame, and died, subdued by the keen feelings of remorse.——O! stare not thus upon me——See, Father, they beckon me away——What! still there?——I come, I come ——O, I despair of rest!——Must I? Must I die?——I must——Would I could die for ever—' He then became calmer, and the superior approached to settle the matter with his conscience; but, as he stooped over his matrass——'They have me now—they have me fast:' he cried; and with horrid shrieks and violent struggles, which lasted the best part of an hour, he expired."

"It was, indeed, a sad sight," said Philippine.

"Aye, it was so," replied Leopold; "yet it was, as you may say, a warning to the spectators to keep them in the right road, and so Father Vincenzio, the superior, thought; for, said he, 'You see, my brethren, how terrible it is to be induced to the commission of crimes. More than half Gonzalo's life has been passed in penitence, and yet behold his death!' Then turning to us, who stood aghast around the body; 'My sons,' he said, 'we are in an asylum, but ye are still exposed to temptation: take warning by our departed brother. Remember Gonzalo, and be wise.'"

The conduct of Gonzalo reminded the Bar
ness so forcibly of that of Ernest toward h
son, that it doubly encreased her wretchedne
" Alas!" she said, " does every one find unkin
ness from a brother!" She seemed to becon
sadder since she had crossed the mountains whi
shut out her native land. In the gaieties of t
place she never mixed; but alive to the beauti
of nature, which in this country shine with char
more lovely than other nations boast, she fr
quently, attended by Amelia, and followed
Leopold, strayed among the groves beyond t
town, where the leaves, gently ruffled by the s
breezes of the advancing spring, seemed to whi
per mournfully, and the nightingale in vari
strains, warbled his thrilling song. His note
ever dear to those who weep, called forth the f
lowing address from Philippine; who, as she li
tened, was almost rapt.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet Bird! who to the silent eve
Pour'st thy soft tale of woe,
I join thy plaint, with thee I grieve,
Like thine my sorrows flow.

But sweetest warbler, thy fond breast
No sorrow knows like mine;
Thy little heart no woes molest,
No pangs of grief are thine.

Thou, when young Spring renews the year,
And leads his rosy train;
By joy art taught to soothe the ear
With thy sad-seeming strain.

For ah! 'tis Love awakes thy song,
And prompts thy vary'd lay;
Love doth thy trembling notes prolong
Upon the fragrant spray.

To cheer thy mate beneath the shade
Within her nest retir'd,
Thou warblest through the forest glade,
By gentle Love inspir'd.

Yet is thy song for ever dear
To sorrow's bursting heart,
And the soft sounds which start the tear,
Shall mournful joy impart.

Lur'd by thy melancholy lay,
Beneath the gloom I roam,
And hailing the mild close of day,
I mourn my Infant's doom.

Sad from the heart my strains arise,
But rapture calls forth thine;
The nest awakes thy thrilling cries,
The tomb awakens mine.

Ah! sad Philippine! I have said *happiness fled before her*——Her restless mind sought it in change of place; and as she had no plan to follow, no home to seek, she quitted Padua and set out for Verona.

The loveliest season of the year, the beauteous spring, was forward in the genial clime. The mulberry trees were in leaf, and the silk worms began to feed among their branches, while the young tendrils of the vine clang round them for support, as they spread from tree to tree, promising a plenteous vintage. Amid these plantations the corn was lifting her green head in the shade, and universal nature smiled. The birds chirped harmoniously upon every spray, and all the world was gay. All but the mournful Philippine. Her grief desolated the scene, and Verona charmed no more than Padua. Half the town rises on a pleasant hill, at the foot of which flows the river Adige.

Between Verona and Brescia is the lake Garda, often vexed with storms. It was during Philippine's stay at Verona, that a venturous party, elate with hope of a continued calm, took boat to sport upon its glassy wave. The sun shone bright when they set forth, but ere night the tempest roared, the billows raged, and those who stood on

shore, unable to assist their friends, saw the little bark sink for ever, where the merry heart which danced at dawn, burst beneath the horrors of a watery grave. Silent and sad some cheerless disappointed companions, who beheld the wreck, returned to Verona; there to bewail the loss of those they loved, and to perform the rites where holy masses prayed for the departed. The baroness saw the group pass by; and as with eager eye she followed the mourning train, her ever anxious heart in spontaneous sympathy gave vent to its strong feelings in the following lines.

THE STORM.

Hark, hark; the torrent roars!
And rudely sounds the knell
Of those his rage devours!
Dash'd by the mounting wave,
They find a wat'ry grave,
And none survive the direful tale to tell!

Sad from th' affrighted shore
Th' expecting friends remove,
The bark is seen no more!
Wild horror fills the air,
The voice of fell despair
Floats on the wind, and scares the shatter'd grove.

The mighty palace falls!
Its fragments round are cast:
The minster's sacred walls
From their foundations shake!
Now secret guilt, awake
To bitter pangs, fears vengeance in the blast.

Yet on his trembling head
Bursts not the tempest's rage;
From him the lightning fled,
And in the humble shade
Strikes the poor cottage maid,
The darling of her parent's drooping age.

O sad, severe decree!
Yet dare not Fate to scan;
But bless his clemency.
While to her native skies
The spotless virgin flies,
He spares to penitence the sinful man.

Grief is ever accompanied by an inclination to wander. Far away, not near, something seems to hover which may soothe. Alas! the mourner saddens as she passes on: yet still the fond beguiler, Hope, allures, and in visions of expectation smiles.

Philippine and her attendants left Verona and went on to Bologna, which is watered by many streams, and beautifully surrounded by fruitful plains.

The baroness had not been long seated in the apartment where she awaited dinner, when she heard a small faint chirping, which was several times repeated. Somewhat alarmed, she sought around for the cause of the melancholy sound, and in one corner of the room discovered a cage, on the bottom of which was a little half-fledged bird, too weak to rise upon the perch. The man who brought in the dinner was followed by two children, who had got some chopped egg for the little flutterer. "I hope the good lady will let us feed our bird," said the eldest.

"What bird have you there?" said Philippine.

"A little nightingale: we found a nest as we were walking about, with three birds in it, which we brought home, but we could not make them eat, so we took them back to the nest; but the old birds had left it, the nest was quite deserted;" said the child; "and then we brought them back; they all died but this, and I am afraid that he will not live long. Pretty, pretty," said he to the bird, and put a bit of egg into the cage. The bird opened his mouth, but he could not peck.

"You see, brother," said the little girl, "that we must feed it ourselves." So saying, she opened the door of the cage, took the bird into

her hand, and with childish playfulness began to sing to it.

Pretty little foolish thing,
Not to eat the food we bring;
You will never learn to sing,
Never fly upon the wing;
As other little warblers do,
Unless you eat your meat, you know.

Then she kissed it, and the little boy fed it. When they thought it had had enough, they returned it into the cage, and fastened the door. "Farewell, pretty bird," said they, "the lady will let us feed you again. I hope you will," said one of them, looking in Philippine's face.

"Yes, certainly," said the baroness.

When the children left the room, she went to the cage; "Poor little bird," she said, "taken from your mother's nest. Alas! like me, she quitted the home whence you had been stolen."

This little circumstance renewed all the tender recollections which the remembrance of her boy always produced, and in the softened mood with which she contemplated the little captive, who from time to time called with his weak cry, for the nestling warmth of its mother's care, she wrote the following poem.

THE BIRD'S NEST,

OR THE

NIGHTINGALE'S GRAVE.

Young lovely Spring, adorn'd with flow'rs,
Now cheer'd the world, and led the hours;
On ev'ry blushing mountain's side
The primrose pale, the daisy pied,
The cowslip mild, the pansey gay,
And violet blue, bestrew'd the way.
While, mid the foliage of the groves,
The feather'd songsters tun'd their loves.
Chief of the choir, the Nightingale
Chaunted his passion through the vale.
"List, Philomela, to my song,
Whose softest notes to thee belong;
Of thee I sing, I name but thee,
Sweet Philomela, list to me!
The hawthorn bush with blossoms gay
Reflects the sun's mild verdant ray,
On ev'ry hedge the flow'rets fine,
Impearl'd with early dew-drops shine;
O hasten through the fragrant air!
Let us the nuptial bow'r prepare,
Within the thicket's twilight glade,
Or in the scented greenwood shade."——
His tender song, devoid of art,
Waken'd new rapture in her heart,
And while the blush of April glow'd
She yielded, and her love bestow'd.

Now prompted by a parent's care,
On eager wing they cut the air,
And build a nest within the wood,
To guard their little helpless brood:
Backward and forward now they fly,
Where straw or moss the means supply,
And o'er the heath or marshy waste,
With loaded bill unwearied haste
Then to the chosen spot repair,
And with the nicest skill prepare
The outward walls, while from their breast
They pluck the down to line the nest.
At length the bursting eggs give way,
And the young birds emerge to day.
It chanc'd, the evening being fair,
Two children walk'd to take the air;
Into the grove their steps they bent,
And chatted gaily as they went;
As near the streamlet on they stray'd,
And mid the alder's branches play'd,
They spied the nest of Philomel——
O! who can then their pleasure tell?
"Look sister," said the little boy,
While his bright eyes express'd his joy,
"See, here a bird's nest near at hand;
If on this first bough I could stand,
I'd surely reach to get it down;
And now the birds are not much grown,
They'll be quite tame, and pick up bread,
Stand on our finger, or our head,
And fly about, and come and go
Exactly as we'd have them do."

This said, he mounted on the bough,
While little Rosa stood below,
In vain th' affrighted mother flies,
To lure them elsewhere vainly tries.
For full in view the nest remain'd;
And soon the wish'd for prize was gain'd;
From which the callow young he stole,
Regardless of her anxious dole.
Homeward with glee they quickly went,
And in a cage the nestlings pent;
But lost the grove, the air, the sky,
And lost their native liberty,
No song repaid the children's care;
A low weak cry did sad declare
That not the twisted golden thread,
Which form'd an arch above their head,
Nor curious pillars round them plac'd,
Though each by polish'd ivory grac'd,
Could wake the notes to nature due,
Or cheer the breast to nature true.
While thus in stately cage they pine,
And in their prison'd pomp decline,
The parent birds within the wood
Mourn the sad capture of their brood.
In vain the father strove to pour
The song of love to cheer the bow'r,
No notes could soothe the mother's grief;
Her broken heart found no relief;
And when the sun next morn arose,
His beams to Philomel disclose
The lifeless mourner on the nest;
Sad sight to his connubial breast!

Ah! who can now his woe declare?
He sat the picture of despair;
No more he oil'd his plumes so gay,
Or sang the tedious time away;
Vain were it now to spread the wing,
Vain would it be to chirp and sing:
Clos'd are the eyes which gaz'd with love,
And deaf the ear which should approve!
Languid he sat upon the tree,
In silent drooping agony!
At length when Sol withdrew his light,
And the still world was hid in night,
He trill'd a melancholy strain,
Which wound in sadness o'er the plain:
And ev'ry bird who heard his wail,
Flew to the mourning Nightingale.
His lifeless mate, his rifled nest,
His widow'd heart, and lonely breast,
Of all the joys of love bereft,
In sympathetic grief they wept;
And, to assuage his tender woe,
Propos'd in solemn pomp to go
And lay her in the secret shade,
Near where the murm'ring streamlet stray'd,
Where the sad spot might ne'er be found,
Nor e'er disturb'd the shelt'ring ground.
The duteous Stork, who oft before
On pious wing his parent bore,
Betwixt his outstretch'd pinions plac'd
The little corse, and slowly trac'd
His airy way, ere yet the Sun
His glorious race of day begun.

The Sky-lark check'd his early song,
Nor soar'd the dawning clouds among,
But on low wing in pity flew
The desolated nest to view:
The Wood-lark, with his silver crown,
In silence too had thither flown:
The lonely Thrush had left his tree
To join the sad solemnity:
The Bullfinch stopt his piping lay,
Affrighted left the blooming spray,
And thither flew on trembling wing;
Even the Blackbird ceas'd to sing:
The little Wren, whose swelling throat
Surprizes with its strength of note,
Now mute amid the throng was found,
Which follow'd to the chosen ground;
Where near the stream a grave was made,
In which the lifeless bird was laid.
And when the Red-breast had with care
Strewn leaves upon her humble bier,
Once more the grove was vocal made
By grief soft warbled through the shade.
The cheerless Philomel in vain
Strove to pour forth the mournful strain,
His falt'ring tongue denied to join
The requiem sad which bless'd her shrine.
Most like his own, the Thrush then rais'd
Notes which the dear departed prais'd,
Yet while they prais'd they mourn'd her too,
And were a tender long adieu;
To which each voice, no longer gay,
Sang in pathetic roundelay.

While all along the marshy shore
Was heard the bellowing Bittern's roar,
Which mid the bending sedges roll'd
Like a deep knell at distance toll'd.
The rites perform'd, away all flew,
Resum'd their joy, and chirp'd anew;
The Nightingale alone remain'd,
His song of joy was ne'er regain'd;
But while each warbler turn'd his love,
Pining he droop'd within the grove,
And near the spot where slept his mate,
Pensive and sad for ever mate.

Next morning she went, attended as usual by her two domestics, to walk by the side of one of the rivulets which flow meandering round the city. As she strayed, lost in bitter reflections, she heard a flute breathe such plaintive sounds, as only could be inspired by the feelings of one whose heart was deeply touched by grief. She stopt to listen; the modulations were from a master's hand, and they came softened by the breeze on which they floated to the streamlet. Seated on the grass beneath the branches of a tree, she beheld a youth reclined against its trunk, and while she stood gazing with astonishment, she caught the eye of the musician. He abruptly ceased, though in the middle of a pathetic cadence: and starting from his seat, walked away

She followed him with her eye, til he disappeared, and then retraced her steps to the inn. While she sat there, she saw the minstrel enter the court yard; the two children who had fed the bird ran out to meet him. "Hah! Silvestro," they exclaimed, each taking a hand. The man pushed them at arms length, and looking first at one and then at the other, burst into a loud laugh.

"Have you brought your flute?" said the little boy. Here Silvestro dropping the children's hands, drew forth his flute, and began to play a lively air. The children instantly danced, when of a sudden he changed his lively strain, and sounded the same sad tones which the baroness had first heard.

"We cannot dance to that," said the children. The plaintive musician stopt. He stood with his arms folded for some time, and then spoke in an under tone, a kind of low mutter, and soon walked into the inn, followed by the children and others who had collected at his approach.

When the children came, according to the permission they had received to feed their bird, the baroness asked them who had been playing on the flute to them.

"O! it is a young man who often comes here; he calls himself Silvestro: nobody knows who he

is. Our father says he is a crazy man; but he never hurts any one. He loves to go sometimes and play on his flute in the country round about, but he does not like to be followed. If we go after him, he always runs away: but he often plays to us and lets us dance: and he is so good natured, we are always glad to see him."

"Poor unhappy fellow," said the baroness.

"He is not always unhappy," said the little boy, "sometimes he is as merry as we are, but it does not last long; he soon goes into his old way again. Sometimes he stays away a long time, and we hear nothing of him."

When the bird had received what the children called his supper, the baroness sunk into as deep melancholy as the deranged Silvestro. While she mused over the little history the child had recounted, she began the following apostrophe.

Hark, hark! the vacant laugh with sudden
Burst, alarms th' astonish'd group,
Behold the eye rolling its orb unmeaning
Round, and list the lowly mutter.
O! that the pride of man, his boast,
His elevation high above the brute,
His reason all divine, should thus become
Derang'd, and ev'ry noble faculty
Be driven from its poise!———

When she had got thus far, the renewal of the melancholy notes of the flute, which she heard from the adjoining chamber, interrupted her, and when the sound ceased, she could not resume; the minstrelsy had struck upon another string, and her heart vibrated with new sensations.

"It is strange," she said, "sorrow seems to meet me whithersoever I go! at Verona the mourning group returning from the wreck on Garda's stormy lake: here the wandering Silvestro!"

At night she told Amelia she was tired of Bologna. "Aye," she continued, "I am weary of the world; what is there in it but distress!"

"Let not my lady say so;" answered Amelia. "If we travel on, we shall at last be happy: indeed we shall, my lady."

"I will cross the Apennines," said Philippine. "Bid Leopold prepare for our departure."

The very next day they set forward, and soon reached the foot of the vast mountains which run along Italy in its whole extent. The beauty and luxuriance of Bologna soon vanished, and they began to climb among the almost impracticable passes of the Apennines. Their progress was very slow, and performed on mules. They travelled from village to village, the names of which

it is needless to recapitulate, til they reached Giogo. As she ascended, in a little patch of earth which the winds had collected in a small hollow between the stones, she espied a rose-tree, vainly endeavouring to expand its blossoms to the shrivelling north. Every thing which bore the appearance of depression touched the heart of Philippine, and in the following stanzas she instantly compared the drooping unsunned tree, to the weak struggles of the unfortunate, shrinking from the scorn of a retiring world.

Upon a craggy mountain's brow
A luckless rose-tree grew;
No genial sun the blossoms cheer'd,
But angry tempests blew.

By bitter frost and drizzling rain
Each tender bud was nipt;
The air no sweet perfume exhaled,
The bee no honey sipt.

Like some sad wretch when Fortune frowns,
Struggling it feebly pin'd;
At length o'ercome, each wither'd flow'r
Was scatter'd on the wind.

Whoever has been in sorrow; and who has not? knows that it is the very essence of grief to shun society, to avoid all scenes of joy, to seek

gloom, and to court the ruggedness of nature: her barren moors, her steep precipices, and unfrequented paths; and amid the harshness of uncultivated neglect, to nourish woe. It is the province of friendship to draw the mourner from such destructive indulgence; and to invite despondence by soft lures to join again the circles of the happy, and to renew pleasure by receiving comfort, and yielding to consolation. Philippine had no comforter. Leopold had snatched her from the danger which awaited her at the castle, and brought her where he thought she was secure; he guarded her with fidelity, and his wife attended on her with attachment; but they did not presume to intrude on her by their advice, or to divert her from her pursuits: therefore when she proposed to remain at Giogo, on the highest top of the Apennines, they raised no objections to her wishes, nor when she strayed beyond the village, and sought paths not often chosen by those who wander among the heights, did they controul her steps: here she would sit and ruminate for hours, and as the sun sunk behind the mountains, she would brood over the misfortunes of her life, til all seemed wrapped in one dark cloud of desolation, and she almost fancied that universal horror covered the face of the earth, and that the lot of

all mankind was wretchedness and woe: and in a paroxysm of her great grief, she wrote the following Ode to Despair.

Among the rocks I fly,
Where never human tread
Hath mark'd the rugged way.
There hide my wretched head;
In grief there pass the day,
The night in agony!

Lo, the vivid flash! hark the thunder's sound!
Blow, blow ye winds; ye tempests roar around;
And add more horror to the solitude!
Though your rude force my bosom rend,
Ye come not barbed with ingratitude,
I never call'd ye Friend!

I never rais'd the sprightly song for you;
Or struck the chords harmonious;
Ne'er trod the mazes of the dance with you,
Inspir'd by sounds melodious.
Ye never shar'd the plenty of my board,
Nor sipt the sparkling wine my bounty pour'd.

Why bounteous Earth, whose ever fruitful womb
Yields each sweet herb
Healthful for man,
Dost thou disturb
His peaceful plan,
And with thy gold embitter still his doom?

O! that its dazzling tempting glare, had shone
Unseen within the mine!
How many who repine,
Who drag the galling chain
Of Slav'ry——and complain
Of rigid masters, had no anguish known.

The wretched miserable child of woe,
Who, once of wealth possess'd, had not with grief
Felt sorrows which from loss of riches flow,
Nor sought in vain for friends to give relief.

None ere had mourn'd the guilty hand of fraud,
Rapine and murd'rous war had been unknown,
And each by honor and by virtue aw'd,
The best pre-eminently great had shone.

I should not with my cries
Wake Echo where she lies———
Mourning for friends who from my woes retire
I should not rend the air,
Nor call on thee, Despair,
To deaden each quick sense with thy consuming fire.

She continued to wander among those high precipices til they in their turn grew wearisome, and she again set forward, and began to descend the lofty hills, whose airy summits were lost among the clouds.

By short stages she gradually proceeded downward to that part of the hills which are full of villages and villas, and cloathed with woods beautifully surrounding the luxuriant valley in which

stands the fair city of Florence, watered by the Arno. It is a scene of ecstacy. Here corn, wine, and oil, delicious fruits, and all things which can delight the heart of man, flow in profusion. Here a southern sun glows in an unclouded sky, and smiling plenty gladdens the fields of her own genial clime, and lessens the labourer's toil.

It is impossible to speak of Florence without reverting to the family of Medici. It is impossible to be in Florence, and not visit the chapel of St. Laurence, which is the Medicean Mausoleum.

Though the fame of its magnificence and riches be spread throughout Europe, and Philippine had heard it described by many travellers, and had read descriptions of it in several authors, her imagination had formed no idea which approached its splendour. The marbles, crystals, gems, and jewels with which it is adorned, surpass any collection of the kind in the universe*: and the wonderful display of riches there beheld in one great blaze, carries contemplation back to the founder of such a family, as to one who in the dark periods of remote superstition, would have been considered as

* More than a century has passed away since the baroness of Heitlenberg was at Florence. The description here given of the Mausoleum is as it then shone. What modern ravages may have destroyed, modern travellers will mark down.

something more than human, and perhaps have been esteemed a great magician. Let the mind trace Lorenzo, and it will be ready to give credit to the assertion that every thing is within the reach of man, if he will extend his hand to grasp it.

The Baroness of Heitlenberg stood in silent awe, as she surveyed the stately edifice. The walls are covered with porphyry, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, oriental alabaster, and other costly materials; the masterly workmanship of which almost surpasses in value their own intrinsic worth. Round it are the tombs of the great Dukes. On each tomb is a jasper pillow enriched with precious stones, and on each pillow a ducal crown. Each pillow is said to have cost sixty thousand crowns. On each tomb is also a statue of brass gilt, of the Duke who lays beneath. The pillars of the altar are crystal an ell long, having chapiters of pure gold. The pictures are composed of inlaid precious stones. Amid this glare of gold and jewels the overwhelmed and fatigued mind dims its lustre by shuddering at the mouldering heaps below.

It was not a place to be hastily quitted; the attractions of its magnificence, and the deep reflections on its appropriation may be said to charm the spectator to the spot, and it becomes an effort

to break the spell and to depart. On such a mind as Philippine's all had its full force, and when she stood again beneath the canopy of heaven ; nature, for a moment, seemed to yield to art.

Contiguous to this ducal sepulchre is the collegiate church of St. Laurence, in which near the principal entrance is a monument to Peter and John, two sons of the Great Duke Cosmo. Concerning the death of John the following terrible tale is told.

One day when he was hunting with his brother Garcias, they quarrelled about some matter they were discussing, when the malignant Garcias, watching his opportunity, stabbed his brother to the heart with his dagger. He returned without discomposure to his companions, and continued the chace. When Prince John's horse returned without his rider, the company were greatly alarmed, and searching, found his corse. The news quickly reached the palace, and the afflicted Cosmo ordered the body of his son to be conveyed into one of the apartments, whereto he sent for Garcias, whose malicious and depraved disposition made the unhappy father suspect to be the assassin. Garcias at first denied the charge, but when he was shewn the body of his brother, whose wounds now bled afresh, he dropped at his

father's feet, and confessed the horrid deed. Cosmo bad him call on heaven for mercy, and then said, "You ought to think it the greatest happiness to lose that life of which you are now unworthy, by the hand of him from whom you first received it." Having so spoken, he drew from the side of Garcias, the dagger of his fratricide, and pierced the bosom of his son, who immediately fell on the lifeless body of his brother and expired. At the time of this dreadful occurrence Garcias was only fifteen years of age. Few people were privy to the circumstances, it being given out that the two Princes died of a contagious distemper then raging in Florence. In confirmation of which they were both honored with a pompous funeral.

The recital of such a tale awakened in the bosom of Philippine a sympathetic feeling of tenderness and grief: and again she fancied that sorrow awaited her every where. Real or recounted woe met her wherever she bent her steps, and she could find no abiding place. Onward she went as though she thought that misery could not overtake her speed. She journeyed from post town to post town, til she reached Sienna. There she halted.

As society was not what she sought, she had

again recourse to those objects on which contemplation loves to dwell, and lose the present in the past.

The gloomy solemnity of gothic architecture, however it may shock the chastened eye of taste, never fails to charm the heart which only beats to sigh; and Philippine often returned to the magnificent cathedral, where a wonderful combination of minute workmanship forms one majestic whole. Even here the feelings of parental love were wrought upon, for in the mosaic flooring the sacrifice which Abraham made of his only son is represented.

Yet here she was also comforted, and taught to look with confidence to that Providence which can defeat the murderer's purpose, and save the helpless who are devoted to slaughter: The arms of Sienna record the miraculous preservation of Remus and Romulus who were fostered by a she wolf. It is probable that the faint hope which that wonderfully subdued ferocity awakened was her inducement to remain longer at Sienna than she had stopped at any place through which she had passed: But Hope rests not on the present; Futurity is her dwelling place; and the flowery cup with which she allures her followers never can be drained.

Leaving Sienna, the Baroness again went on from town to town til she reached Buon Convento. A place more known by the murder of the Emperor Henry VII. than any other event. A crime aggravated by the sacred character of the murderer, and the holy moment of its perpetration. A priest in the most solemn rite of the Christian religion, when he presented to him the consecrated wafer, conveyed therein the deadly drug: and by the act which prostrated his heart before the throne of mercy, the soul of Henry was precipitated to its audit.

From Buon Convento she travelled among high mountains to Radicofani, and along a mountainous road to Ponte Centino, the first post in the Pope's dominions. I will not enumerate the many places through which she passed; every one of which is rendered famous by some remaining monument, or some recorded event of antiquity.

To such a traveller as the Baroness, every place suggested ideas which went back to days lost in the abyss of ages, and to actions performed by men of whose posterity no line can be traced.

Deeply ruminating she came to the tomb of Nero, the imperial parricide; and in less than an hour she reached the city over which he had tyrannized. The great, the renowned city of Rome.

I shall not enter into descriptions of th
antiquities and curiosities which the
visited at Rome, they have been for so m
the admiration of the world, and have bee
described by other travellers, that I sh
tire the reader were I to register the
sufficient to say that as she contempla
they stole like witchcraft on her mind,
guiled for a while those sorrows which the
splendour of living pomp awakened to
pangs.

Here ruins of stupendous works of ar
secrated temples, stately palaces, triumph
pompous pillars, and all which power
pride, and luxury can devise or execu
the eye in every direction, and by turn
and depress the mind.

It seems almost impossible that greatn

never-tired mind ruminated amid the mutilated monuments of antiquity, which marked the fall of heroes and of empires. Here she found a solace which may be termed "the joy of grief." Surrounded by such scenery, she forgot the living world: she forgot all but her own woe. Ah! nothing could banish from her memory her buried husband, and her murdered son.

It was in a moment of retrospective sorrow, that, seated on the fragment of a fallen pillar, she uttered her complaints in the following sonnet:

Sad on some lonely bank I sit and weep,
And sigh to ev'ry gently breathing gale;
And teach the waters, as they murm'ring creep,
To bear my sorrows to the silent vale.

Or to the ruins of some temple fly,
Where with'ring ivy clasps the mould'ring walls,
And echoes through the broken arch reply
In mournful cadence, while the gloom appals.

My widow'd heart, my childless bosom there,
Fondly retrace the scenes of joy I knew;
Alas, in vain! I ne'er again shall share
Hours which brought pleasure with them as they flew.

But these instead a hideous train appear,
To check each rising hope, and start the galling tear.

Her mind was also occasionally soothed by the

ceremonies of some saint's procession; and as the decorated images were carried about, she bowed to the glittering pageants, and invoked the splendid effigies.

One day, when a procession of great solemnity had roused her feelings almost to enthusiasm, she went to the beautiful church of St. Maria Maggiore; there in the chapel of Paulina she knelt before the magnificent altar, in the centre of the lapis lazuli, back of which is a picture of the Virgin, said to be painted by St. Luke.

Having with unaffected piety humbly poured forth her plaints, and supplicated the aid of her on whom she gazed, she rose comforted by the prayers which she had offered up; and as she was passing to the great entrance, she met a monk clad in a grey robe. His hood shaded his countenance, and she went on; but when he said *Salve* to a young man who bowed and left him, she heard the voice of Albert. "Father!" she exclaimed, "art thou here? O, Albert!" The monk stopped. Philippine sunk on the ground, and clasped his knees.

"Daughter," he said, "arise; this is no place for conversation."

"O, Father," she said, "I have a tale to tell!"

" To-morrow I will visit you," said Albert.

It was the promise of a faithful friend, and he went to hear the little tale the Baroness had to recount. It was the story of her flight, and the treacherous guilt of Ernest. " O, Father! can you forgive my most unjust suspicion of your integrity? Can you pardon....."

" Daughter," said Albert, interrupting her, " had you not suspected me, I had not left my convent. I should not have been the instrument to bring to light the crimes of Ernest; nor to call vengeance on the head of him, who sought the life of the young Baron. Prepare yourself to hear my tale, which may make an angel weep as he watches in anxious care to guide mortality to heaven.

I sought the mission which carried me to Rome, because I could not bear your sad upbraidings. I left the neighbourhood of Heitlenberg castle, because I was no longer the respected confessor of the castle's mistress. I set forward in grief that my endeavours failed to soothe your sorrows, and lamenting that I was supposed to cause them. As I passed through a thick wood I heard a faint moaning; I went to the spot whence the sound issued, and found a wounded boy. Heaven and earth! it was....."

"It was my son!" exclaimed the Baroness. "O, holy Father!"

"Daughter," said Albert, "be calm.——It was your son."

She rose from her seat: she seized the monk's hand: she pressed it to her heart in silence——at length in a voice which was scarcely articulate, she said, "Go on, go on."

"When I stood before him, he put out his hand in token of acknowledgment, and fainted as he lay. I stooped over him, and found he had been pierced by a dagger under the left breast, and left to bleed to death."——Here the Baroness uttered a piercing shriek, and Albert stopped. He gazed on her for some time, and then said, "Daughter, be pacified and listen." Philippine strove to suppress her sobs, and Albert said, "It is the practice of our order always to travel with healing balms to aid with charitable assistance those who may need our help. I staid beside the helpless sufferer two days, and dressed his wound; and when he could be moved, I carried him in my arms. Wonderful preservation! He had been sustained by some eggs which he found close beside him, and to which a hen came daily, fearless of his nearness to her nest, and deposited his daily food. I staid with him at Munich til he was

able to travel on to Rome; and not supposing that you would be a second victim, delayed all interference til I reached the place to which I had been sent. There I made known what had occurred, and stated the child's accusation of Sigismund. Messengers were immediately sent to the proper magistrates, and Sigismund was seized; he instantly accused his master, who has been also seized. When the messenger returned, and said that you had left the castle secretly, I suspected that you had been slain, and that your reported flight was false. We are preparing to return to Germany to appear against Ernest. Another day, and we shall depart."

"Where is my boy?" said Philippine.

Albert led her to her child. Can such a meeting be described? It was the best happiness on this side the grave.

They travelled back to the castle with all the expedition such a journey admitted; but they stopped at Munich, where the Baroness went to visit Caroline Hantzgaldt. She introduced her son, recounted the sad tale of his assassination, and the story of her own painful flight. The fidelity of Leopold lost no lustre by the manner in which the Baroness spoke of it, and the kind attention of Amelia was not forgotten. Father Al-

bert added his blessing to the tender farewell of the Baroness, and on the day of their separation they all reached the castle, and were received with demonstrations of joy, which fully evinced the love the dependents of the Baron bore him, and his excellent mother. Rosamond rejoiced beyond all others. She could not find words to express her joy. She laughed and she cried: and at last, unable to restrain herself, she caught her lady in her arms, exclaiming, "O, my dear mistress! are you indeed returned?"

The day of trial soon arrived. The guilt of both the prisoners was so fully proved, that they were both condemned to death; but, at the urgent entreaty of the young Baron, their sentence was changed into perpetual imprisonment.

The detection of the secret crimes they had committed is one proof among many, that the career of guilt is the road to destruction. Some few guilty men indeed escape the punishment of the offended laws; but, though uncondemned by public conviction they are despised by all the world; and however they may affect to be serene, or however much they may mix in society, they bear about them whithersoever they go, a canker which destroys their peace. Their costly wines are gall. Their beds of down are thorny. Their days are days

of wretchedness. Their nights are nights of dread. They suspect the companion with whom they associate, and the servant by whom they are attended; and in perpetual apprehension they drag on their guilty lives; while virtue finds a solace even in the midst of tribulation.

For the truth of what I say, I appeal to every wicked man, and his own heart shall justify my assertion.

THE VICISSITUDE OF LIFE.

THERE is nothing so absurd as to suppose it possible, that equality of temporal riches or greatness can subsist. It is a speculative sophistry which reason must condemn; for were all placed in the same local circumstances, the different manner in which men of various dispositions would conduct themselves, would soon produce a difference in situation, and each would soon acquire a greater or less degree of influence and power; therefore equality could not be preserved. Those who attempt to realize such chimerical dreams must be perpetually struggling to grasp a cloud, which their struggles would dissipate and destroy. There is but one equality, the equality of the grave; and the consciousness of that should check the pride of greatness, and the insolence of wealth.

Do we not daily see the affluent reduced to poverty, and the lowly rise? Does not almost every

newspaper which we read appeal to our charity in behalf of some once opulent family reduced to ask eleemosynary aid: or for some rich man's widow left without support, and children who cannot be reared? Behold the splendid equipages, which parade the Park, and ask to whom they all belong—what wonderful stories of unexpected elevation shall we not be told?

As one proof of the vicissitude which would destroy equality, were it once for a moment established, I will mention the change of circumstances in the family of a gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Melmoth. He was a merchant of very extensive trade, and had large dealings in many countries in every part of the world. He was long prosperous, and was considered to be one of the most opulent men in London. He married a young lady of good family and high connexions; and they lived in the great world with much pomp, and in the ostentation of every parade which great riches always enable their possessors to assume.

During that deplorable time, the progress of the French revolution, when many concurring events greatly injured the trade of Great Britain, Mr. Melmoth's merchandize was so exceedingly depreciated, his ships were so often taken by the

enemy, his negotiations of exchange ran so often against him, and so many of his correspondents failed, that at last he himself became a bankrupt. The sum for which he failed was so enormous, that from the wreck of all, nothing was saved but a sufficiency to sink a small sum for his wife, which produced no more than fifty pounds a year. With that little income he took advantage of the truce between England and France, and carried his family to the neighbourhood of St. Omer, where he intended to remain til his friends could provide some means, and devise some plan for his future establishment. While he was there his expences and difficulties were oncreased by the birth of a little girl, whom, notwithstanding the scantiness of their income, they put out to nurse.

The manner in which Buonaparte seized and detained the English is so well known, that I need not go out of the direct road of my narrative to enlarge upon it. Suffice it to say, that among those who escaped, Mr. Melmoth and his family returned to England, with the exception of the little nurseling. The opportunity of saving themselves was so sudden and so precarious, that the little girl was left behind. They never found any one who would undertake the charge of bringing

her over; but they contrived to spare a trifling sum, which they remitted to a person whom they had known at St. Omer, requesting him to forward it to the nurse, and to tell her that they would fetch away the infant by the very first opportunity, and that in the interim they would, as they could find means, occasionally make remittances. The receipt of the money was acknowledged. The receipt of a second small sum was also acknowledged; and the receipt of some cloaths. A third little sum was sent over, and acknowledged also. Shortly after which the agent wrote word to Mr. Melmoth that the child was dead; and there ceased all remittances and all anxiety.

Before Mr. Melmoth's friends could arrange any method for his entrance into a new line of business, he died; and left his widow to subsist on her scanty pittance, and two daughters without any provision. In the very humble line of life to which their father's misfortunes had reduced them, they both married; and unnoticed by all the relatives of the family, and the companions of their prosperity, they pursue a course of humiliating toil, and bring up their families in the inferior ranks of life.

Since the battle of Waterloo, that France is again open to the English, a gentleman, who like

many of his countrymen, began again to travel, was going by water from one place to another in the neighbourhood of St. Omer, and as the French are very loquacious, the boatmen chattered away to the Englishman, about the occurrences which had happened in the little circle of their neighbourhood. Among other things, they told him that a poor woman had been very much encumbered by a child, who had been left with her by her parents several years ago, who had never once sent over either inquiries or remittances. "She is my very near neighbour," said one of the boatmen, "and you may go and see her if you like it, and hear all the particulars."

Mr. Apsley's curiosity being somewhat excited, he went to the poor woman's house.

"My good woman," said he, "I have heard a melancholy tale of a deserted child, and I am sent to you for all the particulars."

"There she stands," said the woman.

Mr. Apsley turned round, and beheld a very pretty girl, meanly dressed, washing away to help the poor woman who had been her nurse, and who was a washerwoman.

"There never was such a cruel thing in the world," continued Lucille. "They forsook her when she was not a year old, and left her on my

hands. I never heard from them, never received a farthing. What could I do? I could not turn her on the world to starve; so I kept her, and I am forced to make her work, for I work hard myself."

"What is her name?" said Mr. Apsley.

"Caroline," replied Lucille.

"Her family name I mean—tell me that. Perhaps when I return to England I may find her friends."

"Many English ladies and gentlemen have said the same thing," observed Lucille, "but none have succeeded, if they have ever sought."

"Well, well," said Mr. Apsley, "I cannot help that. Give me the name, and I will try what I can do."

"Her family name is Melmoth," replied Lucille.

"Have you no idea what her parents are?"

"None——All sorts of people come hither; and while they behave well, and pay their way, nobody inquires, for nobody cares, who they are."

"I hope she is grateful to you for bringing her up, and taking care of her."

"Yes," answered Lucille, "she is a dear good industrious child, and I love her almost as well as if she were my own."

When Mr. Apsley took leave of Lucille, he put a louis d'or into her hand; and repeated his intentions of making inquiry concerning Mr. Melmoth.

Though Mr. Apsley entered warmly into the case of Caroline Melmoth, he did not allow it to interrupt the pleasures of his trip to France. He went to all the places he had intended to visit, and saw all the sights he had intended to examine; and spent several months on the continent before he returned home. He left France at a different port from that by which he had entered it, and thus saw no more of Lucille.

On his arrival in London, he put an advertisement in several newspapers, desiring that all those who bore the name of Melmoth would repair to a certain place. Melmoths seemed to grow. More than a hundred of the name obeyed the summons in less than a week. Mr. Apsley told them all the story of the forsaken child, but not one among them all was the right Melmoth.

Mr. Apsley began to fear that poor Caroline's parents were no more. However he again put his advertisement into the papers, in consequence of which an elderly lady, named Melmoth, called according to the direction pointed out, and Mr. Apsley told her the story he had so often told to

her namesakes. The good lady was violently agitated as he proceeded. When he had concluded, she said, "I would to Heaven, Sir, that the forsaken child you speak of, were my Caroline. At the calamitous period, when so many English families were seized in France, Mr. Melmoth, myself, and two daughters contrived to get away: but in that terrible moment we could not seek our child, we should have lost the means of escape. Yet, indeed, Sir, we were not so barbarous as to leave her on the hands of her poor nurse, without inquiry. We sent to her more than once, and the person to whom we sent always acknowledged the receipt of what with difficulty we spared for our infant; til he wrote us word that she was dead. From that time we ceased all care, and never again inquired for Lucille."

"I will look further into it," said Mr. Apsley; and he took the trouble to go again to St. Omer, for no other purpose than to investigate the truth.

It appeared that the man to whom the money had been sent, had treacherously detained it for his own use, and on quitting St. Omer for a distant part of France, had told the parents that their child was dead, in order to prevent inquiry that might be prejudicial to himself.

Having explained all to Lucille, Mr. Apsley returned to England, raised a subscription to enable Mrs. Melmoth to return to St. Omer, where her little income will go further than in England; and she has taken Caroline to herself: but as her income ceases with her life, she cannot take her child from the lowly state in which she has been brought up; and the daughter of one of the greatest merchants in our metropolis, and the granddaughter of a man of large fortune in a distant county, continues to earn her livelihood in a foreign land, by the exertions of bodily labour; unknown to all but the few who have heard her tale, and visit her from motives of curiosity.

WORLDLY TRANSITION.

WHILE the wheel of fortune turns round, and often lays the mighty low, it frequently exalts the mean. Happiness and misery succeed each other like light and darkness; and the *ups* and *downs* of life are like eclipses, which sometimes darken the sun, and sometimes hide the moon; as BAYES has, in a most curious and explanatory manner, exemplified in the REHEARSAL, by means of a *reel* danced by the *earth*, the *sun*, and the *moon*. In which it clearly appears that as the *earth* and the *moon* interchangeably gain the middle place, the *sun* shines on, or is hidden from the *earth*. So if an imagination as sublime as that of BAYES will place *happiness*, *misery*, and *man* in a *reel*, it will be seen that as *misery* and *man* gain the middle place, so the influence of *happiness* is or is not felt by *man*: and *prosperity* or *disappointment* becomes his lot.

In the neighbourhood of Milford-haven, in Pembrokeshire, there was, many years ago, a poor man, who had a numerous family, which he bred in the extreme low poverty, which is, I fear, even now, the general mode of training among the lower classes in Wales. Scarcely cloathed, hardly fed, and wretchedly housed. This poor man, whose name was David Lloyd, had among other children a boy named Rowland, who, tired out by the hardships which he daily endured, ran from the misery of his father's home, and sometimes on foot, and sometimes by getting a short gratuitous conveyance in a cart or a waggon, by begging on the road, and asking charity at the inns, found his way up to London.

When he reached the metropolis, he wandered about he did not where, all day, and at night he threw himself under some pent-house, or within some porch, and forgot his misery in sleep.

He had gone on thus some time, when he asked in the Welch tongue for a morsel of victuals, at the door of a sugar-baker's premises in the city. Fortunately for him, there was among the persons employed in the management of the business, a Welchman, who taking pity on his little countryman, asked him several questions in the language which was native to both; and their conversation

ended in an application to one in the concern to take young Taffy into the baking-house in the lowest capacity where a boy could be employed.

Rowland Lloyd was a shrewd merry little fellow, and often amused the men on whom he waited by his awkward Welch gambols; and, as he learned a little English, by his recitals of what he and his brothers and sisters used to do in Pembrokeshire; and he became a great favourite, and a kind of merry-andrew among them. One gave him a halfpenny, another gave him a penny, an old hat, a pair of shoes, and so forth: and as the conversation turned very much on getting money, and becoming rich, and growing great, Rowland, though he was unable to comprehend how far becoming rich and growing great was extended in the mercantile minds of traders in the city of London, began to save up his little occasional presents: and as he looked at his hoards, which to him appeared immense, he puffed himself up with the idea that he was growing a great man. Insensibly a love of money took place in his mind, and he was very diligent to put himself forward in all little offices of service and assistance; til he gradually worked himself up from sweeping the warehouse, to attending in the compting-house.

As Rowland was what is called a cute lad, he

soon became as great a favourite among the clerks, as he had been among the warehouse-men, and one of them undertook to teach him to read and to write. He came on surprizingly in both, and contrived, by the help of English, to find letters to express Welch sounds, and wrote to his mother in the language of the ancient Britons. His epistle being englished ran thus:

Dear Mother,

This to tell you that I am here, that is in London, where I mean to stay. I shall grow a great man. So no more from

Your dutiful Son,

ROWLAND LLOYD.

The clerk found him such a very apt scholar, that he continued his instructions and taught him arithmetic. By and by the clerks who wanted occasionally a little recreation and holiday-making, asked Rowland to copy such a thing and such a thing for them, and anon they trusted him to make entries in the books; and the presents he received were no longer pence, but silver, and sometimes gold. He then began to take pride in dressing himself nicely, and then fashionably. He was no longer called *Rowe* by every body who

spoke of him, or to him, but *Mr. Lloyd.* By all these means he saved so much that he was able to put a small sum in the bank; to that from time to time he added other little sums, of which he never brought away the interest, but always converted it into principal: and he began to think that like other men whose rise in the world he had often envied, he should become rich in earnest, and grow great indeed.

His friend the clerk, who had by his instructions enabled him to push himself forward in life, was somewhat proud of the pupil he had taught, and on every occasion helped him on with his advice; and after he had been for three or four years a supernumerary ready to pop into any man's desk, by the recommendation of his friend, he was permanently established as a yearly clerk. Nothing could equal his attention, his diligence, and his punctuality. He never was absent from the compting-house during the hours of business, and he spent all his leisure time in the acquirement of such knowledge as was useful to merchants. He studied geography, the various branches of commerce peculiar to every country, and their various languages, til he became so very useful to his employers, that he was prometed from situation to situation, and at last was advanced over the head

of his first tutor. Yet, however high he rose, he never relaxed in the fulfilment of the duties required.

In process of time, as one partner died and another retired with a fortune, and so on, Rowland Lloyd was taken into the business as a junior partner; and as the seniors filed off and died away, he became the head of the firm; and felt that he was a great man. If he met an old friend in the street, who was still grovelling in the low situation from which he had emerged, he never condescended to know him, but always, as he passed by, rubbed his eyes as if the dust had been just blown into his face, and had blinded him. After a few years he sported an equipage; and astonished Cheapside and Cornhill with his fine liveries.

One person heard of the rich Mr. Lloyd, and another of the great Mr. Lloyd, til his fame travelled down into Pembrokeshire. His good fortune made his miserable relations think a little better of themselves, for they began to hope that Rowy, now he was become a squire, would recollect his poor relatives, and do something for them.

With that view, once upon a time a neighbour who was called to London to give evidence in a court of law, undertook to seek out Mr. Lloyd, and to represent to him how his brothers and

sisters and nephews and nieces were going on. For that purpose he prolonged his stay in London beyond the time necessary to the business which brought him up. He called at Mr. Lloyd's house in Wellclose-square several times before he was so fortunate as to procure an interview; when he was at last introduced, he would have hailed an old acquaintance, but Mr. Lloyd damped his ardour by a distant, cold, silent bow. "Do you not remember David Price?" said the man.

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps you do not remember your poor old father and mother?"

"Yes, I do, Sir. I hope they are well."

"Well!" said David Price, "why, Sir, they are both dead."

"Are they, Sir?" said Mr. Lloyd.

"Are they, Sir! why, Sir, have you never inquired concerning them?"

"Really," replied Mr. Lloyd, "I have been so very much harassed, that I have not had time to think of any thing but the concerns of the firm."

"You remember your uncle Howel Lloyd, I suppose. Do you not?"

"Why, really, my good Sir, it is so long since I left Pembrokeshire, and I was at that time so

young, and so many things have happened since, that I cannot say I remember any such person."

"More shame for you," said the hot-headed Welchman; "but you remember your brothers and sisters, and will be glad to hear how they have gone on. Poor souls! they have all married, as you may well guess; and you have a rare number of nephews and nieces, who are all, heaven help them! in as bad a plight as you were, when you ran away."

"My good Sir," said Mr. Lloyd, "you know that Lloyd is a very common name in Wales; and I cannot take upon me to acknowledge all those who bear it. If I did, I might call half the Principality cousin." He then looked at his watch, and said, "I am sorry, Mr. Price, that business prevents me from having the honor of hearing what more you have to say; you see the carriage waits for me, and you may have observed that it has been at the door some time; therefore you will excuse me; but, if I am going your way, I shall be happy to have the honor of setting you down."

"Setting me down!" said Price, "you have done that with a vengeance already. Setting me down, indeed! Do you think that I will be set down by such a set up, start up, as you are? No,

Sir. I should be afraid that instead of being set down, I should break down. My feet are as hardy, and my legs as stout, as yours were, when you used them to leave home without either shoe or stocking: and as to the *honor* you talk about, of setting me down, I assure you I think that the honor would be done you; for I am an honest man, and I honor my father and my mother, and I love my kindred, and do not pretend to forget the names of my uncles and aunts: and so good morning to you."

Mr. Lloyd, without any emotion, notwithstanding the proverbial hot-headedness of Welchmen, rang his bell, and said to the servant, "open the door for Mr. Price."

Most assuredly the unkind manner in which Rowland Lloyd disowned his family, did him no great honor; but becoming rich and growing great was all the honor he sought; and the dishonor he should gain by the report of David Price, did not set very heavy on his heart.

All that remained now for Rowland Lloyd was to marry and raise a family. In order to the accomplishment of that last stroke, he quitted the city, and changed his house in Wellclose-square for a house in one of the squares at the court end of the town, where by means of his riches he

gained admittance and formed connexions amo
a new set of persons, whom he would willing
have called friends, but he found acquaintance w
all that he could deem them.

As the good people of England are never la
at a loss for a motive to present an address to th
sovereign, Mr. Lloyd had, soon after his remov
an opportunity of presenting his ancient Briti
shoulder to receive the knightly blow which t
king's sword so often confers in these our days
unsoldierly wights: and the squire's helmet w
quickly changed for the open-mouthed visor whi
proclaimed SIR ROWLAND to all the world.

Among the many advantages which he deriv
from his knighthood, was giving his wife the tit
of LADY. So with the power of *ladyshipping* t
fair who would bestow her hand on him, he gre
bold in the hope of some great alliance; fo
though the wife of a *Dub* was no very great hono
LADY was LADY; and *her ladyship* did thi
and *her ladyship* said that, certainly sounds bett
than plainly to say that *Mrs. Lloyd* did it,
said it.

With this dignity to back his pretensions, S
Rowland had the honor to ally himself to a nobl
family, by marrying the daughter of one of th
younger sons of a peer: and by this honor he ha

the additional honor of calling the earl his grandfather: an honor which he was very careful that every body should know that he possessed: for he never missed an opportunity of saying "my grandfather the earl:" which he reiterated so often, that he acquired the nick-name of *the earl's grandson.*

Having thus by his marriage with an earl's grand-daughter reached the summit of his ambition, Sir Rowland Lloyd withdrew from trade, and became as much ashamed among Lady Lloyd's cousins of having been a sugar-baker, as, while sugar-baking encreased his wealth, he had been ashamed of his emigration from Wales.

Here I will revert to BAYES, and say that though in the *reel* of life, *Misery* had at first the middle place, yet, in the round of the dance, Sir Rowland gained it; and when there he stayed to exhibit so many new conceits, that *Misery* walked off in dudgeon, and left him to flourish till the dance was ended.

PROLOGUE.

THE following prologue was spoken by Mr. Holman on the night of the benefit of the Theatrical Fund of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the year 1792. It is almost the first thing of my writing, which I presumed to call *poetry*. I remember that I was afraid that my mother would be angry with me for offering it, and I therefore sent it anonymously, and unknown to her, to Mr. Hull, by the post He was pleased to commend it. After it had been spoken, it was inserted in some of the newspapers, and I saw it in a magazine. Like other occasional things, when the moment for which it was prepared was past, it was thrown aside and forgotten. About two years ago, with a few other little poems it was shewn to a gentleman, who said he knew it well, and that it had always been supposed to have been written by Sheridan. I was highly gratified by so flattering

a mistake; and I now acknowledge and claim it as mine with more pride than I heard it recited, convinced that a leaf of bay, which could have been supposed to be intertwined in the wreath which adorns the brow of Sheridan, can never wither.

To dry the tear by sorrow taught to flow,
To feel for other's wants, and soothe their woe,
Is the prerogative of man alone;
The badge whereby Humanity is known.
Nay, 'tis the stamp which marks the favour'd line,
The sacred spark which proves the race divine.

The laurell'd glories of th' embattled field
To sober thought no solid joy can yield.
Not all the luxuries which wealth await,
Not all the pomp attendant on the great,
Nor all the influence ally'd to pow'r,
Can charm the heart in calm reflection's hour.
But deeds of "melting charity" review'd,
In recollection find delight renew'd;
They yield a pleasure which can never cloy,
For great excess, there, purifies the joy.
The children of misfortune you relieve,
Ten-fold repay the blessings they receive.

Among that number, tell me, may I dare
Humbly to rank the poor and aged Play'r?
O, may I hope your kind remembrance dwells
On former heroes, former beaux and belles!

Think how they toil'd among these mimic scenes,
The sworn liege subjects of the sister Queens.
Think how they rais'd the laugh, or drew the tear,
For fat *Sir John*, or venerable *Lear*.

'Twas your applause first nurs'd their early Spring,
And did their Summer-Fruit to ripeness bring,
Their yellow Autumn mellow'd was by you,
And their exertions in return were due:
But now, their little race of glory run,
Still let your favour cheer their Winter sun.

LINES

FOR THE

TOMB OF A GOLDFINCH.

Stop, Passenger! and drop a tear
To grace my little urn;
Pause o'er the Corse that moulders here,
Nor from my ashes turn.

To sad captivity consign'd,
Ne'er mid the groves I flew;
Alone upon the perch I pin'd,
Nor Mate nor Nestling knew.

With Nature's feelings still at strife,
Evolv'd my transient breath;
Depriv'd of joy I pass'd my life,
Depriv'd of hope in death.

But thou, when thy sad struggle's o'er,
On ardent wing shalt rise;
Thine earthly prison is no more,
Thy mansion is the skies.

THE

DEATH OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

EVENTS which may be called the common events of life, pass on unnoticed; and unknown, excepting to the few individuals who are connected in the small circle where their consequences extend. A man dies, his relations lament him, his heir replaces him, and he is forgotten. His life was insignificant to the community at large, and his death leaves no gap in society. Even in the highest class, the class of nobility, all we can say is, that his influence extended to a wider circle; but it has its limits: the limits of his own territorial possessions. He who has great influence in Bedfordshire, is powerless in Staffordshire. He who is a great man in Cheshire, is nobody in Devonshire. If a nobleman lose his heir, it is no matter to the world at large. Thomas dies, and Philip inherits; no more. When we rise to Kings, the

wide extent of the influence of their lives, their actions, their heirs, has no limits but the circle of the whole earth. The remote consequences of every thing appertaining to them, operate from the equator to the poles. The life of the King, and the death of the sceptre's heir, are so important that history can hardly trace their effects, or wisdom calculate their bearings.

In the chronicles of our own country we may find exemplifications of what I say; not only in the lives of our Sovereigns, whose actions and their immediate effects are known to all; but in that very circumstance, which I have named as immaterial, generally speaking; that is, in the death of the heir apparent.

Let us remount to that period from which we date the throne; to that stock from which to this hour we derive our Kings; to that mortifying æra when a foreigner, a bastard, conquered us; trod on our necks, and made us slaves. To the battle of Hastings, which placed William I. on our throne. Him, whom to perpetuate our humiliation, we never speak of but as the Conqueror.

I do not mean here to write the life of any one man who has reigned in England. My purpose is briefly to shew what ensued when an heir apparent died.

William I. conquered, reigned, and died. He may be said to have had no heir apparent. Who among his sons should reign in England after him, depended on his absolute will, on his capricious pleasure. It was his pleasure to leave England to his son William, who ascended the throne by the name of William II. He had no heir apparent; he was childless.

His father appointed no heir after him; and therefore, by the law of primogeniture, Robert Duke of Normandy was William's heir: but his younger brother Henry, surnamed Beauclerc, seized on the throne; and partly by means of partisans at home, and partly in consequence of Robert's indolence and delay, was crowned King of England by the name of Henry I. The throne which he gained by usurpation, he kept by cruelty and tyranny. The manner in which he treated the Duke of Normandy is a disgrace to human nature. He put out his eyes, and confined him twenty-six years in a dungeon in Cardiff castle. All travellers visit the castle, and all are shewn the dungeon where Duke Robert died; and the chains wherewith he was shackled; which still hang from the wall.

After the wretched death of Robert, there was

no one to dispute the English throne; and Henry's son, Prince William, may be called the first heir apparent.

Prince William lived to attain his eighteenth year, and was declared heir to the crown by the states of England, and acknowledged as such by the unanimous voice of the country.

Henry, desirous that the same acknowledgment of heirship should be made in Normandy, carried him there to receive the homage of the Norman lords. They all with one accord swore fealty to William; and the King and the Prince with their retinues prepared to return to England. Henry with his attendants went on board, and returned in safety. The Prince and the younger nobility, his more immediate companions, were in another vessel, the sailing of which was for some cause delayed. During that delay, the captain and his crew spent their time in drinking, and in consequence of their intoxication, became incapable of managing the ship. They ran her upon a rock, where she split. The Prince was put into a boat, and would have been saved; but among those in the ship was a natural daughter of King Henry, whom William loved with brotherly affection. Her cries called back the Prince, and when he took her in the boat, so many followed to partake her safety,

that the overcharged little bark sunk, and all were lost beneath the waters.

Here let us pause. Behold!—The heir, the only son of the King, is snatched away, at the very moment when his succession was secured.

The death of Prince William, which was a severe affliction to Henry, and a great grief to the nation, changed all the political plans of the King and the states of his dominions; and by introducing a new house to the throne, produced new alliances, and new intermixtures of interests, which spread in immediate and subsequent consequences over all Europe. It was certainly the primary cause of those claims and pretensions to French territory, which involved England in continental broils and wars for many centuries; and the acknowledgment of Matilda as her father's heir, in case he died without male issue, established the right of female succession; a thing new to the English, though not to the ancient Britons, as witnesses the ever memorable Boadicea.

How little dependence may be placed on oaths, and how little reliance there can be on allegiance when ambition stands in competition with fidelity, is evinced in the conduct of Stephen de Blois, the King's nephew, who was the first to swear fealty to Matilda, and yet contended with her for

the crown; and after many battles, wherein the competitors were alternately victors and captives, kept, by her agreement, possession of the royal dignity during his life, and prevented her from personally inheriting her succession. The quiet manner in which Stephen's son retired, and left Henry of Anjou, the son of Matilda, in possession of his grandfather's throne, when viewed in comparison with the general conduct of those who have a diadem to contend for, is one of the most extraordinary concessions which history has recorded.

On the death of Stephen, Henry of Anjou ascended the throne by the name of Henry II. He took the surname of *Plantagenet*, on account, as some say, of a sprig of broom which he wore in his helmet. *Planta* in old French being a *sprig*, and *genet* being *broom:* A name which his descendants retained through many centuries.

As I am not now writing the lives of our monarchs, I shall not expatiate on the events of Henry's reign, or his marriage with Eleanor of Guienne, the divorced queen of Lewis VII. of France, surnamed *the Young*, which took place before he ascended the English throne. I shall proceed to the death of Henry his eldest son, the heir apparent, nay, already the King; for his fa-

ther had been so weak as to have him solemnly crowned by the Archbishop of York; and to associate him nominally as a partner in the kingdom, though he was not admitted to a share in the administration.

The folly of the King was so great, that at the feast given on occasion of the coronation, he would carry the first dish himself, and he said to his son, *that never was monarch so honourably served as himself;* on which the youth, turning to those who were near him, observed, *that it was no great condescension for the son of an earl to wait on the son of a King.*

The absurdity of thus making his heir prematurely King, was, no doubt, the cause of his rebellion against his father, in which he enticed his brothers to be partakers, and in which he was assisted by his father-in-law the King of France, whose daughter Margaret had preposterously married the son of the woman from whom her father had been divorced.

King Henry the son was in open rebellion against King Henry the father, when he was taken ill, and compelled to remain at the castle of Martel in Quercy. When he found his end approaching he became very penitent, and shewed great sorrow for his behaviour to his father. He

expressed a wish to see his father, in order to testify his contrition; and though that wish was not gratified, he received a ring from him in token of forgiveness, over which he shed abundance of tears. Some authors say, that he caused himself to be laid on a bed of ashes, clothed in sackcloth, and that he expired in that deplorable humble condition.

The tenderness of the father returned when he heard of his son's death, and he wept bitterly for his loss. The nation, however, had no cause to lament him, for he had given proofs of a haughty turbulent spirit, which denoted a future tyrant.

Henry, the son of Henry II. like William, the son of Henry I. died childless; therefore their deaths produced no immediate commotions. Whether their lives would have been less mischievous to the world than the conduct of the collateral branches of their families, for whom their removal made way, it is impossible to say. Great as were the ensuing calamities which afflicted England during the reigns of those monarchs who supplied their places, it may be that even they might have ben surpassed; and that while we grieve for what occurred, we ought to rejoice for what was thus arrested.

On the death of Henry, the King's second son, Richard, became the heir; and after his father's death, he ascended the throne by the name of Richard I. *Cœur de Lion* was given to him as a surname, on account of his great courage, and he is highly extolled for his bravery; but it was a barbarous valour, which induced him to expose his person, and risk his life without dread; a ferocious intrepidity, which was equally without mercy as without fear.

As Richard had no legitimate child, England during the ten years he reigned had no heir apparent. On his death his nephew, Arthur duke of Bretagne, son of his brother Geoffrey, became by right the King of England. He was, nevertheless, set aside by his uncle prince John, who usurped the crown; and who by some authors is said to have slain Arthur with his own hand.

John, surnamed Lack-land, was a Prince devoid of every virtue both domestic and public. He was a bad man, as a simple individual, and as a Sovereign, if possible worse. Yet, as out of evil often proceedeth good, so to his extreme depravedness we owe Magna Charta. Had John possessed any one good quality, the Barons would not have proceeded as they did. Thus it is

to one of the worst Monarchs who ever filled the throne, that we owe the greatest blessing which we enjoy.

He transmitted the sceptre to his son Henry of Winchester, who ascended the throne by the name of Henry III. He again transmitted it to his son Edward, surnamed *Longshanks*, whom we call Edward I. notwithstanding the Edwards who reigned before the Conquest. He was the conqueror of Wales, which he annexed to the English crown.

There is a story recorded of an equivocal agreement he made with the Welch, who refused to have any Prince set over them who could speak a word of English. Edward caused his Queen Eleanor, who was pregnant, to go to Caernarvon castle, where she brought forth a son, whom Edward presented as a Prince who could not speak a word of English. He was received by the Welch more, it may well be supposed, in dread of his father's arms, than in comformity with the terms on which they had insisted. The new born child was created Prince of Wales; a title which from that time has always been conferred on the eldest son of the King of England.

At the death of Longshanks, the Prince of

Wales succeeded him by the name of Edward of Caernarvon, and he is called Edward II.

When he was deposed, his eldest son, still a mere child, was declared King while his father was yet alive. Of the barbarous murder which followed the deposition, his son was ignorant; and his extreme youth, and the, almost, compulsion of the lords, must be the excuse of his usurpation. He is named Edward of Windsor, and in the list of Kings he is called Edward III.

His eldest son, Edward Prince of Wales, better known as Edward the Black Prince, was adorned with every virtue, and was the darling of the English nation. He lived to be upwards of forty years of age; during all which time he never once offended his father, nor displeased the people. He pursued one uninterrupted course of honor and glory; and when death snatched him from earth without allowing him to wear the crown, the most disastrous calamity which England had ever known, befel her. He was an heir apparent who was the pride of his sire, and the boast of his country. He has left such a character behind him as no other Prince ever gained, and an example which no Prince has ever emulated. He has left a name which will be ever dear; and his

loss will be for ever deplored. Nevertheless, the happiness of which the nation was deprived bears no proportion to the consequent affliction with which she was scourged. The loss of the Black Prince has been felt by England in her very vitals. It brought on that long train of woes, which wasted the best blood of the land; and filled that catalogue of crimes which disgraces our annals.

When the King's vast grief, and the universal sorrow of the realm had in some degree subsided, his only child Richard of Bourdeaux was created Prince of Wales, and declared heir to the crown; and when the venerable Edward of Windsor expired, he was crowned by the name of Richard II. and the love which had been without bound for his father, was lavished upon him. Alas! he trod not in the steps of his father's glory; his riot drew down upon himself the loss of his crown, and the loss of his life: and his murder began the course of rapine and slaughter, which made the kingdom from end to end a *Golgotha.*

I must not say when he *died,* but when he *was slain,* Henry of Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, his cousin, ascended the throne he had usurped, by the name of Henry IV.

The dignity he had stolen, he was obliged to be on the perpetual watch to keep; and as his coadjutors had raised him to the topmost round of greatness, there was nothing below his own exaltation which they deemed a sufficient reward for their services; and the rebellions raised by the partisans, who had proved to him their own sufficiency by pulling down Richard, kept him in a continual state of alarm; for he was well aware, that men who had been able to find any cause weighty enough to war against their lawful King, would easily find good cause to dethrone an usurper.

The feelings and reflections of a man's mind in the circumstances where Henry of Bolingbroke was placed, are so truly depictured by SHAKSPEARE in the speech he makes to his son, in those moments which are nearly his last, that I must be pardoned for transcribing them. They are exactly what I should ascribe to him, and are expressed so far beyond my power of putting words together, that any phrase by which I could describe them, must fall short of what stands so pre-eminently the best. It says so much in few words. It so fully proves his consciousness of his crimes, and the bitterness of his remorse. It is

an acknowledgment of guilt, at the same time that the heinousness of it is attempted to be softened to his son:

" ———Heav'n knows, my son,
By what bye-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the grave."

I will not go on with what he says concerning his behaviour to his partisans, nor with the advice he gives his son in regard to foreign quarrels; but proceed to his pathetic, short, ejaculated prayer for pardon, and for the happiness of the heir apparent:

" How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live."

For the above reasons I also transcribe the prince's reply, which is full of justification, in order to clear his father:

" My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my succession be;

Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain."

Tarnished as was the crown by the blood of Richard, when Henry IV. died, his son Henry of Monmouth, as Henry V. quietly took possession of the ill-gotten dignity, which his father's guilt had procured for him; and after a reign of twenty years, which was called glorious because it was successful, he left the same tarnished diadem to his son Henry VI. who was crowned while yet an infant.

The imbecility, the derangement of mind, and the loss of intellect of Henry VI. must ever be an excuse for what he may have done that was wrong. During great part of his life he was incapable of action, and at the very best times he was incapable of forming any judgment of what was right. It was his great misfortune to be raised to a situation which he was so unfit to fill; and a greater misfortune to the country to have such a man at the head of affairs.

While his uncles lived, the misfortune was not so severely felt, but the death of the Duke of Bedford, and the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, which left his Queen, Margaret of Anjou, who was not beloved, to govern with undivided sway,

soon brought on those dreadful calamities which ruined the reigning house, and plunged the nation in all the horrors of a civil war.

The heir apparent, Edward Prince of Wales, was a hopeful boy, and gave promise of an excellent maturity; and had it so happened that Henry had died during his malady, there is no doubt that the people would have rallied round the standard of Edward, and he would have succeeded to the crown, which three generations of his line had worn before him: but the preservation of the king was the destruction of his son. The barbarous murder of the heir apparent, and afterward of the king himself, established the house of York on the throne, whence, during the contest, Edward IV. had been once driven by the Lancastrians, and Henry was for a short time replaced.

Edward's whole reign was one continued course of cruelty and debauched riot. Nevertheless he died in peace, and transmitted the crown to the baby brow of his son Edward V. who, a few short months after his accession, was, with his brother the Duke of York, murdered in the Tower.

Richard Duke of Gloucester, their uncle, who may truly be said

"——To wade through slaughter to a throne,"

was proclaimed so suddenly, that half the nation may be said to be taken by surprize.

Richard III. was past all contradiction a bad man, a very bad man. Yet, I am of opinion, that had he been victorious at the battle of Bosworth Field, he would have been a good king. He was a man of undoubted courage, and of sound judgment: well qualified to command in war, and to direct in council: and had he lived would no doubt, like Augustus Cæsar, have redeemed his character, and would have atoned for his crimes to the country, though to the individuals whom he had injured, atonement was impossible.

Edward Prince of Wales, his heir apparent, had he lived, would have saved the crown for his father. The partisans of the House of York were numerous, and certainly as the line of Lionel Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. it had a right of inheritance before the House of Lancaster. More than half of those who fled to the Earl of Richmond from personal hatred to Richard, would have stood by his son and have upheld the heir.

It is remarkable that of each House only three kings reigned, and the last of each lost the heir apparent, who, as far as conjecture may pronounce, would each have preserved the sceptre to his line.

Henry of Richmond, who was proclaimed king by the soldiers immediately after his success at Bosworth, caused himself to be crowned without delay, and was acknowledged King by the name of Henry VII.

He was a very deep politician; and we are obliged to him for many wise regulations: but when Dr. Goldsmith compares him to Alfred the Great, instead of doing honor to Henry, he degrades him; for he sinks so much in the comparison, that he is lost in Alfred's brightness, as the stars are lost in the refulgence of the orb of day.

His marriage with Elizabeth of York secured to him the throne, which without her support would have tottered under him, if it had not fallen entirely away.

His eldest son, Prince Arthur, the heir apparent to the throne, was married, as every one knows, to Catherine of Aragon; and shortly after the celebration of his nuptials died.

Since the death of the Black Prince, the death of no heir apparent had been so eventful in its consequences as the death of Arthur. Edward of Lancaster, and Edward of York, the two Princes of Wales, who had in the intervening reigns expired before their fathers, would, it is supposed, had they lived, have prevented much if not all

the horrors subsequent to their deaths; but the death of Arthur, like that of the Black Prince, absolutely caused every thing that ensued.

To the death of the Black Prince we impute the murder of his son, and the consequent civil wars between York and Lancaster, with all their sanguinary woes. The death of Arthur brought on that glorious change, which freed us from papal tyranny; and though our emancipation was purchased at a dear price, we now enjoy the benefits of our progenitor's pains: and I trust that we shall transmit to future ages the mental freedom which former struggles have procured.

After the death of Arthur, Henry caused his youngest son, his namesake Henry, Duke of York, to be created Prince of Wales, and with an avericious wish to retain the Spanish gold, married him to his brother's widow. The effects of this marriage operated on his whole reign, which he commenced in April, 1509, and was crowned by the name of Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. was succeeded by his son Edward VI. the child of his third wife Jane Seymour. He was succeeded by his eldest sister Mary, the daughter of Catherine of Aragon; and she was succeeded by Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

As the three children of Henry VIII. lived and died childless, England was for more than fifty years without an heir apparent.

When on the death of Elizabeth we fetched the Scottish monarch to the south, we brought a prince of a new dynasty: a prince of the house of Stuart; a branch on which a scion of the house of Tudor had been grafted: and in him all the bad qualities which many authors have without stint imputed to the Tudor line, glowed in their fullest imperfection, mingled with all the bad qualities, which had multiplied through successive generations, from the first Stuart who had occupied the throne of Scotland, to him the first Stuart who had filled the throne of England.

The unbounded adulation which had been lavished on Queen Elizabeth, is always mentioned as rendering her contemptible: and her acceptance of such fulsome homage is always derided as the petty vanity of a female. It certainly reflects no honor on her wisdom, nor on the sycophants and parasites who bestowed it: but her sex, which has always contributed to aggravate her weakness, has also always contributed to exculpate the flatterers who soothed with their high praise.

When the maiden Queen was gone, when the puerile vanity of a woman no longer called the

adulator to overstrain his commendations, how shall we account for the continuation of the same hypocritical sycophancy, which was so hyperbolically showered on James? on him who was styled the SOLOMON of his age?

Can any one read without disgust the masques which were represented at court? If the adulation of Ben Jonson were not on record; if it were only traditional, it could not be believed.

In a masque, called "News from the New World, discovered in the Moon," the king is told to expect a noble discovery worthy of his ear.

"Now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery, worthy of your ear, as the object will be your eye: a race of your own, form'd, animated, lightned and heightned by you, who rapt above the moon far in speculation of your virtues, have remained there entranc'd certain hours, with wonder of the piety, wisdom, majesty reflected by you on them, from the divine light, to which only you are less," &c.

And in the last song and chorus in the same mask, he says,

"Look, look already where I am,
Bright Fame,
Got up unto the sky,
Thus high,
Upon my better wing,

To sing
The knowing king,
And make the musick here,
With yours on earth the same."

CHORUS.

" Join then to tell his name,
And say that James is he:
All ears will take the voice,
And in the tune rejoice,
)r truth hath left to breathe, and fame hath left to be."

In the Gipsies metamorphosed, the king's forne is thus told.

" Could any doubt that saw this hand,
Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the fate of things,
Or would not say you were let down
From heaven, on earth to be the crown
And top of all your neighbour kings?
To see the ways of truth you take,
To balance business, and to make
All Christian differences cease:
Or till the quarrel and the cause
You can compose, to give them laws,
As arbiter of war and peace," &c.

I could bring many more instances that flattery d not cease with the Queen, but the above shall ffice for SOLOMON.

The eldest son of James I. the heir apparent,

Henry Prince of Wales, was a prince who since the Black Prince gave the best promise, and was with the most fondness looked up to by the English: But unlike Edward III. who gloried in the fame of his son, James I. was jealous of the growing virtues of his heir, and the encreasing love of his subjects.

When he died there was a strong suspicion that he was poisoned; and though when he was opened and examined, the surgeons, who were present at the inspection, declared that his death had not been caused by poison, yet, the appearances on which they grounded their opinion, were, as I have been told by a surgeon, such, as they would have declared differently upon, if they had dared: but the suspicion glanced on those, against whom it would have been difficult to prove the crime, and whom, had the crime been proved, it would have been difficult to condemn.

His death, by which his brother Charles became heir apparent, was a very great national calamity. Like the death of his ever renowned predecessor, Edward the Black Prince, it was the forerunner of civil wars.

As far as human foresight can presume to assert, the life of Prince Henry would have prevented those disputes, which, though not between

two contending branches of one family, were between two parties equally determined in opposition, equally acrimonious in contest, and equally vindictive in retaliation and reprisal, as the two houses of the same stock: and the country suffered as deeply as when York and Lancaster divided the people.

After the death of his eldest son, James created his son Charles Prince of Wales, and negotiated for him a marriage with the Spanish Infanta. To see whom, and to contract with whom, Charles and the King's favourite the Duke of Buckingham, formed the romantic project of a journey to Spain, a scheme which it has been well observed would have suited the days of knight-errantry, but was very impolitic at the time it was carried into execution. It is well known that the match was broken off, and that the Prince contracted himself to the Princess Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henry IV. of France, with whom his marriage was solemnized after the death of his father, which happened in March, 1625.

The very high pitch to which James I. strained the royal prerogative, surpassed every thing the nation had ever endured. Inclinations as arbitrary, and actions as tyrannical, had been proved

before, but he was the first who openly avowed his inherent right to be a tyrant, and set all controul at defiance. When he was asked, "Is not your majesty the breath of our nostrils?" the question did not go much beyond the opinion which he had of himself, and the power which he imagined was vested in him.

There is no doubt the seeds were sown by James, of which his son reaped such a deplorable harvest. The minds of the people were prepared in the reign of James for the resistance which proved so fatal to Charles. The father built the scaffold on which the son expired.

When Charles I. ascended the throne, he was very popular among his subjects, which arose as much from the hatred borne to James, as from affection to the new King: but as any change it was supposed must be for the better, his reign was hailed as the dawn of happiness. Unfortunately for him, and for the country, the principles which he had imbibed were too deeply rooted to be eradicated, and the opposition with which he met, led, by progressions which I do not mean to trace, to war between the King and the nation: and civil discord deluged the land with the best blood of the country, and at last brought the King to the block.

The preservation and flight of his son after the battle of Worcester, is a matter of astonishment, when we consider how many persons knew him by the way as he fled. The story of his concealment in an oak, is a fact which is well authenticated.

In an account of his escape, dictated by himself, which Dalrymple has published from some manuscripts, given by Mr. Samuel Pepys to Magdalen College, Cambridge, there is a minute detail of all the various shifts to which he was reduced. Of his concealment in the oak, which was proposed to him, he says, "of which proposal of his I approving, we (that is to say Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz. bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we staid all day, &c.

"Memorandum,—that while we were in this tree, we see soldiers going up and down, in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood."

After continuing to recount many particulars, he goes on to the method of his escape to France;

and having detailed the mode of procuring a vessel, he goes on: "So about five o'clock in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north; and the next morning, a little before day, we saw the coast. But the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done.

"We found ourselves just before an harbour in France, called Fescamp; and just as the tide of ebb was made, espied a vessel to leeward of us, which by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer. Upon which, I went to my Lord Wilmot, and telling my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port of France, (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain) they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away, and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which though I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail again with us for the coast of England; yet so

sensible I was of it, that I and my Lord Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat; and going up into the town of Fescamp, staid there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel which had so affrighted us, proved afterwards only a French hoy.

"The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the Fish-market, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our cloaths, to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, untill Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us.....

"We staid at Rouen one day, to provide ourselves better cloaths, and give notice to the Queen, my mother, (who was then at Paris) of my being safely landed. After which, setting out in a hired coach, I was met by my mother, with coaches, short of Paris; and by her conducted thither, where I safely arrived."

Many letters, partly in cypher, inserted by Dalrymple in the same volume, prove that during the whole time of his exile, Charles II. had a correspondence with many persons both English and Scotch. They also shew that, however he might desire a restoration to kingly dignity, he passed his time very gaily during his stay abroad, and

that sorrow did not sit very heavily on his heart. Yet, he had serious thoughts concerning those matters which were important to his cause, as is also made evident by many letters in the same collection.

In a letter to Henry Bennet from Cologne, dated August 17, 1655, during a visit which was paid him by his sister, he says, "you must not expect to hear from me very often as long as my sister is here, for you may easily guess, that I will be in her company as much as I can, while she stays here; and indeed Cologne is not a little altered, for from having very little company, and some of those worse than none, we have now as good as can be, and pass our time as well as people can do that have no more money, for we dance and play as if we had taken the Plate-Fleet," &c.

And in another letter to the same person from Bruges, after speaking of business, he resumes his gaiety, and says, "Pray get me pricked down as many new corrants and sarabands and other little dances as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fidler that does not play ill on the fiddle.

"CHARLES REX."

In another, dated Bruges, July 7, 1656, he

says, " My Lord L. and O'Neal will let you know all the news here, so I have nothing more to say, only that you bespeak me six pair of shoes of my Paris shoe-maker, such as he sent me last, and as many pair made by Dyke, but tell this latter that three pair must be black and the other coloured," &c.

In another from Bruges, September 1, 1656, he says, " You will find by my last, that though I am furnished with one small fidler, yet I would have another to keep him company; and if you can get either he you mention, or another that plays well, I would have you do it.

" CHARLES REX."

Having transcribed a few letters in proof of the gaiety of the exiled Charles, I will from the same collection transcribe one to his brother the Duke of York, wherein gaiety is dismissed, and proper seriousness preserved. The date is anterior to those I have put above, being Nov. 10th, 1654.—It is from Cologne.

" DEAR BROTHER."

After the preamble, he says, " The letters which come from Paris, say, that it is the Queen's

purpose to do all she can to change your religion; which if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it: therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your King and Country. Do not let them persuade you, either by force or fair promises; for the first, they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

"I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuit's College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared, will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which if you do not

observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from,

"Dear Brother,

"Your most affectionate Brother,

"CHARLES REX."

My mother's grandfather, Mr. Rowland Baugh, of Stone House, near Ludlow, lent Charles II. during his exile, ten thousand pounds, and *his sacred majesty*, as the old lady of Tillietudlem says, did him the honor to write him a letter of acknowledgment, which is all the return he ever had.

Graceless unworthy descendant that I am, of a man so honored, I had rather have my share of the ten thousand pounds to enjoy, than the empty honor to boast. Yet, as nothing but a letter, is better than nothing at all, I wish I had that. I should in that case have something to show; and I would certainly exhibit it here, with a *fac-simile* of *his sacred majesty's* writing.

Whether he among my cousins, in whose *scrinium* the precious relic is hidden, will ever bring it forth, time will shew; I know not.

Though all the time Charles II. was away, we call him King, it was a mere nominal title. Cromwell and the commonwealth stood between him

and the crown; to which, although his father were no more, he may still be called the heir; though hardly the *heir apparent*.

From 1649 to 1660, kingly government was banished from England. Were the English more free?—No—Despotism reigned with as tyrannical a sway, as any King ever usurped over us: and the people stooped the neck to the arbitrary power of a PROTECTOR, who was as supreme as if he had been called *King*: and that the government was not monarchical, was only in the title of the man who sat at the helm, for he certainly bore the sceptre, if he did not wear the crown.

After the death of Oliver Cromwell, when his son Richard declined the Protectorship, Monk, Earl of Albemarle, restored the King. Charles II. brought to the throne the same gay wanton riot, which had marked his exile, and his court became the most licentious in Europe.

From his marriage with Catherine the Infanta of Portugal he had no issue, and England was again without an heir apparent.

After a reign which is disgraceful to his memory, he died, fully displaying his long hypocrisy. He refused the attendance of the clergy of the Church of England, but when Roman Catholic priests were brought to his bed-side, he

received from them the rites of their communion.

The profession of this religion, or that religion, signifies, it is to be feared, very little to the man whose whole life was contrary to all religion.

Here what can be said must rest. How far a sudden conviction, or a sudden repentance may avail beyond the grave, must be left to the mercy which we cannot appreciate or conceive; and on which the best must rely for the consummation of their hopes.

The monarch among all his predecessors, to whom Charles II. can with most similitude be compared, is Edward IV.; his private life was equally debauched; and his public career equally cruel.

Charles II. was succeeded by his brother the Duke of York, who ascended the throne by the title of James II.

The misfortune of a marriage between princes of different religions, was exemplified in this King. He had been bred a papist by his mother, and he was strongly bigoted to that religion, of which he made open profession: and sent an ambassador to Rome to acknowledge his obedience to the Pope, and to restore his kingdom to the bosom of the church. The Pontiff, expecting no fruits from

the King's submission, treated his embassy with contempt.

His subjects, on whom he would have forced the tenets of his own faith, resisted his attempts, and struggled in opposition to the establishment of a religion which wars against every feeling that is acknowledged by mankind. ' Against the body, by means of the various tortures it employs, in order to extort, by holding them *in terrore* in some cases, and by actual infliction in others, an acquiescence in all those abominable tenets, in all those tyrannical usurpations, in all those venal indulgences, with which a bigoted, a despotic, an avaricious, or a luxurious Pontiff, occupying what he calls the apostolic chair, wars against conscience; and converts Popery into the slavery of the soul.

The faith into which a man is driven by terror, or by the scourge, is not the faith which maketh whole. Nor is the religion in which a man, while professing Christianity, may go on in perpetual sin, by indulgence, which may be bought for gold, the religion to which a spiritual pastor ought to lead his flock. No! it is the mockery of religion, which drives a man to strike at heaven, only to make his fall the more deadly.

His arbitrary attempts to destroy political freedom were as strenuous as those he made to esta-

blish Popery; and both together rendered him so obnoxious, that he quitted the country, and fled to France.

In June, 1688, an event happened, whose consequences were for many years felt in England. I mean the birth of a prince, who was named James. Though many doubts arose concerning the reality of the Queen's delivery; and many attempts were made to prove the child suppositious; yet, no absolute proofs were produced in support of the charge: and the matter remains to this day a matter of doubt. What we now think of the affair is of no importance, for that branch of the Stuart family is extinct. My opinion is that the child was indeed the Queen's, for many of the arguments used in proof of the fraud, were invalidated by the birth of a princess, born after the exile of James. Be it as it may, the boy was called Prince of Wales, and for a short time under that title was acknowledged to be the heir apparent of the kingdom.

When his father abdicated the throne, he destroyed the claims of his heir, and from that time the English nation refused him the title belonging to the King's eldest son, and the degrading appellation of *the Pretender* was substituted in its

place. Thus, though the man lived, the Prince of Wales and heir apparent may be said to die.

After the abdication of James II. his descendants by his second marriage with Maria Josepha, the daughter of Alphonso of Este, Duke of Modena, were excluded from the succession, and the crown bestowed on Mary, his eldest daughter by his first wife the Lady Anne Hyde, daughter to the Earl of Clarendon; and in right of her on her husband William Prince of Orange.

The crown was settled on them for their joint and separate lives; and on their issue, and on any children whom Mary might have by any future husband: and in default of her issue, on her sister the Princess Anne, who was married to Prince George of Denmark, and who was also the daughter of James by his first marriage, and her issue.

William and Mary were crowned at Westminster Abbey, and they are called William III. and Mary II.

On the 28th of December, 1694, Queen Mary died of the small-pox; and as William's children by a future marriage were excluded from the English succession, Mary's sister Anne became heir apparent: and on the death of William III. she ascended the throne.

Her son William, who was born the same year that King William and Queen Mary were enthroned; and who was at his baptism made Duke of Gloucester, lived to be ten years of age. He was a child of great promise, and was very carefully educated by Bishop Burnet, under whom he made very great progress in all knowledge that could be instilled into one so young. As he was his mother's heir, he may be said to double the heir apparent. His death was a national loss, as it broke the line of succession settled at the Revolution, and sent us to a foreign dukedom to seek a collateral member of the royal family to fill the British throne.

The Parliament preferred the line of Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. to the line of Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I. whose daughter put in a claim, and settled the crown on the Princess Sophia, the daughter of Elizabeth, and widow of Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, and Elector of Hanover.

In the month of May, 1714, the Princess Sophia, the Dowager Electress of Hanover, died in the 84th year of her age, three months before the death of Queen Anne. She was thereby spared the fatigue of a long journey, and we were spared the melancholy office of receiving the first so-

vereign of our new dynasty, merely to perform the mournful solemnities of her funeral.

At seven o'clock in the evening, on Sunday the 1st of the following August, Queen Anne expired. Her death elevated the Duke of Brunswick to the throne of Great Britain, and it is still filled by a prince of that illustrious house.

The first of the house who reigned over us, was crowned by the name of George I. He brought the heir apparent with him, who on his father's death in 1727, ascended the throne by the name of George II.

The last heir apparent whom we lost, was his son Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales. I believe no heir apparent ever died less lamented, or whose loss aftertimes have had less reason to regret. No one will contradict my assertion that we gained by the loss of our heir apparent. George, the eldest son of Frederick, was created Prince of Wales, and succeeded his grandfather by the name of George III. on the 25th of October 1760, and died in January 1820, after a longer reign than that of any monarch who has ever sat on the throne. No man was ever so long heir apparent as his son, who stood in that august and important situation more than half a century. He succeeded his venerable father in the 58th

year of his age, and ascended the throne on which he now sits, by the name of George IV.

Though his beloved daughter, the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, was never heir apparent; yet, the situation in which she was placed made the people look upon her with feelings which induced them to hope, that the line of our Kings would be transmitted through her to future ages; and her death was deplored with an universality of grief, which had never been shewn since the loss of the still regretted Black Prince. There were when she died few who thought the sable externals of grief adequately betokened the sorrow with which she was mourned; and there was nothing that could shew forth the greatness of the national distress, which respect and love did not perform on the melancholy occasion.

And though the lapse of time have done away
The "inky coat," and outward signs of woe;
Though frolic Mirth return to sing and play,
And gaiety resume her gaudy show:

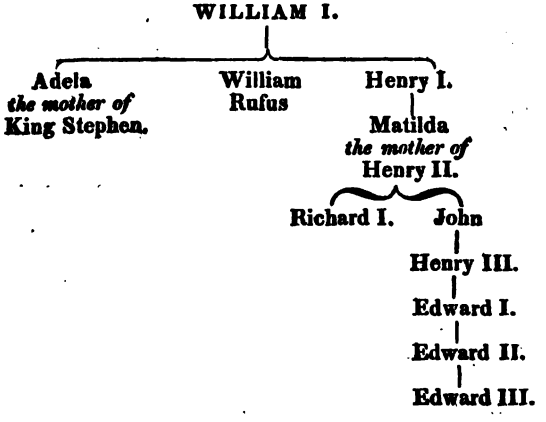
Yet shall the name of Charlotte still be dear,
While future Generations shall arise;
And future Subjects mention with a tear
The loss which bore their Princess to the skies.

By the above short sketch of the heirs apparent, whom England has at various times lost, it appears that no one has been taken away, whose loss has not been followed by deplorable consequences, except the last loss of Frederick, the son of George II. It may also be observed, that the death of them all except the last, brought persons forward, who but for the death of the heir, would not have been advanced, and by placing them in new situations, enabled them to form connections with which they would not have been allied, if left in the less exalted station, where, had not these deaths occurred, they must have remained: by which means the consequences of their loss have not been confined to our monarchy and nation, but have expanded themselves by links of union to regions in every quarter of the globe; and I do not go too far when I say, that thus many have been brought into existence, who otherwise would never have seen the light.

In the course of the succession of our Kings since the Conquest, the thirty-third of whom is now on the throne, the head of the family, or as heralds say, the common stock, has often been changed, of which I here draw out the tables.

FIRST

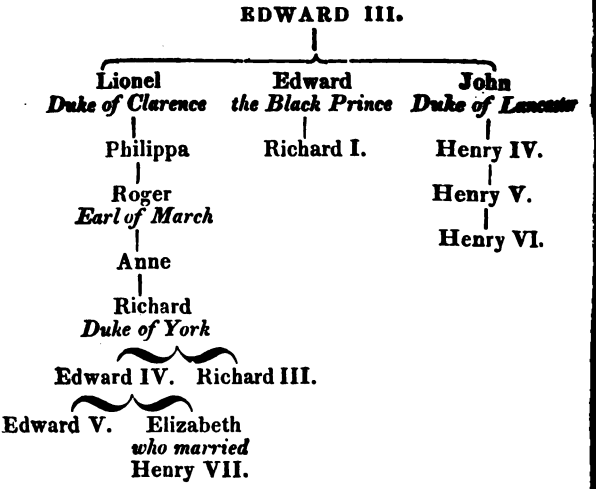
COMMON STOCK.



The numerous family which was born to Edward III. so totally removed all collateral claims before him, that he became the

SECOND

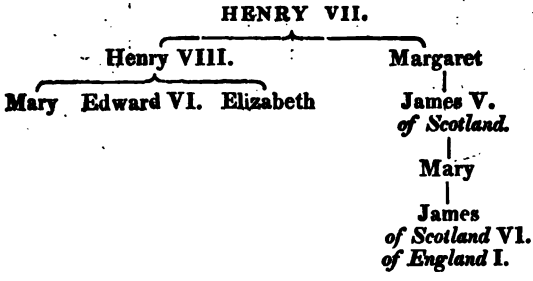
COMMON STOCK.



When Elizabeth of York married Henry of Richmond, of the House of Tudor, a new stock was brought to the throne, and Henry became the

THIRD

COMMON STOCK.

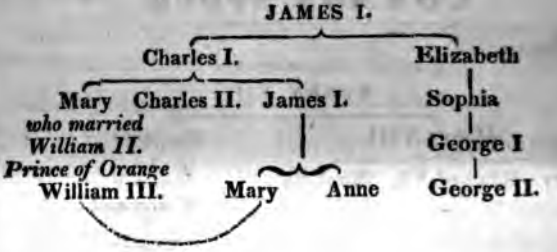


When the line of Henry VIII. became extinct by the childless death of all his children, and the descendants of Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. became heirs to the English throne,

James Stuart, King of Scotland, the first of his race who reigned over us, became the

FOURTH

COMMON STOCK.



Although since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the British throne, the elder line has always succeeded in due succession, and James I. may still therefore appear to be the common stock, yet the children of Frederick Prince of Wales have branched into so many families, that like the children of Edward III. they have removed

the collateral claims of their House, and Frederick Prince of Wales, though he did not sit on the throne of his ancestors, must be called the

FIFTH

COMMON STOCK.

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES,
Son of George II.

George III.	William *Duke of Gloucester*	Augusta *who married the Duke of Brunswick.*	Matilda *who married the King of Denmark.*

When the Princess Charlotte of Wales died, George III. had seven sons, and five daughters; a nephew and a niece, who were all without legitimate issue; and by a table which was at that time published of the descendants of Augusta, Duchess of Brunswick, and of Matilda, Queen of Denmark, it appeared, that beside the children and nephews of our reigning King, there were fourteen collateral heirs on the Continent, who, as the different families of the lines to which they

belonged, might chance to become issueless, had claims of succession to the British throne.

Since that period, so many of the children of George III. have married, that it is very probable that their descendants will, in their turn, remove the descendants of the fourteen continental collateral individuals, who had claims on the British throne, at the time of the death of their niece. In which case George III. will displace his father, and become our SIXTH COMMON STOCK.

Since the death of our late sovereign George III. our kingdom, by the accession of his son George IV. is again without an heir apparent.

WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF FILIAL LOVE.

THE story which I here introduce, is one which I read in a French volume of stories, anecdotes, and reflections, which seem to have been drawn like the various matters in my own book, from the accumulations of a *Scrinium*. They were published at Marseilles in 1792; and the French writer says that the circumstance is recorded in the annals of Japan.

There was a widow who had three sons, whose joint labours were the support of their mother. Though in the humble sphere where they were placed, the simple necessaries of life were all to which they aspired; yet, the exertions of the three young men did not always produce enough even to procure them; for it often happened that their industry could not find employment.

Once, when a long want of work had reduced them to very great distress, and their mother, as well as themselves, was almost starving; it occurred that a very great robbery was committed; and that a very great reward was promised to whoever would bring the robber to justice. As a means to afford relief to their parent, the brothers agreed, that two of them should accuse the other of the theft.

They drew lots to determine which should be the victim of filial love, and the lot of destruction fell on the youngest. The two eldest immediately accused their young brother, and he was consequently seized and bound, and carried before the judge.

He was asked if it were he who committed the robbery, and he acknowledged himself to be guilty. In consequence of his confession he was sent to prison, and his accusers received the promised reward.

While the matter had been in agitation, they were all three insensible to the horrors of their conduct. But when the accused was confined, and the money was received, the accusers' hearts were touched by the danger of their brother; and they found means to visit him in his wretched confinement.

When they were in his melancholy chamber, they threw themselves upon his neck, pressed him with ardour to their bosoms, and wept over him with the fondest affection.

Accident brought the magistrate to the spot, and betwixt the bars of the grating he beheld the novel spectacle of marks of tenderness and love between the accusers and the accused; and he charged one of his people to follow the two witnesses, and not to lose sight of them til he could elucidate the cause of such extraordinary behaviour.

The domestic employed to make the discovery, acquitted himself duly of his commission; and brought word to his employer that he had followed them with apparent carelessness, not to awaken their suspicion that they were watched, and saw them enter a very miserable habitation, which he had approached without being observed; and by listening at the door, had heard the youths recount to their mother what they had done, and offer her the money which was the price of her son's life. He went on to say, that at the recital, the poor woman had uttered the most lamentable cries, and ordered her sons to carry back the money which they had received, for that she had rather perish for want, than preserve her own life by the sacrifice of that of her dear boy.

The magistrate scarcely crediting such a wonderful example of filial love, sent for the prisoner, interrogated him anew on the subject of his theft, and threatened him with the most cruel torments.

The young man, solely desirous to afford comfort and relief to his mother, persisted in the declaration of his guilt, and was unmoved by all that was said to aggravate the sufferings to which he would be condemned.

"It is too much," exclaimed the magistrate, "O, virtuous and dutiful son! your invincible constancy, and your inflexible filial piety, astonish me, and move me even to tears!"

He instantly reported the circumstance to the emperor, who, charmed by such heroic tenderness, ordered the three brothers to his presence, and loaded them with marks of his favour. He assigned a considerable pension to the youngest, who had, without reluctance, yielded to the lot which he had drawn, and remained undismayed amid the horrors of punishment: and one, not quite so large, on each of the others, who had submitted to the chance of death.

THE SECRET BENEFACTOR.

As the members of a family are proud of the actions of those among them, which do honor to the actors, as if the lustre of their conduct reflected brightness on themselves, so I feel a gratifying delight in those actions which do honor to human nature; and feel proud of the noble conduct of my species. I love to hear of a good action, and I love to repeat it; therefore I insert the account of a transaction which occurred at Marseilles.

A young man, named Robert, was waiting near the shore at Marseilles, for a passenger to hire his boat. After he had been stationed there a short time, a stranger entered it, who very soon rose and would have quitted it, saying that as the master of the boat was not there he would go to another.

"Sir," said Robert, "the boat belongs to me. Do you wish to go out of the harbour?"

"No; it will not be light more than an hour, I merely wish to row a few times round the basin, to enjoy the freshness of the evening breeze.... But you have not the appearance of a waterman, nor are your speech and manners like men of that occupation."

"I cannot say," replied Robert, "that I truly belong to it; but for the sake of getting money, I practise it on Sundays and holidays."

"What! a miser at your age? It is a disgrace to your youth, and destroys the good opinion which your physiognomy inspired."

"Ah, Sir! if you knew wherefore I am desirous of money, you would not embitter my sorrows by imputing such base motives to my exertions."

"I may do you wrong," said the stranger, resuming his seat, "but you have not explained yourself; while we perform our little excursion you shall tell me your story. Come; say what are your griefs. You have awakened an interest in them."

"I have but one," said Robert, "that of having a father in captivity, without being able to liberate him. He was a broker here in Marseilles, and had procured by his savings, and those of my mother who was a milliner, a share in a

ship bound for Smyrna. He took charge himself of the negociation of his merchandize, and sailed for the Levant. Alas! the ship was taken by a corsair, and carried into Tetuan; and my father, together with the whole crew, became slaves. Two thousand crowns are required for his ransom; and as he had employed his whole capital to render his undertaking more advantageous, we are very far from possessing that sum. In order to gain it, my mother and my sisters work almost night and day. I do the same with my master, who is a jeweller, and on Sundays and holidays, I endeavour, as you see, to gain a little by plying with my boat. We have reduced ourselves almost below the common necessaries of life, and we are all lodged in one small chamber. It was my first wish to go and take my father's place, and set him free by wearing his chains; and I was on the point of putting my project in execution, when my mother, who became acquainted with it I know not how, assured me that it was impracticable and chimerical, and forbad all captains trading to the Levant to take me on board.

"Do you ever hear tidings of your father? Do you know who is his master at Tetuan? Do you know how he is treated?"

"His master is the overseer of the king's gardens; he is treated with kindness; and the labours which are required of him are not beyond his strength. But, we are not with him to comfort and assist him. He is far away; far from a cherished wife; far from the children whom he loves."

"What name does he bear at Tetuan?"

"He has not changed his name. He calls himself at Tetuan as he did at Marseilles, Robert."

"Your misfortunes affect me greatly, and to virtue which merits it so highly, I dare promise a better fate; and I assure you that I wish it you most sincerely."

When the darkness of night came on, the stranger desired Robert to set him on shore; and when he quitted the boat, he gave him his purse, which was not scantily filled.

The gratitude of the young man and his family for such a generous gift was very great: but all their endeavours to discover their benefactor were fruitless.

Six weeks after Robert had received the purse, while this virtuous family were partaking of their frugal meal, Robert the father entered, and surprised them amid their grief and their misery.

O! imagine the astonishment, the transport, the joy of his wife and children!

The good old Robert threw himself into their arms; and thanked them with the tenderest sensibility for the sixty louis, which had been put into his hands when he quitted the ship, for his passage, and for his maintenance on board, which had been paid in advance, and for the comfortable cloathing in which he was clad. He added that all words were inadequate to express what he felt for so much zeal, and so much love.

A new surprise kept all the family silent, and they mutually looked at each other, seeking the explanation of what they heard. The mother was the first who spoke. She thought it was the work of her son. She related to his father how at the first intelligence of his capture he had wished to take his place, and how she had prevented him from doing so. Two thousand crowns were required for your ransom, of which we had amassed nearly half, the greater part the fruits of his industry. He has surely found some friend who has assisted him.

The overpowered father remained some time as if lost in thought; then addressing himself to his son, he said, "Unhappy boy! What have you done? How can I owe my deliverance to you,

without regretting that I am free? At your age, the son of distress, the son of a slave, does not easily procure the sum which was required for my liberation. I tremble lest you should have committed a disgraceful action. Better were it that we all should perish, than that you should be dishonest."

"Calm yourself," said the youth, throwing himself on the neck of his father, "your son is not unworthy of that title; nor happy enough to have been able to prove how dear you are to his heart. It is not to me you are indebted for your liberty; but I know your deliverer. You, no doubt, my dear mother, remember the stranger who gave me the purse. He asked me many questions; and I am sure it is he who is our benefactor. I will pass my whole life in seeking him; and I will bring him to behold the happiness which his bounty has produced."

After the liberated Robert was restored to his family, he found friends whose assistance enabled him to enter again into trade, in which he was successful beyond his hopes, and at the expiration of two years he found himself at his ease, and had it in his power to put his children comfortably forward in life. Nothing was wanting to their happiness but to discover the generous be-

nefactor, who so carefully concealed himself from their researches.

At length, one morning, young Robert met him walking alone, near the sea. He threw himself at his feet, and expressed his thanks in terms of the warmest gratitude. The stranger assured him that he was mistaken, and addressed himself to the wrong person.

"O, Sir! do you not remember Robert and his unfortunate family, to whom you have given new life by the restoration of their father. O, come! come with me, and witness the felicity you have caused." The stranger persisted in his ignorance of the circumstances to which he alluded, and withdrew from the young man's reiterated solicitations and thanks.

The kind benefactor who had so secretly restored a father to his family, would have remained unknown to this day, had not his steward after his death found among his papers a bill which had been sent to Mr. Main, the banker at Cadiz. Inquiry was made concerning it of Mr. Main, who said that it had been used for the ransom of a Marsellois, named Robert, who was a slave at Tetuan, conformably to the order of Charles de Secondat Baron de Montesquieu, President of the Parliament of Bourdeaux.

It is well known, that the illustrious Montesquieu was very fond of travelling, and that he often visited his sister Madame d'Héricourt, who was married and settled at Marseilles.

These interesting facts, which deserve to be for ever remembered by mankind, are to be found in the Calendar of Anecdotes for 1775, and in the works of Mons. l'Abbé de Monier; and Villemain has written a drama on the story.

VIRTUES OF ANIMALS.

SHALL I be pardoned if I say that brute animals are possessed of many virtues? Among others, that they possess gratitude, is strongly proved by the well known story of Androcles, the condemned slave of the Proconsul of Africa, and of the lion who was let loose against him in the circus at Rome, to amuse the Romans by their contest; when, instead of flying at him with ferocity, as was expected, the lion crouched at the feet of his antagonist. The man had, it seems, in the desart taken a thorn from the lion's foot, and cured his wound. The noble animal would not destroy his benefactor.

A due sense of benefits, is what properly defines gratitude. In its fullest extent, it implies a return of benefit for benefit: but as an opportunity to confer a benefit does not often occur, a

willingness to be beneficial, is, for the most part, all whereby gratitude can be shewn.

In like manner, ingratitude is frequently negative; but when it grows to injury against those by whom we have been assisted, it assumes the blackest dye, and becomes a vice of great enormity. The lion's gratitude was in this instance negative. He did not injure.

Gratitude is evinced by dogs in active exertion, as the beautiful story introduced by Priscilla Wakefield in the Family Tour, and in a note said to be related in the Monthly Magazine for April, 1802, fully proves. Therein is detailed the circumstance of the loss of a child, whose father searched for it in vain, and at last discovered it by following a dog, who had been observed to go from the house several times, and to carry away part of its food. The dog was traced down the almost perpendicular side of a rock, at the foot of which lay the child, to whom the animal presented the meal from which he had himself abstained.

The attachment of animals, particularly of dogs, to the masters who have reared them, and to the after masters who have fed them, is also proved by instances of every day's occurrence; many of which are recorded.

There is a story of the disappearance of a man,

called Aubry de Mont-Didier, from Paris, as ancient as the time of Charles V. King of France, and of the return of his dog, almost starved to death, after several days' absence. He went to the house of a friend, with whom his master had been very intimate; and howled piteously, as if to make known the loss he had experienced. After being fed, he renewed his cries, went to the door, turned to see if he were followed, returned to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat toward the door. The singular behaviour of the dog, together with the disappearance of his master, induced the friend to follow him. When they reached a certain tree in the forest of Bondy, he redoubled his cries, and began to scratch the earth. The place was immediately searched, and the body of the unfortunate Aubry de Mont-Didier was found buried at the root of the tree.

Some time afterward the dog met the assassin, whom historians call the Chevalier Macaire; he jumped upon him, and it was with difficulty that he was disengaged from his hold. Every time he met him, he seized him with the same fury. The rage of the dog, who never molested any one but Macaire, on whom he always flew, caused suspicions of the murder to fall on him. Many proofs were recollected of the enmity which Ma-

caire had shewn against Aubry de Mont-Didier, and circumstance after circumstance came forward, by which the suspicions were encreased: and in process of time the general talk reached the king: who caused the dog to be brought to him. The animal was perfectly quiet among all the strangers who surrounded him, til Macaire appeared, on whom, in the midst of the croud of courtiers in the royal presence, he instantly flew.

In those times, when the proofs of a criminal's guilt were not sufficiently strong for condemnation, the accuser and the accused were to prove or disprove the charge by single combat. Such combats were called *the judgment of God:* because every one was persuaded that God would perform a miracle rather than allow innocence to be vanquished.

The king struck by the united indications of the guilt of Macaire, decreed the test of combat between him and the dog. Macaire was armed with a large club; and the dog had a tub assigned him, for his retreat, and starting place. When he was loosened, he ran to his antagonist, avoided his blows, menaced him with every expression of rage and anger, flew round and round him, and at last sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

The wretched criminal, conquered by his foe,

and overpowered by the upbraidings of his guilty conscience, made a full confession of his crime before the king, and the assembled court.

The memory of the dog's fidelity is perpetuated by a monument still remaining over the chimney in the great hall of the castle of Montargis, but time has nearly obliterated the inscription on the tablet, which records the fact.

An event nearly resembling the one above related, occurred here at home. It is a fact which goes back to the days of yore. It took place in the Isle of Dogs; an island once swampy and desolate, surrounded by the Thames. I have been informed that the circumstance I am about to relate gave it the name of *the Isle of Dogs*. It is now drained and covered with buildings. The East and West India Docks, and all the new streets which have followed their erection, have so altered its appearance, that the very name is almost lost.

Ere the keeping of a carriage was in England a necessary appendage to gentility, people even of high rank removed from place to place on horseback, or when the convenience of a river enabled them so to do, their excursions were in barges. A great man then kept a barge, as commonly as he now keeps a coach. That class of people who now

ride in hackney coaches, then hired barges for their occasional purposes; or, when the trip was not a matter of parade, they contented themselves, as many do now, with a little boat.

It happened once that a gentleman who was going from London in one of those little boats, saw a miserable lean dog, sitting, not far from the shore, on the above mentioned swampy island. As the boat advanced, the dog began to whine, he ran from the spot where he sat to the water's edge, back again to the spot, then again to the brink, and so on: ever whining very piteously. When the boat went on he changed his whine into a dismal howl, and began to scratch the earth. The gentleman thinking that the poor creature wanted to be taken into the boat, caused the waterman to put back, to take him in; but that would not do, the dog would not enter the boat; but he continued to run to the spot where he had been first seen sitting, and then toward the water; which appeared so strange to the gentleman, and also to the waterman, that they both landed, and where the dog had been sitting, not far below the surface of the ground, they found the mangled body of a man. They took it into the boat, whereinto the dog immediately jumped, and quietly laid himself down by the side of the corse.

The body was exposed for inspection, but was not recognized, and the dead man was buried as a stranger, and no traces were discovered of the murderer.

Nearly twenty years afterward, the same gentleman, with the dog, who had never quitted him, had again occasion to take water: and the instant the boat was held in for him to go on board, the dog seized the waterman. The gentleman recollecting the various circumstances which had occurred, instantly concluded that the waterman was the undiscovered assassin who had murdered the dog's former master. He immediately caused him to be apprehended and taken on suspicion before a magistrate, to whom he related all that had happened: and the fellow made a full confession of his crime. He said that not three days before the gentleman had found the body by means of the dog, he had murdered a passenger whom he was carrying in his boat; for that he had every reason to suppose that there was money among his baggage. He had therefore destroyed and buried him.

On his own confession the wretch was executed.

The many instances I have produced, in this little work, of the detection of guilt, supposed

by the perpetrators to be out of the reach of discovery, surprize even myself. They are not the phantasies of a novelist's imagination, but facts related to me by those on whom I can rely; or scattered in books, written by accredited authors, whom I have at various times read: but being read at different times, penned at different times, and recollected at different times, the effect they had upon me at several periods passed away. Now, brought forward in one collection, their united force brings conviction that even stocks and stones will declare when blood has been spilt, and that the murderer shall ever be dragged forth to punishment.

The grand direction, *Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you*, cannot be too frequently inculcated. Our adhesion to that precept would not only prevent those atrocious crimes which bring destruction upon mankind, but all those lesser evils which destroy the comfort of individuals.

E PUNISHMENT OF CRIME BY CRIME.

ppened once that three men who were tra-
g together found a purse containing a large
of money, which they divided among them.
ng so done, they continued their journey,
mused themselves by the way in talking over
se which each would make of his riches.
ey went on they consumed all the provender
they had carried with them to refresh them-
on the road. They agreed that one would
ficient to go to the next town to fetch what
eeded, and that the youngest should be sent
errand. He departed.
ile on the road he communed with himself
id, I am become of a sudden rich, but how
richer should I be, if I had been alone when
reasure was found. My two companions
deprived me of the vast wealth I should in

that case have acquired without a partner. Can I not seize upon it all? It will be easily accomplished. I have only to poison the food which I shall buy, and refuse to partake of it, by saying that I dined in the town. My companions will eat without mistrust, and they will eat their death.

Meanwhile the other two travellers said to each other, it was unlucky that this young man joined himself to our society. We have been obliged to share with him the treasure which we have found. His part would greatly have encreased ours.

"Our daggers are sharp and long," said the one. The other was silent. "You will then be sufficiently rich to be accepted as the husband of Florina." That hint was enough.

"Let us assassinate him when he returns," he said hastily.

The young man returned, and his two companions buried their daggers in his breast.

Unmoved by the bleeding wounds which they had inflicted, or the struggles of the dying youth who did not instantly expire, they sat down on the steps of an ancient building, where they had halted, to partake of the food which had been poisoned. They ate the viands which were savoury, and drank the wine which was delicious.

Ere two hours had elapsed, the effects of the poisoned meal were felt by both, and the agonies of death came on them.

While they all three lay the victims of mutual crime, another company of travellers approached. Scared by the terrible spectacle of three expiring men, who lay extended near each other, they advanced toward them, and received from each a full confession of his guilt.

To remove them was impossible, the moment of dissolution was too near: and while the strangers were still gazing on them, they expiated their crime, victim to their victim.

Another proof that

> "Even-handed justice
> Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips,"

may be found in the death of his Holiness Pope Alexander VI.

Historians accuse his Holiness Pope Alexander VI. of many crimes, which not only disgraced the pontifical dignity to which he was raised, but also dishonored the man: and his crimes called for a twofold retribution.

When Charles VIII. King of France marched

to Naples, to take possession of the Neapolitan kingdom, which had been left by the *Count du Maine*, the grandson of René the deposed King of Naples to Lewis XI. to the Dauphin, and their successors on the throne of France; Alexander VI. strongly encouraged him in his undertaking, because Ferdinand King of Naples, the bastard son of Alphonso King of Aragon, who had deposed René, refused to do homage to the holy see: and he rejoiced in the danger to which Naples would be exposed, that his vassal might be compelled to acknowledge his vassalage.

About the time of the French expedition, Ferdinand died, and was succeeded by his son Alphonso, who promised to do homage to the Pope. No sooner had Alphonso promised to submit, than Alexander forbad Charles, on pain of excommunication, to attack the feodatory of the holy see. Charles nevertheless advanced with military enthusiasm, intending not only to recover Naples, but full of hope that he should extend his conquests over Rome herself; and afterward expel the Turks from Constantinople. Being again threatened with anathema, he replied to the Pope's ambassadors, "I have made a vow to visit the tombs of the Holy Apostles, tell the Pope that I shall accomplish it."

The Pope now took the part of Alphonso, not only because he had done fealty to him for the crown of Naples, but also because he had given appointments to two children, who, among many more, had been born to his Holiness in concubinage and adultery.

To the scandal of Christianity, his Holiness proposed a league between Bajazet Emperor of the Turks and Alphonso, against the French King: and informed Bajazet of his views on Constantinople; in the promotion of which he intended to use Zezin, the brother of Bajazet, who had risen against him, and had taken refuge in France. This league did not take place: but it produced a secret treaty between the successor of St. Peter and the disciple of Mahomet, of which Zezin became the victim. That unfortunate Prince was poisoned: and Alexander VI. was strongly suspected of his death. But who dared to accuse the Pope? One thing is certain, which is that his Holiness received from Bajazet for the hand he was supposed to have in the murder, and of which, no doubt, the Turk was well assured, the sum of three hundred thousand crowns.

After the death of Charles VIII. Lewis XII. his successor, renewed the claims of France on

Naples, and drew Ferdinand King of Aragon, who is such a conspicuous character in the history of Europe, into his quarrel. Though they invaded the kingdom of Naples jointly, yet they afterward disagreed, and their disagreement caused a rupture between France and Spain, which I do not now mean to discuss.

It was during these troubles which he had fomented, that Alexander VI. died. He may truly be said to fall into the pit which he had dug for others. He and his son Cæsar Borgia, a wicked son worthy of his wicked sire, had invited with intention to poison them, some Cardinals to a feast, on whose riches they meant to seize: but by mistake the servant gave them the empoisoned drink. His Holiness expired in violent agonies, which defied all medical aid for the space of eight days. His son survived the draught, though he never again was restored to his former health and strength.

Boast not, O man! thine arm of mighty pow'r,
Nor hope secure thy race of guilt to run;
Though great thy means to harm, aloft thy state,
Though at thy beck thy myrmidons appear
Ready to execute thy dire commands:
For when thou deem'st thy deep-laid plains are ripe,

And that thy snares shall catch thy destin'd prey,
Lo! thou art caught: and in an instant hurl'd
To stand before that awful tribunal,
Where "when the last account 'twixt heav'n and earth"
"Is to be made," the record of thy crimes
Shall justify thy woeful condemnation.

CROSS-PATCH.

HAVING related several anecdotes of atrocious actions, whose dreadful consequences mark them as crimes, I shall now mention a few of those lesser evils, arising from behaviour which is productive of actions which may be denominated faults: and which, although they do not bring destruction in their train, nor disturb the peace of society in the full acceptation of that expression, nevertheless destroy the comfort of individual families. I mean such as result from ill-temper.

I knew a lady once, who was in the main as good a woman as might be. She never did a dishonorable or a dishonest thing in her life. She was bounteous and charitable. If any of her poor neighbours were ill, the best wine in her cellar was at their service; she would order her cook to make them broth, and many other things which are requisite in sickness. If they were in distress,

she would occasionally give them money, and work for them, and make her daughters work for them like so many sempstresses: and many children, who without her help, would have been in tatters, were among the tidiest who went to church on Sundays. Therefore, she was certainly good-natured: but with that she was so ill-tempered, that she was hardly bearable. I mean that she thwarted every one's wishes, disapproved of almost every thing that was done, and contradicted almost every thing that was said.

If her husband expressed a wish for a sirloin of beef, she would be sure to provide a leg of mutton: if he wished for a boiled fowl, she would be sure to have it roasted. If he said let us have a duck, she would send for a turkey. When her sons chose a green coat from the tailor's book of colours, she would say that brown was fitter for them. If they made themselves smart, she hated dandies; if they did not, she could not bear slovens. When her daughters took pains to dress and curl their hair, she would laugh at them, and say they looked as if they wore wigs: if they cut their hair short, she would tell them that they looked like parish girls. In that way she went on, til finding all endeavours to please her were ineffectual, she was at it were set at nought, and husband, sons,

and daughters, left off caring whether she were pleased or no: so that in the end her own comfort was destroyed with theirs.

I remember that once when Mr. Bartlet, her husband, in order to make a return to the kind friends who, in the Christmas holidays, had invited the children to many balls and young parties, proposed to give a ball at his own house, that she raised many objections. The great expence was one. "Nay, my dear," said the good man, "I am sure that we can afford it very well."

Then the trouble would be so great. "If we do it at all, we must do it handsomely; and who do you think can see to the preparations? I am sure I shall not fatigue myself for any such nonsense."

"My dear," said Mr. Bartlet, "you shall have no trouble. I will order every thing from the confectioner."

A ball fixed without consulting her on the subject, and persisted in contrary to her opinion, was a great offence to Mrs. Bartlet, and every thing in the family was more found fault with than usual. However in spite of her opposition, and the unpleasant observations she made on indulging children, all went on to get ready for the gala night. The company were invited, the fiddlers were hired,

and the cakes and supper were ordered, and the ball-night arrived.

She damped all the youthful mirth of the party by her gloomy countenance, and pettish answers; and when the dancing commenced she left the room, and in about an hour sent word that she was ill and gone to bed, and could not bear the noise of the music: and just when the young folks were in the full enjoyment of their diversion, the fiddles were stopt, and every one was obliged to sit down quietly.

More uncomfortable still is it, when ill-temper is the failing of the master of the family. The absolute "I will:" and "I will not:" of the lordly husband makes his word such an unavoidable law, that nobody can evade it. A ball in spite of him, be sure can never be even thought of. The means he has to kill joy are so great, that every one droops before him.

'As I have a numerous acquaintance, I know people of all behaviours, and I visit two or three families, where every thing that is desirable, or conducive to happiness, is within reach, and yet joy, comfort, and pleasure are banished from their houses, by the overbearing ill-temper of the rulers.

My mother had an old friend about her own

age, who unfortunately was married to one of those arbitrary tyrannical bashaws.

At the time she married him, he held a situation in a public office; but as the hours of business interfered frequently with arrangements which he would have made, had he been master of his own time, he gave up his clerkship, and took a grazing and hay farm in the vicinity of London.

Farming was a thing which he did not understand. He thought that to let the grass grow, and then to mow it, was all that a farmer had to do, who had no arable land. His wife had been very differently bred from the customary training of a farmer's wife: so that in consequence of the ignorance of both, the farm did not turn out a very profitable concern. I may say that it was unprofitable; and he became every year a poorer, instead of a richer man: by which his bad temper was not mended.

I have heard a great many instances of his ill behaviour, before I was old enough to observe such things; indeed before I was old enough to be introduced into company where I could see them. I have heard that he sometimes carried his fury so far, that he beat his wife; but I will not assert such a shocking thing positively.

Notwithstanding the uncontrouled ill-temper, which no company could check, or keep within

bounds, the respect which every body had for Mrs. Placey, his wife, prevented them from dropping his acquaintance, and her old friends, in pity to her, continued their attentions to them both. Their farm was so very near London, that going to dine with them, was not so long a journey as going from one end of the town to the other.

Once when a friendly party of old friends was invited to dine at the farm, my mother was one of the guests.

When they sat down to table, the bottom dish was a fine large substantial round of beef. "How could you, Mrs. Placey," said he, "provide such a vulgar thing as a round of beef, to set before so many old friends?"

She looked a little confused at this speech, and so did the guests; and in order to dispel the cloud on his brow, one of the gentlemen said, good humouredly, "Nay, Mr. Placey, it is good old English fare, and properly graces the feast at a farm-house."

Now, though Mr. Placey had been pleased to take a farm, he did not choose to be considered in any other light than as a gentleman farmer: and therefore the observation had not the desired effect on the angry host. He ordered the beef to be taken away, notwithstanding the wish every

body expressed to have a slice of it; and the declaration they all made that they thought it one of the best things that could be brought to table.

When the beef was removed, on which Mrs. Placey had placed her chief dependance, the less substantial top dish, and the *kick-shaws*, as Justice Shallow calls them, which filled the sides and the corners, were insufficient to satisfy every body's appetite; yet, rather than disgrace his gentility, or appear to give way after his veto had been put; the more elegant supply of eggs and rashers of bacon was substituted; which every one, for the sake of peace, ate of very heartily.

When I became old enough to go out to pay visits, I sometimes went to visit Mrs. Placey; and two or three times I staid a week at the farm, and then I witnessed his unrestrained ill-humour, which all the kindness and indulgence of Mrs. Placey could not counterbalance.

One day that something in the fields had very much disconcerted him, he came into the parlour in a violent rage; the tea-table was prepared for some neighbours who were coming to pass the evening, and eat some plums, for which his garden was famed; when, scarcely knowing how to vent his ill-temper, he raised his horsewhip, and cut and slashed among the crockery, and the cups

and saucers, cream jug and cream strewed the ground from one end of the room to the other.

Before the fragments could be cleared away, in came the company; and poor Mrs. Placey, to make the best of the matter, said, "we have just met with a little accident, you see, and all my best china is broken."

Another day, when he was equally in his airs, he caught up a hatchet with which one of the men had been chopping wood, and with the strength of a powerful man, encreased by rage, he hacked the gates of his premises so violently, that he was obliged to have new ones.

These two people, whom I have here brought forward as examples of the discomfort of bad tempers, are not, I am sorry to say, the only instances I could produce of their disagreeable effects.

When the masters or the mistresses of families are, unfortunately for those around them, the ill-tempered members of the little communities, there is no retreat from the pain they cause: but when some one of the younger members tries to domineer, the father and the mother are always a check to him, and an asylum to the others: and though he is not beloved he is not dreaded.

I could mention several circumstances which

prove how destructive of family happiness it is to have only one ill-tempered brother or sister among them; but I will not tire the reader with more pictures of ill behaviour; I will merely, by the way, beg leave to observe, that however such ill-tempered people may for the moment gratify their own spleen, they raise opposers, which may almost be called enemies, among those who would otherwise be their best and truest friends: and they will find that in the long run they lessen their own enjoyments, for although those whom they so sadly torment, do not retaliate the same behaviour against them, they refrain from all those acts of tenderness and kindness which make life delightful; and draw down the dislike, if not the absolute hatred, of those near and dear connexions who would be most disposed to cherish and to love them.

REAL WOE.

In that class of life which is denominated the lowest, a degree of distress is sometimes experienced, of which the higher ranks never hear, which they never surmise, never discover. The low hovels, which are the dwelling places of the indigent, are not visited, nor sought for by the affluent. Not because the affluent are unwilling to assist the wretchedness there shrouded, far from it, but because their exceeding removal from such misery, prevents them from being able to imagine that it exists.

There is a certain set of people who labour hard and fare ill, yet never clamour at a great man's gates: who if a little charitable aid from the parish be added to the small earnings of their toil, submit to the hard destiny which is their lot, and sigh in secret over the woes which they conceal from general knowledge.

Of that description of indigent patient sufferers, there was in the neighbourhood where I once lived in the country, a poor woman, who, because she was always seen at work, was supposed never to be in want. She had one son, who was as industrious as his mother, who without incumbering her, gained his own livelihood by some of the services required in making bricks, in a brick field.

While labouring hard he was taken ill, so ill that he was obliged to do what among labourers is called *to lay by;* but ceasing from toil, was not all he needed in order to his recovery: he stood in need of nursing; and to whom can a sick poor man, who has no wife, apply for nursing but to his mother?

The field where he worked was five miles from where his mother lived, and he set off alone to walk to his mother's habitation. In the weak state to which he was reduced, he was a whole day walking that five miles. A hut, which consisted but of one room, in which room there was but one bed, and that badly furnished, was all the comfort which the poor woman had to offer to her sick son. Into that bed she put him; and while his wretchedness required double means to be comforted, her means of comfort were lessened,

for her attendance on her son occupied so much of her time, that she did not earn above half what she usually gained by the low drudgery which procured her daily bread: yet, as she was seen to go in and out, people thought that she and the young man were going on well; and as she troubled nobody, nobody troubled themselves about her. This went on for more than a week, when the neighbours observed to each other that they had not seen the good dame that day. Nevertheless the day passed on, and no one went to inquire what kept her within: but when another day passed, and she did not appear, people began to think that something extraordinary must be the matter; so they knocked at the door, but no one answered. They then made a great outcry, but no one appeared. They were then induced to break open the door, where they found the youth extended lifeless in the bed, and his dead mother lying across his body.

There was not a coal, nor a candle, nor a bit of wood, nor a morsel of bread in the wretched chamber; and it is very probable that they both perished for want.

A friend who came to visit me from that part of the world, among the news of what had occurred

in my old neighbourhood, told me the above sorrowful tale.

I believe that there are as many kind charitably disposed persons in the country neighbourhood where I formerly lived, as in any part of England; and that there is as much pains taken by the rich to discover poverty, and to administer relief, as there can be any where; and yet such scenes of distress and woe frequently come forward.

A case of equal distress once came within my own knowledge. One of our servants married a young man who gained his livelihood by hedging and ditching, and other out-door country employments. After her marriage, she used to come occasionally to our house as a chare-woman, and she received a part of the refuse of our far from luxurious larder. As soon as might be she had a child, and in process of time was in a fair way to have a second; when, unfortunately for the poor, there was a heavy fall of snow, and after that a very hard frost, which kept almost every one within doors for nearly a quarter of a year. Charlotte had for some time ceased to call on us, and we concluded that she was brought to bed: and as we heard nothing from her, we hoped that all was going on right.

As soon as a thaw released those whom the frost had imprisoned, my mother sent me to inquire after Charlotte. There she was; poor creature! She had been brought to bed nearly a fortnight; she was very ill, and so was her baby; she was so weak, that she could hardly speak to me. She gave me a melancholy account of all she had suffered, and told me all she wanted, for her husband, owing to the frost, had been out of work eleven weeks.

I went to the overseer, and he sent the parish doctor to her; and when I recounted my sad tale of distress and woe, one sent her broth, another sent her caudle, and another sent wine, and such other things as it was thought would comfort her: but all in vain. When I called to see her the next day, her baby was dead, and the day after she expired herself.

The parish doctor told me that assistance came too late. Her stomach, in consequence of her long want of proper and sufficient food, was in such a state, that it could neither receive the medicines which he had ordered her, nor the comfortable cordials and viands which had been, when her case was known, abundantly supplied.

The parish buried the baby, but the managers

of the poor-house refused to bury her, unless her husband would give up her cloaths toward the expences of the funeral; which he would not do. He gave them to his mother, who in consideration of the gift, undertook to keep his first child for a year, and to cloath her with a part of them: and he sold his bed to bury his wife.

We who are better off, are apt to repine if we have not all we should like to possess. We are not satisfied with a hat, unless it be adorned with a feather.

To my shame be it spoken, those sort of murmurs have too frequently escaped me. Not satisfied with my bit of mutton, I have pined for ortolans: and without looking at the hundreds who would almost think what I leave on my plate a luxury; I have too frequently looked above me, and desired that pompous parade, which has made feasting a toil. Many I fear may make the same confession.

When those feelings of dissatisfaction steal upon us, and do away, though but for a moment, the thankfulness with which we ought to enjoy the many blessings and comforts which we possess, let us recollect the beautiful lines of Shenstone, and say to ourselves,

"Why droops my heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
What pensive crouds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I!"

A still more dreadful tale was once told me by my servant, and I trust that it will not fail to inculcate the duties of charity and benevolence, particularly to our own dependants, because I derive my knowledge of it from the simple narrative of a country girl, who when she related the circumstances moralized on them in a manner that proved she was aware of the guilt which she detailed.

She told me, that about twenty years ago, while she lived at home with her father, who was an industrious man, and a wool-comber at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, a lad came one day to the door, and said that he was servant to a man who lived in a part of the same town, called Nag's-head lane. That his master was gone to London on business, and that his mistress had locked him up in a room at the top of the house, and had declared that he should have nothing to eat til his master returned home. That he had been confined some days, and that being almost famished, he had jumped out of the window.

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The good wool-comber gave him some food, but inquired no further into the business, and the lad went away, and wandered into the country.

The mistress meanwhile, thinking that she had her prisoner safe, lived away, she and her children, according to the very expression of my servant, quite like gentlefolks, for they had roast beef and plumb-pudding for dinner.

The poor boy, after he had received the charitable meal given him by the honest wool-comber, begged on a little further, as appeared by what the neighbours said afterward, and then wandered into the fields; where he was one day found dead, stretched on a little scattered straw.

He was brought back into the town and opened, when the surgeon said that he was starved to death: and the same waste, which had reduced him almost to skin and bone, had taken place within.

When the lifeless boy was brought into the town, the tale which he had told where he had begged, was brought forward: and the inhuman mistress, who amid her own plenty, had refused a morsel to her servant, was sought for and taken up: and when Justice had investigated the boy's tale, and it was proved that he had spoken the truth, an indignant jury found her guilty; and

the law was put in force in punishment of her crime.

The relative duties between man and man are not sufficiently understood. The generality of people content themselves with refraining from the very enormous crimes which are absolutely defined by the word which names what they are; but the crimes, which are emanations from those greater sins, are glossed over by equivocations, and what are called sins of omission are rarely brought into the catalogue of crimes.

Though the death of the unfortunate lad was the consequence of his mistress's treatment; I will venture to assert, that to kill him was not her intention; and that privation of food would deprive him of life never entered her thoughts. She was ignorant that one duty of a master and mistress is to be properly careful of their servants: and that while our luxuries, according to our degree, are procured by their labour, they have a right to the comforts which are necessary to their station, and that we omit a duty when we withhold them.

THE CONTESTED WILL.

A YOUNG gentleman who was a student in the law, and who dived, as he was bound to do, into statutes, and into causes on which the statutes had operated, recounted once in company a case which every body took on his word, assured that he would not risk his reputation on a story that he could not bring chapter and verse to prove. On his word I relate it.

He said, that a gentleman who had no child, and who had an unentailed estate to bequeath, had selected from among many relations, one whom he adopted for his heir, and brought up accordingly; and in whose favour he made a will.

When the testator died, the heir went in due and decent time to the Commons with the will, which had been put into his hands many years before the old gentleman departed this life.

When he reached the Commons, he found a will of a subsequent date to that which he produced, and which left all that he had been long taught to expect, to another, and his name was not mentioned with even the smallest remembrance in token of love and affection.

He was greatly disappointed, as every one may well suppose, and went home very much chagrined. He talked the matter over with many old friends, and they one and all agreed that they had heard the old gentleman say over and over again, that he had made his will to such and such effect, and that the will produced was exactly conformable to what they had heard him say; and every body who was consulted on the subject had such a very high opinion of the testator, that they agreed unanimously that it was more probable that the subsequent will was a forgery, than that he should so deceive his promised heir.

Buoyed up with that opinion he commenced a law-suit against the man who produced the second will, and they entered the legal lists, and employed counsel on both sides.

The case was opened, and all the forms duly observed in the pleadings, and in the examina-

tion of witnesses. The plaintiff's witnesses could only depose that they had often heard the testator say that the plaintiff should be his heir: which he confirmed by the will produced, and which no one denied to be a true and proper and well executed will.

The defendant, while he acknowledged the first dated will to be good and true, brought forward the subsequent will, which being also deemed good and true, did away the former will by its subsequent date.

So far all seemed to be right: and that the first will was become void, and the second will must be established, appeared clear to every one. Just at that moment one of the plaintiff's counsel snatched up the second will, which was written on a sheet of paper, and without any foresight of what he should discover, held it up between him and the light; and looking at it with consternation and despair, beheld in the water mark the date of the year in which the paper was made. He clapped his hands, to the astonishment of the court, and said, "Behold! behold detection!"

The mark which bore the date of the make of the paper, was as much subsequent to the date of

the second will, as the second will was subsequent to the date of the first.

There was more than a murmur of satisfaction in the court; there was a burst of applause. The plaintiff got the day. The first will was established, and the defendant, whose crime was thus manifested in court, could not be skreened.

How they proceeded in the second business I do not know. The young lawyer stopped when he had said that the cause was gained by the plaintiff. But I presume that a prosecution was commenced against the offender; and that he not only lost the property he thus fraudulently attempted to seize, but that he received the punishment which was the penalty of his offence.

The very great pains people take to do wrong; and the very great trouble it often costs them to arrange, and, as they think, to bring to perfection a deep laid plan of villany, are astonishing. Half the pains, half the trouble which the wicked take to bring about their nefarious schemes, would gain an honourable independence, and a respectable place in society; and the fear of detection, the dread of the betrayer, and the liability to punishment, would give place to the hope of approbation, to confidence in friends, and to the wor-

thiness of reward: and while guilt gains nothing but terror and dismay,

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THERE is a set of men who are more virulently abused, as a body, than any other set of men whatever. They are proverbially brought forward as examples of knavery and chicanery. The reproach under which they live is not peculiar to England, it extends to many, if not to all countries. I mean those men who, in their various branches of practice, are indiscriminately called lawyers. Every fool who cannot define honesty, and does not know what law means, has a ready sneer against a lawyer, and a term of reprobation ready to brand his name.

Lawyers are so numerous among us, that it cannot be doubted there are some rogues among them; but if the villany of individuals is to stigmatize a whole profession, what profession can be deemed honorable, or what man can be esteemed respectable? Lawyers have, no doubt, greater

friend, the postman brought him a large packet. He was very much alarmed when it was given to him: for as he well knew his friend's handwriting, he began to be very much afraid that something had happened to good Mr. Ross.

As many people are apt to do when they are over anxious, instead of opening the packet to see what it contained, he turned it about, and read the direction several times, and said to his wife, "I wonder what is the matter. I wonder why he writes to me. I wonder why he does not come to dine with us."

"You had better open the packet, and read what he says," observed Mrs. Randall.

"I think," said Mr. Randall, "some accident must have happened to him, or he would surely have been here himself instead of his letter. I am absolutely afraid to open it."

"Shall I open it?" said Mrs. Randall.

"Do, my dear," said he: and he gave her the packet.

She opened it, and in the envelope was written:

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU will, I hope, pardon me for taking the liberty of sending you my long running account, which I have been much surprized that you never

asked me to make out. I am now somewhat pushed for money to pay a large demand, and therefore I trust that you will settle the herewith bill without delay.

I am, with much regard,

Your greatly obliged,

humble servant,

ANTHONY ROSS.

The letter was accompanied by four large sheets of paper, closely written on all sides, containing items of advice asked and counsel given at various times during those friendly meals, of which Mr. Ross had been so pressingly invited to partake; and of charges for coach-hire for waiting on Mr. Randall upon those days when he had been so hospitably feasted.

There are no words which can adequately express the surprise and consternation of Mr. Randall when he heard the letter read, and looked over the bill of his dear friend, Mr. Ross. "My dear," said he to his wife, "did you ever hear of such a villainous action? Was there ever any thing half so iniquitous? To make me out a bill, as if I had sent for him in the way of his profession, and to call the ordinary chit chat during

meals; and over a cheerful bottle of wine, asking advice, and giving counsel. I will expose the fellow in every court in the kingdom. I will contend the matter if it cost me my whole fortune to cast him. A dirty rogue! a mean wretch! a sorry companion! a treacherous friend; a perfidious man! a disgrace to his profession!"

In this way Mr. Randall went on til he was quite out of breath; and panting and gasping, he could hardly articulate the repetition of his first question, "Did you ever hear of such a villainous action?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Randall, "I remember such a thing when I was a young woman"

"And what was done?"

"The bill was paid, and the shabby attorney was forbidden the house."

"I will go half way in the same course. I will forbid the rogue the house; but I will not pay him a penny."

"I am afraid you will find that he can compel you. It will be best to give him the money and have done with him."

"No, no; that will never do," said Mr. Randall. "Give him the money! Why here is a string of charges which amount to more than a hundred pounds! What! shall I give a rogue a

hundred pounds for taking me in? Shall I settle with a cheat, and be quiet? Let me see. The dirty fellow's dates mark the days on which he was here; and you know, that he never came without having a good dinner with us. I am determined that I will be even with him. Such a dinner as we always put before our friends is worth half a guinea a-head at the cheapest tavern in London. I will make him a charge at that rate for every dinner of which he has partaken, and see how near our balance will be."

He did so; and the balance was so much in his favour, that Mr. Ross stood indebted to him in a sum amounting to nearly forty pounds.

He was delighted with his means of revenge, and enclosed his account in a letter to the following purport.

SIR,

I HAVE received your letter and bill, and in return send you my bill for the many dinners which have been provided for you at my house, and I request that you will without delay pay me the balance which is due to me, or I shall take proper methods to compel you.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

BENJAMIN RANDALL.

The attorney thus caught in his own snare, had no means of escape; and after paying the balance, which his insulted friend would not remit, he was obliged to quit London; for the story, which was circulated far and wide, was so disgraceful to him, that he lost all his practice, and every friend.

AN ANCIENT EASTERN TALE.

A MILITARY gentleman who has served many years in India, on the Madras establishment, one day recounted to me the following tale, which is one of hundreds or perhaps thousands of the popular traditions among the natives on the coast of Cormandel. It is believed in Asia with the same degree of reverence and reliance, as the Britons formerly believed the traditions concerning the Druids: or as the Welch to this hour rely on the prophecies and other supernatural powers of Merlin, and the many fairies and witches who are still supposed to influence the good or bad luck of those beings whom they mean to favour or to injure.

Before I recount the tale, it may be as well, by way of introduction, to describe the persons and their power, from whom the incidents and events of the tale take their rise.

It was formerly customary for the learned of the Cormandel coast of India to retire from the noise and tumults of cities, into woods and desarts, and there to study among the appearances and wonders of nature, and to trace out the properties and powers of all the objects which impress themselves on contemplative and religious minds. They were very great botanists, and tried by various experiments the consequences of using herbs and fruits, for the purposes of food and medicine: and thus, by long practice, and by experiments which were pursued, multiplied, and enlarged upon, for ages, they acquired such a thorough knowledge of their effects, and such a prodigious skill in their application, that the secrets of nature were discovered to their enrapt minds. They found by successive processes, that the nut of the banyan tree, when eaten in a certain quantity, was capable of prolonging life through so many generations of those whom time swept away, and reunited to their kindred earth, that none so fed had ever been known to die, and therefore they were said to be immortal. They began by eating a specified quantity, which was gradually encreased to another specified quantity, which when eaten would extend life for a hundred years beyond the hour of taking the last meal,

and was so nutritive that it sustained the body in full strength and vigour, without taking food again, during the hundred years of their prolonged life. If during that hundred years they could preserve such a command over themselves as to remain silent, they were thenceforward the favoured of Brama, and aided by him became omnipotent. The name given to them when omnipotent was *Raji*. Having gone through the trial, which I do not know how to express but by calling it their noviciate, they were allowed again to exert the faculty of speech; and they were then as universally consulted by that part of Asia which we call India within Ganges, in all the dangers, and difficulties, and events of life, as the oracle of Apollo was by the ancient Greeks and Romans. When the effects of the nut ceased, they renewed them by such encreased quantities as the advance in power had enabled the Raji to endure, and thus they continued from century to century.

During the omnipotence of the Raji, which subsequent superior powers have overcome, Ram *Rajah*, or as we should say, Ram *the King* of Madura, had among other children, a son named Armogem, whom he did not at all love; and while his other sons were indulged in all the gratifications of Asiatic luxury, he was excluded as an

outcast from all the pleasures of the palace. The dislike of the king, as a natural consequence, occasioned the dislike of all the family and dependants, and the unhappy Armogem, unable to bear the scoffs and indignities to which he was daily subjected, left the palace of his ancestors, and fled into the woods.

The desire he had to quit the place, where, from his birth, he had been wretched, gave speed to his steps and strength to his body, and he journeyed on without stopping or taking food through the whole day, when nearly exhausted by the unaccustomed fatigue he had undergone, he stretched himself beneath a tree at the entrance of the wood, wherein he meant to live unknown and undisturbed, and in the bitterness of grief, exclaimed, "O! wretched Armogem! wherefore have you been suffered to behold the light of day? Why were you not left among the unformed matter which never has received the spark of life; that so sensation might not have been awaked to woe?"

He had hardly finished his murmuring soliloquy, when he heard a voice say, "Repine not, Armogem. None knows but the Supreme why any thing is so. Perhaps for thee some blessings are in store, to which thy sorrows lead thee."

Armogem started up, and looked around. He saw no one; and threw himself again upon the ground. The voice resumed, "Arise! follow me!"

He arose and saw before him a man, who from the descriptions he had heard, he knew to be one of the Raji. He followed him into a thicker gloom, and then the Raji said, "Armogem, you are as yet free from guile. If you continue innocent, to you it shall be given to rid the world of its great pest, a wicked woman. If as you journey on, you are induced to the commission of crime, instead of overcoming you shall die. I send you forth as my vicarious Raji; and I furnish you with nothing but this ring; which shall, according as the jewel with which it is surmounted, be concealed or shown, shroud you from men's eyes, or make you visible to all. Money, food, and raiment I need not give you, for you may henceforth enter unseen the chambers where riches and plenty are to be found, and supply yourself with all you need. Enter not the dwelling of the lowly to take from him the earnings of his toil; but from the secret hoards of usurers and misers take all you shall require. Enter the assemblies of the magistrates, expose the wicked judge who strains the law to skreen the guilty, and destroy the just.

Should you be beset with difficulties, think on me. Think then on Arnachellem the Raji, and I shall feel your call, and in the vacant air I will inscribe as on a tablet, what course you must pursue. Yet, beware! If you attempt to steal from poverty; if you presume to circumvent the good; or dare to give assistance to the wicked, that instant the power of the ring shall be withdrawn, and you shall be exposed in full display; and in the moment of detection slain.—Go—Be resolute, be firm, and stand!"

Arnachellem then led the young Prince to his cave, where he passed the night, and the next day, after having again received the instructions and the admonitions of the Raji, he set forward.

The ring of invisibility carried him securely across the desart, where the lion roared for prey; and through the woods where the tiger lurked. The poisonous serpent saw him not, and the sting of the scorpion did not find him out. Having travelled thus for many days, he arrived at the gates of a city, which he entered invisible: and in like manner pursuing his way, he entered the assembly where the prime minister, surrounded by his creatures, who were ranged on cushions round the room, harangued them on the project of dethroning the reigning King, and of setting him-

self on the throne. He pointed out the injuries they had each received, and promised them redress. Moreover, he engaged that every one should share the riches of the treasury. The great grievance of which they had to complain was, that the King, too rigid in justice, kept a strict watch over his people, and prevented the great men of the kingdom from exerting their power to enrich themselves: and thus kept all in peace and quietness, and no one could raise himself by laying others low. "Let us," said the minister, "seize the unambitious monarch, and with the sword of his own state behead him."

The councillors in sounds of acquiescence were loud in acclamation; when Armogem, standing unseen in the midst of the assembly, said in a hollow tone, "Peace."

The alarmed nobles sunk into silence in an instant, when Armogem, still invisible, continued, "to avoid the mighty danger of the scheme you meditate, refer your cause to the first stranger who shall be at the gates of the city when they shall be opened to-morrow."

The assembly, overcome by fear, and thinking that the sounds they heard proceeded from some being of another world, remained silent.

Armogem spoke again, and with a tone of stern command, said, "answer me!"

With one voice they all said, "we will obey," and Armogem quitted the chamber.

The next morning Armogem was careful to be found at the gates of the city, and the minister having given orders to the warden to arrest the first man he found without the walls, and bring him to his presence, seized Armogem, and carried him to the minister, who was already in the council-chamber, surrounded as before by all the colleagues of his undertaking.

When Armogem was introduced, his commanding figure, his intelligent countenance, and his dignified manners, filled them with awe, and it was some time ere they recovered the composure which is necessary to consultation.

Armogem perceiving their consternation, said, "Wherefore have I been seized, and brought into this assembly?"

The minister who had so fully to the purpose of his schemes detailed to those around him the direful action, and the base revolt he meditated, sat in the presence of one who had been seized on by his order, not daring to give an answer. It was in broken, and often interrupted phrases, that he hesitatingly said, that the oppressed great

men, unable to endure the despotism which overruled them, had determined to rid themselves of the tyranny under which they groaned, by slaying the King, and changing the government.

"To aid those schemes am I brought hither?"

"You are. A voice from heaven has ordered us to consult you. Therefore tell us how we shall proceed."

Armogem, assuming a determined mien, said, "The moment is not yet arrived. Wait. Meanwhile let me see the tyrant. I will now retire to the woods wherein I dwell; and at dawn to-morrow I will again be at the gates." So saying, he withdrew from the assembly; and having passed the gates in view of all the guards who kept their watch around the city, he turned his ring, and invisibly re-entered.

Arnachellem had been faithful to his promise, and the words which Armogem had spoken, he had ever beheld, as the venerable seer had said, *written on the vacant air as on a tablet.*

As the doors in India are never locked, he sought the inmost chambers belonging to the minister and the companions of his guilt: and took away their most important documents.

Next day he was again found at the city gates; and again he was carried to the minister. He

immediately said, "I must see the despotic ruler, who thus tyrannically oppresses you. Lead me to his presence. I have credentials of an embassy to lay before him."

"He cannot be approached without due notice," said the minister.

"He will receive me on the instant," replied Armogem, "and you must all attend me."

A messenger was sent to tell the King a foreign man craved audience, and that the minister and the counsellors of state would attend him, if permitted, to the royal presence.

The good old King, who throughout his reign never had refused admittance to those who asked to see him on his throne, instantly allowed the stranger to be led to speak unto him.

The minister, and the counsellors whom he had seduced, in order that they might impress Armogem with high ideas of their greatness, set forward attended by the train of slaves who waited on their exalted station. The minister walked first, and Armogem followed between two nobles of the greatest distinction in the court, and the other nobles in procession compleated the train.

When they entered the presence of him, who was so soon to fall by their rebellious arms, they all prostrated themselves before him, and paid

obeisance with their foreheads on the ground. The King, who was seated on his throne glittering with the brightness of the gold which almost covered the gorgeous seat of state, bad them arise. They then presented Armogem as one who had credentials to deliver in proof of embassy.

"Most mighty King," said Armogem, "attend! The credentials I have to deliver, are to be found in the words which I shall utter. These men, who even now have bowed before the throne which you have filled with righteousness and justice, while they bent with lowly reverence, were meditating means to hurl you from your exaltation, and destroy the life, which integrity, fidelity, and loyalty should teach them to protect. I accuse them all of treason. Treason against the state, and against the King."

The King replied, "it is impossible. They are all indebted to me for the rank they hold within my kingdom, and for great rewards which I have oft bestowed upon their labours for the public weal."

Armogem turned toward them, and they sunk abashed beneath the eye of him to whom they had betrayed themselves. At length the minister said, "he cannot prove what he asserts, and the words

of one who but three days ago, had never been within our walls, cannot weigh against the services of those who have been so often tried."

"Produce your proofs," said the astonished King.

Armogem laid upon the throne the documents which he had taken from the chambers, and the full extent of all their schemes was clearly thus made manifest.

The detected conspirators were immediately seized, and by the King's orders instantly slain; and the people, to whom Armogem revealed the information they had given him, and shewed the documents he had seized, shouted when the ghastly heads of the conspirators were held aloft at the doors of the palace; from which not one had been permitted to return alive.

The conspiracy thus discovered and its effects prevented, caused no tumult in the city. The beloved monarch kept his seat on the throne, and his place in the hearts of his subjects, and Armogem was appointed to the high station of prime minister, from which he had caused the traitor Mullulem to be dragged to death. He filled it with credit and undiminished reputation for three years, and then told the King he had another mission to fulfil, and begged that he might be suffered

to depart. The King with much reluctance granted his request, and Armogem, having put all the business of his office in a train of equity and order, departed amid the blessings of thousands, who attended him a day's journey beyond the city he had saved.

Having hitherto kept himself free from crime, the power of his ring continued in full force, and he journeyed on, protected by the magic gem with which it was adorned. He travelled northward til he came to the most superb city he had ever beheld. Every thing he saw glittered with gold, whose lustre was doubly resplendent beneath the mid-day sun, which glowed vertically in the blue expanse of the unclouded torrid zone. The palace seemed to be hewn out of one solid golden lump; and while the Sovereign, who was a woman, lay within, reclined on cushions, the slaves who fanned her sprinkled her couch with odours, and the maidens who attended her lulled her slumbers with the melodious notes of their soft voices.

Armogem gazed on her as he stood invisible by her couch, and thought the tutelary genius of the region had left her bright abode among the stars, to bless the earth with the appearance of her heavenly beauty. Flowers glowing with the bright

colouring of eastern tints, adorned the apartments, and refreshed the air with their fragrance; and the luscious fruits which grow within the tropics were presented to her to cool her parched mouth as she occasionally awoke. Birds of the gayest plumage, confined in golden wired cages, hung in every room through which he had passed, and monkies and other animals were also ranged around, and gamboled in the restraint of their decorated enclosures.

As he stood in rapturous admiration, he clasped his hands in ecstacy, and accidentally turned his ring. He was immediately seen by Rakashee. She started from her couch. Armogem thought of Arnachelliem, and would have turned his ring. Immediately he beheld the words, *it is too late.*

Rakashee was a woman who lived to nothing but enjoyment. Present gratification superseded every other feeling, and the high station where she was placed made consequence of no importance.

Armogem was in the prime of youth: the down scarcely appeared on the upper lip of his smiling mouth, and the tint of health was on his ruddy cheek; his large dark eye beamed with intelligence, and the olive of his skin was sleek upon his throat and neck. His form was more athletic

than the general make of the soft sons of Asia. His manners were graceful, and his deportment dignified.

Such a woman as Rakashee could not contemplate the many perfections which met her ardent gaze with emotions short of love.

She invited him to partake of a banquet which was prepared with costly delicacy, and she put a string of pearls round his neck, which she took from her own lovely bosom.

Armogem felt the soft illusion steal into his heart, and he thought of Arnachellem. Upon the airy tablet instantly appeared, *subdue yourself and conquer her.*

Armogem then recollected that the Raji had told him if he continued innocent, he should rid the world of its great pest, a wicked woman. He gazed again, and to himself he thought, can aught so lovely be otherwise than good? He heaved a deep sigh as he asked himself the question, which being observed by Rakashee, she put her hand upon his arm, and said to him, "why sighs my love? The sound of woe is banished from this palace, and joy succeeding joy in quick succession gladdens the day, and cheers the hours of darkness."

As Armogem listened to the soft tones of her

enchanting voice, the thrilling softness reached his very heart. Again he thought on Arnachellem, and again advice appeared to regulate his conduct. He read as follows. *Be not beguiled by the soft smiles which you behold, nor lured by the sweet tones you hear. The loveliness you gaze upon is as the dazzling skin of a beautiful serpent, who wreathes with many twinings round the body, and encircles to destroy.*

When she saw him stand as if amazed, she took his hand, and gently said, "Will you not partake of the luscious meal within?"

Armogem then saw the words, *Follow her;* and he immediately said to her, "lead on, I follow you."

All the viands which in the east are calculated to satisfy the hunger which exhaustion by the climate, not by toil, occasions, were prepared for Rakashee, and every cool beverage grateful to the thirsty palate: and contrary to the customary rules of eastern ceremony, she and Armogem ate together.

Amid every thing which luxury can wish for, so varied that satiety can never pall, he was surprized to see a cauldron of burning oil, whose hot fumes rose opposite the cushion on which Rakashee was seated. She saw his astonishment, and

the smile upon her countenance gave place to an angry frown; which so altered her visage, that the charm which almost overcame the power of Arnachellem, was dissolved. He instantly read, *Speak of the smoking cauldron.* He then addressed her thus, "Why does the lovely mistress of this stately palace, where all that can delight the heart is in profusion found, suffer this cauldron to send forth its smoking fumes, and do away the cooling fragrance of the sprinkled odours, and the artificial coolness of the slaves' fans?"

Rakashee, who had ever found her own attractions so strong that the cauldron was unnoticed by her guests, feared the loveliest among them would elude her, and with anger which she could not conceal, though she strove to cover it with smiles, she said, "this is my room of power, and that cauldron is my power's force. Inquire no farther."

"Nay, sweetest lady, tell me more. I have a mind which seeks instruction, and unless I understand to what that power extends, lost to me are the incitements to gratification with which I am surrounded."

"Look in and learn," she said, "few need inquire again who therein find their questions solved."

As she spoke these words, she led him to the boiling cauldron, and as she passed along, he saw her take from the painted wall a highly polished scymitar. "Stoop!" she said, "Beneath the bubbling surface all will be explained."

As she spoke he thought on the ancient Raji, and instantly, *stoop not*, appeared before him. The words of prohibition made him suspicious, and thinking still on Arnachellem, he read, "*Bid her stoop! Tell her she will see the forms of all whom she has led to gaze into the cauldron floating within it. As she stoops, snatch from her hand the sword with which she has armed herself; hold it fast in your firm grasp, but let not the polluted blade touch your body. With that instrument with which she has slain thousands, by you she shall herself be slain. Let one strong blow sever her head from her long neck. Into the boiling cauldron let it fall: and in the fury of her own snare she shall be destroyed. But if it fall on the floor of her chamber, it is so thick bestrewed with vizard spells, it shall rebound with magic power, and, reuniting to her body, gain fresh beauty from the stroke; and you shall be her victim.*"

Armogem did as the inscription ordered. "Behold," he said, "the last who stooped to read the

answer in the burning pool, now rises to the surface." Surprized, she stooped. He snatched the scymitar, and not only thinking on the Raji, but calling on his name, he raised his strong right arm, and the beauteous visage which had almost seduced him into snares, fell, and with the cauldron sunk and was seen no more.

The thunder roared as the heated pot passed into the gulph where it was lost, and another clap rattled over the gilt roof as the floor closed over its departed fumes. When the pealing sound died away, a beautiful rainbow encompassed the hemisphere, and Armogem threw the scymitar into the lake whose ever full basin defied the drought of the parched Tropics. The sound of music floated in the air, as if the stars shouted forth songs of triumph.

The birds who were confined within their glittering cages, and the beasts who bit their chains within the dens around the chambers of the palace, burst the bars of their prisons, and emerged to liberty, resuming the shapes which they had forfeited, and stood before the victor Armogem in forms of men and women. They recounted to him, that yielding to the inticements of Rakashee, they had joined with her in the pursuit of every guilty pleasure, til satiety had made her cast them

off, transformed as he had seen. That the sooner she dismissed them, the less hideous was their transformation, and that those who glutted to the full her wishes, were led to the boiling cauldron by her surfeited depravedness, where she slew them with the scymitar which had been her own destruction: and the misery of their torments soothed her in her grandest chamber, while the cries of their agony added to the hissing of the boiling oil wherein her rancour hurled them.

Among the number of those on whom her spells had power, was a young princess of exquisite beauty, whom, though she kept confined and hidden, her utmost art never could transform or destroy. This lovely young princess was called Paraputtee, and on the death of Rakashee, she became the heiress to the throne. As a reward for having slain the wicked woman who had been the scourge of half the earth, she married Armogem, and they reigned together in happiness and peace.

After the celebration of the nuptials, to which all the liberated men and women were invited, Armogem sent to the King whose city he had saved, and they entered into treaties of alliance.

The natives who recount this tale, believe it in the literal meaning of the words in which it is re-

lated: but if we recollect what an ancient mode fable is of conveying instruction, and how allegorical the oriental style of writing always was, and continues to be, we shall easily deduce the moral from the figure, and explain the meaning of the tale which tradition has handed down from periods too remote to be marked by dates.

Many writers, whose deep learning and vast knowledge go very far beyond the superficial view which I have had of books, have asserted, and made me a convert to their opinion, that the deifications and personifications in the heathen mythology, had their rise in fable: and that the operations of Nature were represented to the imagination in bodily form, in order to impress on the mind the existence of some superior Being, whom mankind always has, in every degree of civilization, believed to preside over, and to direct the course of Nature in her works, and which the finite mind of man could only appreciate by the ideas it could form of those operations which the actions of man may be supposed able to effectuate. In like manner the passions are embodied, and represented to preside over the destinies of men, to shew that men actuated by such and such passions, will, under their influence, act in such and such a manner, which, as a natural

consequence, produces certain effects, which may be truly said to decide the destinies of those so acting under their influence.

It must be remembered that in the early periods to which we trace tradition, no one could write; and that in the dawn of arts and sciences, but few were capable of it; and also that few could read what they might find written; and therefore it is no wonder that tales without comment should, as they wandered down from generation to generation, lose the allegorical meaning of the inventors: and that real existence should be attributed to imaginary beings.

I am moreover induced to impute the belief of the real bodily existence of the gods and demi-gods of antiquity to the loss of the allegorical meaning of traditional tales, by a conversation I once had with a gentleman of the Church of Rome, on the subject of the worship of images. He said that images were not set up that man should fall down and worship them, but to record in their representations the actions of those who had done well, and suffered magnanimously; and to keep alive in the memory of those, before whom books would be spread in vain, a recollection of such things as would call forth their emulation, and soothe the afflictions under which they might be suffering.

Notwithstanding that original motive for the erection of images, I am of opinion that I do not bring forward a false accusation when I say that many worship in real adoration those whom the images represent.

The allegory of the eastern tale I have related, I explain thus. The Raji were the Learned Men of the country, to whom the less informed went for information and instruction. The Nut is Wisdom; and the gradual encrease of the quantity they ate, was the gradual progress of their encrease in knowledge. Their probationary years of silence were the years of contemplation and experiment before they ventured to publish their opinions. The term *a hundred years*, which their silence is said to have continued, is imputable to the imperfect knowledge which the unlearned Indians have of numbers. A hundred, a thousand, or a million, does not give them a more distinct idea of a specified number, than our expression *a great many*. The immortality ascribed to them is owing to the succession, whereby though the individuals died, still Learned Men remained, and counsellors were always found.

Armogem, instructed by the Raji, goes from their care full of virtue. His supposed invisibility is the contemplation and meditation with which he considers before he acts. His observation on

what was going on led to the detection of the plot of revolt which he discovered; and the prudence of the counsel he gave the King was the cause of its suppression.

The magnificent luxury of the palace to which he proceeds represents the alluring pleasures of the world, which too often seduce youth. Rakashee * is the personification of Vice, represented under the semblance of a beautiful woman, which is supposed to be the most powerful attraction in nature. The words which he is said to have read in the air, were the recollections of the precepts he had received from Arnachellem. The sword with which she would have destroyed him, represents the power of vice, and his seizure of it, and her fall beneath its stroke, prove the power of that mental fortitude which must overcome. The death of Rakashee, or Vice, brings to the throne Paraputtee †, who is the personification of Virtue, and is also represented as a beautiful woman: a woman who is beautiful and virtuous being the most lovely object in creation: and when she is said to marry Armogem, the intrinsic goodness of his heart, which makes virtue an inherent part of

* *Rakashee*, in the language of the country, means *vice*.

† *Paraputtee*, in the language of the country, means *virtue*.

himself, cannot so truly be expressed by any union as by marriage. The restoration to the human form of those who had been transformed to birds and beasts, represents the return to virtue of such as had been caught in the snares of Vice: and those who sunk with Rakashee in the burning cauldron, figure out the fate of those who impenitently continue through life in the unreformed practice of wickedness.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that the loss of the human form by the vicious, as represented in the eastern tale, should also be imputed by Homer to those who tasted the cup of Circe. That many modern writers have used the same allegory, is a matter of imitation: but according to the periods to which we can trace communication between Greece and India, we may truly say that in both the idea is original.

Our great Poet Milton has most beautifully worked upon it in the Mask of Comus. He brings forward the transformation of those who taste his *baneful cup* as the truest and fullest portraiture of the degradation of Vice, which

> "The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
> And the inglorious likeness of a beast
> Fixes instead; unmolding reason's mintage
> Character'd in the face ————."

Such representations never fail of their effect on the reader in his closet, nor on the auditor of a drama; and yet we often lay down the book of wisdom, and retire from the scene of instruction with minds as much imbruted as the persons of those represented; and while Rakashee leads us on, she carries us to the burning cauldron, where a life of sensuality and sin is terminated by the misery into which we are plunged by the guide to whom the cry of our agony is mirth; and our perdition joy.

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

THERE is an elegant and copious work on Indian affairs written by Mr. Forbes, but its extent and price confine it to the libraries of the learned and the great. It is too magnificent to find its way to general reading, or to be sought for by those who have no connexions in the East, and therefore feel no interest in eastern transactions, which are by many considered to concern the East India Company exclusively, and not to appertain nationally to England. That, however, is a matter into which I do not mean to enter. I am merely going to notice in this my humble little book, two or three circumstances which are mentioned in the work to which I allude, I trust that I do nothing improper when I extract them; and I particularly hope that I shall not thereby offend Mr. Forbes. His own words it is not in my power to purloin; for, truth to say, I have not read his admired work,

The circumstances were related in conversation by a friend of mine, and I repeat them according to the best of my recollection, from his narration.

The subject of our discourse was the abstinence of the Bramins not only from what Europeans call with limitations, animal food; but also from feeding on any thing that has life. He said, authorized by the book which he had been reading, that once in India such abstinence had been the theme of conversation in the presence of a Bramin, who was a very learned and a very liberal minded man, strongly attached to the doctrines of the religion in which he had been brought up, and deeming himself perfectly innocent of deviation from its injunctions.

Mr. Forbes, to convince him that in every morsel which he put into his mouth, and in every drop of water which he swallowed he destroyed millions, produced a microscope of prodigious magnifying power: and gave him some fruit to examine through the glass.

The astonished Bramin, when he beheld the myriads, whose existence constituted the bloom of the plumb, was overpowered by his conviction. He investigated by the same microscopic means many other things that were upon the table, and all proved the wonderful gradations of life, and the

universal prey of animal on animal. He became extremely melancholy and pensive, and appeared to be much distressed by the discovery he had made.

The next morning Mr. Forbes heard a noise under his window, and looking out, he saw the Bramin, who with a large stone was crushing the microscope. When Mr. Forbes remonstrated with him, he said, that whatever might be the value of what he had destroyed, he would pay it; or he would pay double the value of it, or any sum that might be required; but that having been made unhappy by seeing that it was impossible to sustain his own life, without destroying other lives, he was determined to prevent the same knowledge from reaching his brethren, and making them as wretched as he should be for ever.

English readers, who never retire to rest without barricading their doors as if an enemy were at the gate, will perhaps be surprised that the Bramin could find means to possess himself of the microscope which he destroyed; but as in India the doors are always open, and the outer door is never fastened up, a man who was in the confidence of the master, walked in unmolested by the attendants, and proceeded without interruption to the room where it was to be found.

The next anecdote, which is also to be found in the same work, I call Indian because it is introduced in a book treating of Indian matters: but I presume that it is a circumstance not peculiar to that part of the world, and might have occurred any where. It is in proof of the retentive memory of animals.

A bird of the crane kind, called a cyrus, or sirus, which had been brought up in Mr. Forbes' family, and was particularly attached to himself, was, after many years of domestication, lost; and although every means was resorted to in order to its recovery, it was never found.

After a lapse of eight years, when he returned to England, he travelled about his native island to see various places worthy of notice. Among others he went to view the mansion and premises of a lady, who had a fine collection of pictures, and such valuable things as rich people very laudably collect. When he went to see the many foreign birds in the aviary, one of them began to flutter violently, and to fly about its prison, and to beat itself against the bars wherewith it was confined. It made a great noise, and moaned piteously, giving every indication which betokened a wish for liberty. The person who attended on the aviary was greatly surprised, and said, that it was

the first time such a thing had occurred; that during the whole time the bird had been confined, which was nearly eight years, it had been constantly drooping and moping, and always quiet.

The man opened the door to discover what occasioned its emotion, when the bird immediately flew to Mr. Forbes, and he found his long lost cyrus.

The third anecdote which I insert, though the circumstance occurred here at home, at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, is assuredly an Indian anecdote, because it has its foundation in Indian education, and Indian faith.

A gentleman, who had been long resident in India, when he returned to England, was ordered as emigrants to the East commonly are when they return to a colder climate, to go to Cheltenham, for the recovery of his health, which many years of torrid exhaustion had undermined.

He had brought with him a Hindoo servant. The Hindoos are among those who never eat animal food. They abstain, as many casts do in India, from motives of religion, for they not only forbear to kill, but in some instances they worship animals. The Hindoos worship the cow. The idea of worshipping an animal whose powers are so limited that far from being able to afford suc-

cour to us, it cannot at all times assist itself, is, to those who have been taught to worship and adore the omniscient and omnipotent maker and ruler of the universe, repugnant: and in a country where abstinence from any kind of food, is never practiced as a religious duty, such abstinence appears absurd. It is therefore no wonder that while well instructed persons give way, in tenderness, to tenets which they do not approve, the unreflecting minds of the illiterate should be callous to the feelings of those who are actuated by motives differing from their own. In the present case, ignorance of the consequences of what they did must be pleaded in excuse for what was done: which, intentionally, was nothing but a joke.

The servants at Cheltenham, for the joke's sake, one day when dinner was prepared for the Hindoo, chopped and mixed with his vegetables a small quantity of veal. The poor fellow ate his dinner, and to their surprize and disappointment, did not discover the mixture they had made.

While he remained unconscious of what he had eaten, the joke was lost; for to see how he would behave, and what he would do when he found out the trick, was the diversion they expected; and as they were not detected, they betrayed themselves; and told him what they had done.

To have tasted animal food was, in the opinion of the simple Hindoo, a great sin; and to have eaten a part of that animal which was the object of adoration, was to him a sin so heinous that the wretched man was almost frantic. The idea we have of sacrilege does not express the feelings of the terrified Hindoo. He was incapable of all exertion; he gave himself up to penitence and penance. He left the house, and tarried in the fields, as though he were become unworthy to associate with man. There, by ablutions, prayers, and prostrations, he endeavoured to atone for the sin he had committed, and though after the term of his long expiation, he returned to his master's service, he never again enjoyed the serenity, which til then had been the happiness of his life.

BONS MOTS.

AT the time of the memorable trial of Mr. Hastings, when what he had done, and what would be done to him, was the general anxiety of the nation, and the universal theme of conversation in every company, nothing was heard but that he had taken so many lac of rupees from the Nabob, and so many lac of rupees from the old Begum, and so many lac of rupees from the young Begum; a lady who had heard it, til she was tired of hearing it, observed good-humouredly, and thereby stopped the accuser's tongues, "well, all we can say is, that the poor man *lack'd* a great deal."

There is an old story, but it is none the worse for that, of a certain king of Spain, from whom, by the fate of battle, had been taken away a large extent of territory. Yet he nevertheless continued to receive from his courtiers the title of GREAT.

"His greatness," said a Spaniard, "is like that of a ditch which encreases in proportion to the ground it loses."

BON MOT is an expression which is always used to denote a ready repartee, or a quaint turn of phrase, or a sharp point of retaliation, or an agreeable antithesis; but without seeking in a foreign tongue for epithets, we have an expression of our own, *a good thing*, which is very applicable to many sayings, which cannot be called repartee, though they are used in reply; which are neither quaint, nor pointed, nor antithesis-*ical*.

One of the best *good things* that was ever said, is the reply made by an astrologer to Lewis XI. king of France.

Judicial astrology is not quite a dead-letter now; but there have been times when many were supposed to be skilled therein; and there have been many people who had great faith in the skill which they have pretended to possess. Among others Lewis XI. of France.

It may be observed by the way that those who feel an inward intimation that their conduct is not likely to be pleasing to heaven, are commonly the most desirous to know what astrologers can tell

them of things to come; as if foreknowledge were a certain protection from evil.

Lewis XI. whose inward intimations, it may be presumed, were not quite comfortable, frequently consulted such famed skillful people. In these our days we call them by the ignominious name of CONJURER. Encouraged by the royal consultation they multiplied, and often dared to foretel things, which alarmed those concerning whom they prophesied.

An astrologer of the 15th century having foretold the death of a beautiful woman whom Lewis loved, and who happened to die according to his prediction; the king was so enraged that he ordered him to his presence. "You, who foresee all," said, Lewis, "tell me when you yourself shall die." The man, who without being a conjurer, perceived the anger of the king, replied without hesitation, "I shall die three days before your majesty."

Fear and superstition got the better of resentment, and to prolong his own life, Lewis was very careful of that of the astrologer.

A lady who was pressed for time in the progress of some business which was very important to her, and who was going to her attorney to consult with

him about the proceedings which were going on, to avoid a circuitous route, went in at one door of a church during service time, and passed out at the other.

In reply to some reproof which she received for having done so, she said, " you must acknowledge that I am a thorough church-woman."

COUNTRY WIT.

WHEN I was very young, I was once on the borders of Monmouthshire, where I had frequent opportunities of seeing the wit of the country jesters and jokers. As telling of fortunes could not fail to go forward in a country so near the wizard dwellings of the Druids, it went on sometimes in the house where I was visiting, though it was the vicarage.

All persons who tell fortunes think themselves in duty bound to tell a young woman something about when she shall be married, and who shall be her husband: therefore a lady who visited the good clergyman and his wife, said that if it were my fate ever to be married, she could shew me my husband's face in a mirror. I had no great faith, but I had much fear, and I refused to behold it: but I was encouraged to have a good heart by many young ladies, to whom she had, in the

same way, shewn their husband's faces, and who assured me that she could indeed do what she promised. With much persuasion I went up stairs with the lady, and all my young companions, for I would not trust myself alone with the conjurer.

I must confess that I was quite in a flutter, for I was seated on the floor in the middle of the room, and a circle was drawn round me with chalk, and every one was ordered to keep without the ring. The lady then walked round me, and waved her hands up and down, and uttered many hard words which were to take effect on the apparition. I was afraid of seeing an ugly man, or an old man, or a poor man; and I said that if I did not like the face I saw, I would break the glass. I was permitted so to do, if the face should happen to displease me.

After a great deal of mummery, which kept me in suspence for more than a quarter of an hour, I was told to raise the mirror. I did so. "What face seest thou therein?" said the conjuring lady. "My own," I replied. She then came and placed herself immediately before me, and with a solemn gravity, which I wonder how she preserved, she said, "If it be thy fate

ever to be married, that face will be thy husband's face."

I felt very much mortified, for all the girls, who had been thus like me bewitched, revenged the laugh which in days gone by had been raised against them, by laughing heartily at me

THE YEAR;

A

RURAL POEM.

WRITTEN 1801.

During the War, and during the Scarcity.

AWAKE, chaste Harp! awake to sounds of Joy!
For the young Year, array'd in gladness comes!
Far flies the gloomy Winter! Down the sky
The black clouds roll: and in their place is seen
The lovely azure of the blooming Spring!
While o'er the earth the flow'rs begin to glow,
And yield their fragrance to the soften'd gales.
The Snow-drop first, in maiden whiteness clad,
Beauteous appears; the yellow Crocus next;
And in succession sweets of ev'ry hue

Which brighten in the gay æthereal Bow
Deck the fair face of Nature. While the trees
Burst into bud, folding the promis'd fruit.
The Choristers of Heaven raise their voice
Anew, and hail the vernal birth. The Lark
Welcomes the Morn, high soaring, beyond ken
Among the clouds his rousing pipe is heard
Calling each note to join his early song.
Softer at Eve the mournful Nightingale,
In melting tenderness pours forth his woe,
With plaintive descant trills his changing song
Through all the mazes of wild harmony,
And from each trembling close returning sweet
Renews through night the windings of his lay.
Sudden the foliage decks the woods in green,
Beneath whose friendly shade, hid for a while
The tender warblers nurse their young, and shame
Each cruel mother who neglects her child,
And throws it on the hireling's sordid care.

Well pleas'd the cheerful Husbandman beholds
The soften'd earth, and hies him to the field:
Patient renews the progress of his toil,
From the dried seed he throws into the ground
To the completion of the gather'd corn.

Let not the Fool presume to say 'tis Chance
Produces all the changes of the Year.
Can Chance direct each seed to know its growth,
And with unvary'd constancy, to bear
Its fruit for ages? Doth the gentle dew,
Or the mild fost'ring show'r, descend by Chance?
Can Chance lead on the Sun, whose ardent blaze
Wakes the luxuriant Summer into life?
Doth Chance ordain the Thunder, or his arm
Direct the Lightning? No! the trembling Wretch,
With palpitating heart, affrighted shrinks,
Belying his assertion by his fears.

Behold, amid the cloudless blue expanse,
The Sun in his meridian glory shines!
Earth feels the potent heat through all her frame,
And gives her vegetable store profuse.

Lo! where the ripe and flow'r-enamell'd grass
Invites the Mower's scythe. Him follow close
The merry Hay-makers, who turn the rows,
And form the fragrant heaps. Or on the bank
Of the clear stream, or under shady trees
They ope the wallet for their frugal meal,
And from the flagon quaff the mellow ale;

Then again to labour. While the simple tale,
Or artless song wear out the Day, til Eve
Refresh the grateful plain with her cool breeze,
And the mild Moon, arising in the East,
With her soft silver light conduct them home.

But who can tell the horrors of that clime,
Where cool the breeze of Evening never breathes?
Where through the Night the arid winds blow hot,
And scorch like th' intemperate blaze of Noon?
The humid grass cools not the errant foot,
But burning sands parch the slow Traveller
As through the waste he wanders. There no streams,
No bubbling fountains chear the wilderness,
But everlasting Thirst perpetual reigns.
Oft too the whirling sands in eddies rise,
And choak him on his way. His falt'ring tongue
Cleaves to his mouth; his ineffective voice
Denies his pray'r: the inward heart alone
In sighs, commends him to his Maker's care,
While in convulsive agony he dies!

In happier regions, where mild vernal gales,
And the best rays of Summer cheer the Earth,
Unspoiling the fresh verdure of her robe;

Where o'er the hills the full-fleec'd Sheep feed glad,
And the young Lambs frisk wanton: where the vales
Pour forth the Cattle numerous and large,
And o'er the fields the tawny Harvest waves:
Oh! let not Avarice destroy what God
In ample Bounty sends to bless the Isle;
But free, unbounded, let his blessings flow,
Nor blast the Year to swell a cruel hoard.

What, wretched Mortal! doth thy wealth avail?
Soon must thou leave thy hoards. Thy few short hours,
E'en like the Insect flutt'ring in the Sun,
Shall with'ring Winter sweep away; and thou
No more remember'd. But thy griping snares
Shall be recorded, and no pitying tear
Shall from the book of Justice blot thy crimes.
On thy low sordid grov'ling mind are lost
The mingled beauties of the rolling Year.
Worthless to thee, the scent of balmy Spring,
Or the ripe fragrance of the Summer gale;
To thee unraptur'd Jolly Autumn shines,
Whose burnish'd front displays the living topaz,
Or glows with tints red as the ruby's blaze.
The feeling heart at his approach beats high,
And joyous views the Plenty spread around.

Not selfish joy, but universal bliss
Exhilarates his mind when he beholds
The loaded boughs bend with their blushing weight.
Of potent cyder full the apples firm;
And mellow pears, whose sparkling perry vies
With the exalted briskness of Champagne.

But oh! those fertile plains where the rich grape
From ripen'd clusters pour'd the luscious juice,
Are trodden by the iron foot of war,
And desolation marks his savage way!
No more, in village pomp and village pride,
The sons of labour to the vintage swarm!
No more, at close of day, upon the lawn
To the gay pipe they lead the mazy dance,
Or chaunt the strain of rural happiness!
Far, far away, embattled squadrons join,
And bloody slaughter sweeps among the ranks!
Meanwhile, disconsolate the widow mourns,
And childless age laments her mangled sons!

Descend, fair Peace! thou meek-ey'd child of Heav'n!
Descend, and bless the nations with thy stay!
To thee soft Pity drops a pleading tear;
And Mercy lifts her gentle hands to thee!

Resume thy reign of tenderness and love,
Restore sweet smiling plenty to the swain,
And scatter thy mild glories through the world!

When the first streaks of dappled morn appear,
While yet the dew upon the thistle shines,
The jovial reapers hasten to the field,
And stooping o'er the undulating corn,
Gather the noblest bounty of the year.
When the shorn fields have yielded all their store,
Once more they meet t' enjoy the harvest-home.
Around the festive board they gaily sit,
And as the brimming cann, in merry pass
From lip to lip with hearty pledge is drain'd,
The village news in harmless chat is told.
Oft times doth noisy laughter wildly roar,
When rustic humour ornaments the tale,
And oft o'er innocence distrest, the tear
Of unaffected tenderness is shed.
The ill-strung fiddle next invites the dance,
While happy, and forgetful of his cares,
Each joins the mirth of the fantastic ring.

And now the year his roughest form assumes,
Winter advances amid winds and storms,

Stern Winter comes; shiv'ring beneath whose fr
He drops, and like the leaves which strew the gr
Neglected lies, forgotten or despis'd.
No more serene in brightness shines the sky,
But sullen glooms, and chilling fogs obscure
The few faint rays of the reluctant Sun.
The bursting clouds their threat'ned deluge pour
And from the mountain's top the cataract
Impetuous falling fills the vale below.
Then from the frozen North the keen winds rage
And the arrested streams no longer flow.
Congeal'd to snow in flakes the show'r descends,
And hides the earth beneath her robe of white.
Upon the naked spray the birds are mute,
And shrunk within the hut of poverty,
Struggling with want the cheerless peasant pines.
Disdain, disdain him not, ye Sons of Wealth!

They could not thus assemble; could not sit
Array'd in all the trappings of their state,
Debating on the happiness of millions.
He has a right, it cries; each has a right
Who tills the ground, to share in its encrease:
Nor must the simple peasant be opprest,
Or view his helpless family, in vain
From his hard toil expect to find support.

Arouse! for shame, at the soft call arouse!
O squander not in vanity and vice,
Now while ye say, famine is stalking wide;
But spare from luxury, from pomp, from pride,
To feed the hungry and the naked cloathe.
For bleak the northern blast blows on the thatch;
No cheerful blaze brightens the cottage gloom,
Or warms the shudd'ring tenant. With change
Of season his short happiness expir'd.
Through the long hot day he toil'd and caroll'd,
And by hard labour earn'd his daily bread;
And brought his thrifty savings to his wife,
To feast his lisping prattling little ones,
Who blest with smiles and kisses his return.
But now the earth yields not beneath his stroke,
And all the bus'ness of the field is still.

Th' unwilling idler shrinks with penury,
And through the day laments; for not enough
The busy housewife's wheel industrious gains
To banish misery and want; as yet
The helpless hands of infancy know not
To aid the careful mother at her task.

Thus through the day unhappy, worn by grief,
On his hard bed, hopeless he throws him down,
While the dark clouds collect the hurricane,
And the pale moon affrighted hides her head.

'Tis night; the angry tempest howls! The winds
Sweep o'er the hills, uprooting the proud oak!
The trembling mountains cast their shatter'd stones
Far in the plain below, scaring the vale!
The troubled waters dash against the shore,
And roar responsive to the whistling blast!
Upon the sea the mighty vessel reels,
And meets the storm in all its horrid rage!
Now rais'd upon the billow mounts to Heav'n,
Then dash'd, she stoops her prow below the wave!
"All hands," the boatswain cries! her cordage cracks,
Her masts gave way, her spreading sails are rent,
She sinks! Each conscious heart alive descends
Beneath the surge to an unfathom'd grave!

O! ye who live in luxury and ease.
Surrounded by your families and friends,
Drop, drop a tear upon their hapless fate;
Aid the sad widow! Raise the drooping child!
In your defence the husband, father, died,
And Gratitude demands your care for them.

Expos'd beneath the rigour of the blast
Lo, where the poor neglected Laura strays,
Oh! she was happy, she was lovely once;
Ere pamper'd greatness sought her father's roof,
And flatt'ring, lur'd her from her peaceful home.
But short her bliss in scenes of guilty joy:
Her sated paramour forgets his vows,
And leaves her unprotected on the world.

Her father knows her not, her mother shuns;
The tender glow of fond parental love
Destroy'd, no more they gaze with extacy
Upon the with'ring blossom they have rear'd:
Ting'd with a daughter's shame, they shrink abash'd,
Mingling their tears in agony!——Poor girl!
Her only refuge prostitution!
Again she yields her trembling loveliness
To the embraces of some wretch she loathes.

O! hide the scene! til wasted by disease,
Her form no more an object of desire,
Without a friend, without a home, despis'd
She wanders forth to brave the wintry sky,
And mournful treads the trackless barren heath;
Exhausted shrinks beneath a ruin'd shed
To skreen her shiv'ring weakness from the blast;
There while the jarring elements contend,
And the night growls, the Spirit of the storm
Sighs o'er her breathless corse!

Say, shall her vile betrayer, his career
Uncheck'd pursue; and see, without remorse,
A parent's anguish, and a daughter's death?
Shall he beneath the lofty glitt'ring dome
Mix in the sprightly dance? Press to his lip
The sparkling bowl? Or at the midnight board
Smile while the tempest rattles o'er his roof?
Shall not the turbulent and awful voice
Which sternly threatens ruin as it roars,
Speak to his soul? Ah no! The flush of wine,
The cringe of fawning parasites; the pride,
The insolence of wealth, harden his heart,
And deaf to the rude monitor, he dares
The hurricane, and scorns the howling blast.

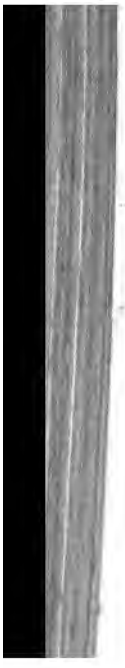
Reverse the scene; behold him on the couch
Where pain each sinew racks. Lo, lo, again!
Upon the bed of death he lies! O! say
What now his fears, his horror, his dismay!
The storm which tears the mountain pine, and lays
The glory of the forest low, is calm
To the fierce tempest of his mind: the noise
Of bursting torrents driving down the steep
Is soft to the loud howlings of Despair!
He dies!—Whose daring tongue shall boldly say
The Storm is o'er? Shall Peace dawn on his soul
As now the nightly storm disperses wide,
And morning dawns in brightness on the world?
As now the glorious Sun chears the sad earth,
Dispels afar again the wintry clouds,
And renovates the spring-time of the Year.

ODE

TO THE

NEW VOWEL.

Never too old to learn!
Never too late to mend!



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN order that the following trifle may be understood, I think it necessary to mention the ludicrous *lapsus linguæ* which occasioned it to be written.

A lady, unacquainted with the french language, received a letter from Paris. The letter was an english one, but the street wherein the writer dwelt had a french name. It was RUE *something or other*. It was shewn to me; it was not legible. I said that I thought the first letter appeared to be L, but that was impossible, because the preceding *de* was abridged and written *d'*, which was never done but before a vowel. Upon which a young lady snatched the paper out of my hand, and exclaimed, "Why it is a

vowel, it is C." Loud peals of laughter burst instantly from every one, and the young lady, who is by no means illiterate, with infinite good humour, joined heartily in the laugh against herself; and the many witty clever things said by the company gave rise to the following irregular and uncouth Bagatelle.

If such a long production could possibly be called *impromptu*, I would say that *the Ode to the New Vowel* was an *impromptu:* but as that would be too flighty a claim, I will only say that it was produced with all dispatch. It was on a Thursday, during the chit-chat of a morning call, that the *lapsus* was committed, and on Saturday morning it was presented fairly written out, in mock pomp on my bended knee dedicated to my friend Mrs. Charles Willes and her amiable daughters.

No victor Bard at the Olympic Games ever bore away his prize with such heart-felt satisfaction as

I experienced from the mirthful plaudits of my judges; nor can the bitterest gall in the theoretic critic's inkstand overpower the delicious honey of the smile with which my young friends said, "Very well;" or the nod of approbation with which my old friend pronounced that it was *good.* No observations on my *pathos* or my *bathos* can rob me of the triumph I have had, for it has been enjoyed; I have hugged it to my heart.

My dear old friend has been called from the transitory pleasures of earth to the permanent joys of a better life; but her daughters survive, and to them I now re-dedicate my ODE TO THE NEW VOWEL, in testimony of the continued love with which I am

their affectionate companion,

REBECCA EDRIDGE.

ODE

TO THE

NEW VOWEL.

O! new created Sound! new honor'd C!
To sing thy praise, and spread thy early fame
My voice I raise!

Strike, strike the lyre,
And aid my lay,
APOLLO!

Ye tuneful Nine accompany the strain,
And let your warbled chorus round the world
In notes of joy the tidings glad convey!

Rejoice! ye living Languages rejoice!
New melody to you is giv'n!

O Peter*! bend thine ear!—hark! soften'd sounds
With tender liquidation hover through the air,
E'en from the Baltic to the Chinese walls!
Hist! hist!—Thy fur-clad sons, as o'er the snow
The rein-deer fly, with gentler accents plead
In beauty's ear the cause of raptur'd love!
And with voice of new inflexion, speak thy tongue
Original Sclavonia!

O! sigh no more!
Ill fated Poland! sigh no more!
From the patriot grave of Kosciusko† rise!
Or if with him fell hope, fell song, fell joy,
With one faint transient smile attend my call;
For lo! I bring new means to lengthen out
The wild protracted woe! with *vocal* lore
I give a softer cadence to the strains
Which bear thy genuine sorrow o'er the land;
And teach thy stately strength-fraught *consonants*
New combinations with exotic sounds!

---

* Peter the Great of Russia.

† I made a mistake in supposing that Kosciusko was slain. He was wounded, but not mortally. He survived to behold the subjugated fate of his country, maugre his best exertions.

Phlegmatic Germany! wilt thou admit
A gentle Stranger to thy coasts? and hail
With sanctimonious rites the lovely guest?
Frown not, nor boast thy high Teutonic race,
Nor offer a left-handed union here!
Receive with due solemnity, the boon
Which to thy future verse shall give new grace,
Or the surrounding Nations shall unite
By vile translations to destroy thy bay,
And blast the branching honors of thy name.

Gay sportive France!
Bright scene of soft delight!
I see thee smile;
And with fraternal kiss* the new rais'd *vowel* greet!
Blest happy people!
Undejected still,
Though threat'ning clouds
Hang o'er thy rural bow'rs!
Though iron War,
With loosen'd rein,
Her fiery dragons guide across thy plains!

---

* The *fraternal kiss* marks the time when the ODE was written.

Hope still is thine
The future hour to cheer,
And mild Forgetfulness the past o'erveils.

Harmonious Latium, through thy warbling land
New modulations charm the list'ning ear!
While all thy streams with softer murmurs flow,
To waft the new-born *Vowel* through the vales;
Thy proud Volcano's fire
In brighter flames ascends
To tell the cloudless sky her new-acquir'd fame!

Lo! in Valclusa's bowers
Francisco's * form appears!
In rainbow dew,
He dips his shadowy pen,
His never-ceasing grief,
In softer lines to tell!
And softer sonnets pour
O'er Laura's tender bier!

E'en haughty Spain
Her azure castle triple-tower'd unbars,

---

* Petrarch, who retired to Vaucluse in Provence, in the south of France.

And from her golden battlements
And ornamental sable smiles!
Pleas'd with new sounds
Her gravity to cheer.

Ah! from the plains of Portugal retire!
Thy softness there no tenderness shall claim:
Inquisitorial frowns shall check thy bloom,
And jealousy shall wither all thy charms!

O! wretched Turkey! desolated land!
Lost is thine ear to musical delight!
No more thy groves, no more thy hills rejoice;
Mute are thy streams!
And where courageous Freedom rais'd her shrine,
Oppression lords it wide!
The Tyrant's harden'd foot
Treads on thy neck,
And spurns thee to the ground!
To thee in vain the gentle *voice* would plead,
Whose new taught sounds in liquid ether float,
Rude Ignorance thy rising virtue chills,
And checks the nicer feelings of thy soul!

Wilt thou, insulted Asia! the new *sound*
O'er thy extended plains convey?

Will Ganges many channell'd stream,
Diffuse around thy budding fame?
Or glitt'ring Indus spread thy high renown?

Ah! no—Avaunt! they cry;
Hence with thy soothing guile!
Soft are the strains which chaunt our artless loves,
And pure the sounds which speak our simple pray'rs.

Oh! leave us unrefin'd!
Intrude not on our language as our soil!
Enough for truth, for friendship, and for woe;
We will not learn thy accents to betray!

Behold Arabia drives thee from her coasts;
Unsociable, her wand'rers scorn thy pride:
With hostile arms they meet thee on the plains,
And strike thy laurels from thy "baby brow!"

Mid Afric's desarts rove her parched sons,
Or from her barb'rous shores her pirates rove,
And scorn the gentle intercourse of soul!
Though ev'ry southern breeze with fragrance glow;
Among her spicy gales her children fade!
Th' uncultivated mind neglected dies,

Its pow'rs unnerv'd, its properties unknown!
Yet even here may Hope with smiles repair,
Improving Science haste the land to save!
And thou, *New Sound*, a habitation find,
And wake the lyre to rapture, and to love!

Thou, free America! with fost'ring care
Wilt help the *Sound* to climb,
And with thy rising Commonwealth
Wilt blend her rising fame!

Thy freezing sons around the Pole
Where arctic meteors glare,
To milder, sweeter, softer airs,
Shall tune their uncouth lay!

Thy savage Tribes the picture's pow'r
Indignant shall disown,
And learn by Letter's simple aid
Their sentiments to prove.
Then thou, *New Sound!* an honor'd rank shalt find,
And changing place, the *vowel* train shalt lead!
Among the soft the softest shalt be deem'd
And blooming wreaths of Baytree shall be thine.

Beyond the Gulf of Mexico, where Spain
With avarice insatiate sought for gold:
Where Montezuma died!
There shall thy voice the mourning natives charm,
And there thy softness soothe the captive ear!

Ye *Vowels* pure who with your genuine brightness shine,
Nor ask a husband's aid reflected light to gleam,
Yet often condescend
In fond connubial league
With *Consonants* to join!
Receive your new Associate!

Ye *Consonants* in martial phalanx rang'd,
Resign the beauteous form!
For know the shining mail
No longer can conceal the gentle Fair!

Lament, ye Bards of ancient fame;
Each in the narrow cave
Or circumscribed Urn
Which guards his sacred dust!
Oft hath the orb of day
Revolv'd the Zodiac round,
And pass'd with glory through each beauteous sign,
Since your aspiring tongues
Have from their zenith turn'd.
Ye cannot feel the joy

Which new-acquired sounds
To living speech afford.
Yet rest within the tomb!
The daring heights ye soar'd,
E'en with our new-found aid
Our feeble wings refuse.
Ye with the whirlwinds range,
We with the breezes stray,
Ye o'er the summit fly,
We at the bottom creep!

But thou, Britannia! mid the gen'ral joy,
Most jubilant art seen. Thy daughter fair
With nice refining ear the *new voice* found,
First dar'd her latent beauties to disclose,
And gave to Harmony her young melodious child!

Hark! hark!
" The din of battle hurtles in the air!"
Old English Bards their temper'd weapons wield;
Threat'ning they spread their banners o'er the plain,
And shout the laureate warwhoop through the isle
To check the soft Usurper they advance,
And aid the rights of *consonantial* claims.

Chaucer the host leads on.
From Lancaster he caught the martial fire.
He mounts a dazzling sun-beam for his car,

And radiates brightness as he scours along!
Accomplish'd Surry joins the hostile train,
And rigid Moore with each mild virtue grac'd
By bigot zeal obscures his gentle light,
And deals around the persecuting steel!
Lo! polish'd Sidney! Spenser veil'd in clouds!
Lo! sapient Ben*, who first by rules essay'd
To fix the wild excursions of our tongue!
Jealous of future fame he joins the warlike throng.
Majestic Milton, sage profound! behold!
His sightless eye-balls vainly roll around;
" Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon."
Yet intellectual light illumes his soul,
And shines to cheer his everlasting night!
Lo! tender Waller quits arcadian bow'rs,
And leaves the flow'ry margin of the streams.
Lays by the Lyre with bay and myrtle bound,
And strikes the drum, and blows the trumpet's blast!
From blest Elysian shades
Where gentlest Spirits sing,
With locks diffusing balm,
And breath like may-dew sweet,
See Addison! mild, lucid, pure,
In simple elegance advance!

---

* Ben Jonson, who wrote the first English grammar.

From his ruby lips, high polish'd
Flows a golden chain pacific;
And in his hand, unarm'd for war,
He waves a graceful Caduceus.
His placid accents vainly strive
Their fierce enkindled rage to quell;
His honey'd words are lost in air,
Unheard amid the clash of arms.
Shakspeare alone allows the *sound* to range:
And yields the *vowel* nymph her disputable claim.
Creation tooconfin'd
For his capacious thought
He soars on Fancy's unessential wing,
And leaves remote the universal sphere!
Imaginary airs inspire his song:
While glancing Phantoms flit before his sight.
Pleas'd as he roams he hails the tender *voice*
With his strong pinion helps her feeble flight,
And bears her smiling through the wond'ring void!
But chiefly sway'd by strong vindictive rage,
Lo! the stern moralist*
His arm athletic wields the axe;
From Sound's aerial shell
He strikes thy semi-sphere;

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

ODE TO THE NEW VOWEL.

)n all thy softer notes the crooked S would glide,
,nd on thy coarser accents lead the hard-ton'd K.

Unhappy Letter!
'hough Bards unborn in my prophetic ear
'he gay luxurious strains of pleasure chaunt,
And smile with *vocal* joy;
Vhile ancient Sages keep the field,
All innovation to preclude,
And sternly stalk around;
Equivocal thy claims remain;
And epicene thy fame!

Vhat balm o'er thy afflicted breast
Shall anxious *Learning* pour?
Vhat compensating honor find
Co raise thy drooping head?

'hough HARRIET tremble on the ear,
And quiver on the tongue,
Vithout thy gentle aid;
This dignity be thine!
l, still precede old *Alpha* in great CADMUS' name!

FINIS.

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